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# LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES.

A SECOND SERIES OF  
LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MEMORIALS  
OF LONDON.

By J. HENEAGE JESSE.

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND," "THE PRETENDERS  
AND THEIR ADHERENTS," "GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS  
CONTEMPORARIES," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IT appears to the Author that some apology is required for the publication of these volumes. When he first contemplated writing a work on "London," it occurred to him that to persons whose avocations, whether of business or pleasure, led them to traverse the thoroughfares of the Great Metropolis, a work might not be unacceptable, which should point out such sites and edifices as have been rendered classical either by the romantic or literary associations of past times. It was a subject which had always afforded pleasure to the Author, and he was sanguine enough to hope that he might be enabled to impart some pleasure to others.

Other literary occupations, however, interfered to engage the leisure hours of the Author, and in the mean time, after he had collected many of his materials, Mr. Knight commenced and completed the periodical publication of his interesting work on "London." Had the plan of Mr. Knight's work corresponded with that of the Author, he would unquestionably have relinquished his task.

But as such was not the case; and, moreover, as he was thus supplied with many valuable additional facts,—which the Author gladly takes this opportunity of acknowledging,—it had the contrary effect of encouraging him to resume his original project.

But the Author subsequently found that he had other difficulties to contend against. This Second Series of his work was already in the hands of his publisher, when there appeared successively the “Town,” by Mr. Leigh Hunt,—and Mr. Peter Cunningham’s “Handbook,”—the latter the most valuable work on “London” which has appeared since the time of Stow. It is therefore with considerable and unaffected diffidence that the Author submits to the public this Second Series of his work; for certainly had he been aware of the formidable literary rivalry which he was likely to encounter, he would on no account have entered the lists.

In a work like the present, where there occur minute facts and dates at almost every page, there must almost necessarily be many errors; and for these the Author can only throw himself on the consideration and indulgence of the reader.

LONDON, AUGUST, 1850.

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TOWER HILL, ALLHALLOWS BARKING,  
CRUTCHED FRIARS, EAST SMITHFIELD,  
WAPPING.

ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES EXECUTED ON TOWER HILL.—MELANCHOLY  
DEATH OF OTWAY.—ANECDOTE OF ROCHESTER.—PETER THE GREAT.  
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WAY.—MURDERS OF THE MARRS AND WILLIAMSON'S.—EXECUTION  
DOCK.—JUDGE JEFFERYS.—STEPNEY.

Who is there, whose heart is so dead to every generous impulse, as to have stood, without feelings of deep emotion, upon that famous hill, where so many of the gallant and the powerful have perished by a bloody and untimely death? Here fell the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; the great Protector Duke of Somerset; and the young and accomplished Earl of Surrey! Here died the lofty Strafford, and the venerable Laud; the unbending

patriot, Algernon Sidney, and the gay and graceful Duke of Monmouth! Who is there who has not sought to fix, in his mind's eye, the identical spot where they fell,—the exact site of the fatal stage and its terrible paraphernalia? Who is there who has not endeavoured to identify the old edifice,\* from which the gallant Derwentwater and the virtuous Kenmure were led through avenues of soldiers to the block? or who has not sought for the house “adjoining the scaffold,” where the gentle Kilmarnock breathed his last sigh, and where the intrepid Balmerino grasped affectionately, and for the last time, the hand of the friend who had so often dashed with him through the ranks of the foe on the field of battle.

Among a host of scarcely less illustrious personages who perished by the hand of the executioner on Tower Hill, may be mentioned Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the false and perjured Clarence; the handsome and accomplished adventurer, Perkin Warbeck; the gallant Sir William Stanley, who placed the crown on the head of Henry the Seventh, on the field of Bosworth; the powerful Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the successor of Wolsey in the favour of Henry the Eighth; George Lord Rochford, brother of Anne Boleyn; Margaret Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole; the ambitious Lord Seymour of Sudeley, uncle to Edward the Sixth, and brother to the Protector So-

\* The old Transport Office.

merset ; the turbulent John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland ; Sir Thomas Wyatt ; Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey ; her father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk ; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the ambitious lover of Mary Queen of Scots ; the crafty visionary, Sir Henry Vane ; William Howard, Earl of Stafford, condemned on the false evidence of Titus Oates ; Sir John Fenwick ; the gallant Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater ; and lastly, the infamous Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

But it is not entirely from the illustrious blood with which it has been drenched, that Tower Hill derives its interest. Here, at a cutler's stall, the assassin Felton purchased the knife which cut short the life of the mighty Buckingham ; and here, at the sign of "the Bull," died, in extreme poverty, the unfortunate dramatic poet, Thomas Otway ! Dennis tells us that his death took place at an "alehouse ;" but, according to Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, it was in a sponging-house. "He died," says Dr. Johnson, "in a manner I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower Hill, where he is said to have died of want ; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neigh-

bouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling; and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful." Such, at the age of thirty-three, is said to have been the fate of "poor Tom Otway," to whose imaginative genius we owe "The Orphan," and "Venice Preserved."

Tower Hill is associated with a name scarcely less celebrated than that of Otway, that of a man of a widely different character and fortunes. We allude to William Penn, the founder and legislator of Pennsylvania, who was born here on the 14th of October, 1644.

During the time that her husband was a prisoner in the Tower, we find Lady Raleigh fixing her residence on Tower Hill.

To the north-west of Tower Hill is Great Tower Street, where the witty and profligate Earl of Rochester practised on a raised stage his memorable pranks as an Italian physician and fortune-teller. His lodgings were at a goldsmith's, next door to the "Black Swan;" and here he was to be seen and consulted between the hours of three o'clock in the afternoon and eight at night. Burnet informs us that his disguise was admirable, and that he practised physic "not without success," for some weeks. His fame, which at first was merely local, at last reached the ears of the court. Rochester was, of course, equally well acquainted with the scandal of the day, as with the persons and characters of those who figured in it; and, accordingly, having recognised the female attendants of some of the

ladies of the court, he sent them back to Whitehall sufficiently amazed at his supernatural powers to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. In a masquerading, and still more in a superstitious age, it was not unnatural that many a fair lady, under the convenient guise of the then fashionable mask, should have sought to dive into futurity by means of the Italian fortune-teller; or that she should have been startled and put to the blush by the disagreeable truths which he communicated to her.\*

On the south side of Great Tower Street may be seen a public-house named the Czar's Head, so called from its having been frequently the resort of Peter the Great; who, after his favourite boating expeditions on the river, used to pass his evenings here, imbibing almost incredible draughts of brandy and beer.† His prowess in drinking appears to have been a matter of astonishment to all who approached him; indeed we are assured that, at their social meetings, the usual drink of the Czar and of his *cicerone*, the Marquis of Carmarthen, was "hot pepper and brandy." On one particular day he is mentioned as having drunk no less than a pint of brandy, a bottle of sherry, and eight bottles of sack, and yet he was able to attend the theatre in the evening.

\* Rochester's address to the public, in which he signs himself "Alexander Bendo," and professes to cure all disorders, to restore beauty, and a hundred other absurdities, will be found in the different editions of his works.

† The house has been rebuilt since the time of Peter the Great.

In Little Tower Street, Thomson was residing in 1726; and here he composed his "Summer," which was published in 1728.

On the west side of Tower Hill is the ancient and interesting church of Allhallows Barking. Hither were conveyed the headless remains of more than one illustrious person after their decapitation on the neighbouring hill. Here rested the body of the Earl of Surrey, till its removal, in 1614, to Framlingham, in Suffolk; and here, also, rested the remains of the pious and ill-fated John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, till they were transferred to the Tower Chapel, to mingle with the dust of his illustrious friend, Sir Thomas More. In the chancel was interred Archbishop Laud, who was beheaded in 1645, and whose remains continued here till the month of July, 1663, when they were removed to St. John's College, Oxford, of which society he had been president. In the same grave which had been tenanted by Laud, was afterwards buried the learned and pious Dr. John Kettlewell, who, as his monument at the east end of the church informs us,—"*Ani-mam Deo reddidit. Ap. 12, 1695. Ætat. 42.*"

The church of Allhallows Barking derives its name from "all Hallows," or all Saints, and from the manor of Barking, in Essex; the vicarage having originally belonged to the abbess and convent of that place. The date of its foundation is not known. We learn, however, from Stow, that a chapel was originally founded on the spot by



Richard Cœur de Lion; and it has been said that the heart of that chivalrous monarch was long preserved within its walls, though, according to other accounts, he himself bequeathed his heart to the citizens of Rouen, in gratitude for their loyalty and attachment. But, whatever may have been the motive, there can be no doubt that our early sovereigns took an especial interest in the prosperity of this religious foundation, and that it was munificently endowed by successive princes. At this spot the warlike Edward the First frequently came to offer up his devotions. When he was Prince of Wales, it is said that he had been assured by a vision that he should be victorious over all nations, and more especially over Scotland and Wales, on condition that he should erect an image to the Holy Virgin, in King Richard's Chapel, and should pay his adorations to her there five times in each year. Edward religiously followed the injunctions of the vision, and when, subsequently, one military success followed another, "our Lady of Barking" grew into such great repute, that pilgrims flowed to her shrine with rich presents from all parts of England. King Edward the Fourth, subsequently endowed the chapel with a brotherhood, consisting of a master and brethren, under the name of the King's Chapel, or *Capella Beatæ Mariæ de Barking*; and lastly, King Richard the Third rebuilt the Chapel and founded there a college, consisting of a dean and six canons. This college was suppressed in 1548. Stow informs us that in the successive

reigns of Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, the ground on which it stood was used as a garden. There is no doubt, however, that a considerable part of the ancient structure was allowed to remain, and that it is incorporated with the present church. The general aspect, indeed, is of the Tudor age, but the pillars on each side of the nave, towards the western extremity, are evidently Norman, and these, as well as its ancient monuments and funeral brasses—the latter among the best in the metropolis—prove that its construction is of no recent period. We learn from Pepys that the church had a very narrow escape during the Great Fire, in 1666; the dial and porch having been both burnt.

At the west end of the church is Seething Lane, anciently called Sidon Lane. Here, formerly, stood a spacious mansion, the residence of Sir John Allen, who was a Privy Councillor, and Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It was afterwards inhabited by the celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham, who died here on the 6th of April, 1590, and from him descended to his grandson, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, scarcely less celebrated as the Parliamentary general during the Civil troubles. Pepys was for many years a resident in Seething Lane.

Seething Lane leads us into Crutched Friars, so called from the Crossed Friars, or *Fratres Sanctæ Crucis*, who had a house here, founded by two citizens of London, Ralph Hosier, and William

Sabernes, about the year 1298. The brothers of this Order originally carried an iron cross in their hands, and wore a garment distinguished by a red cross; but the former was afterwards exchanged for one of silver, and the colour of the cross on the garment altered to blue. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the house of the Crossed Friars was granted by Henry the Eighth to the graceful poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt; and at a subsequent period it came into the possession of John de Lumley, fifth Baron Lumley, a distinguished warrior in the sixteenth century. In 1557, we find the Friars Hall converted into an establishment for manufacturing drinking-glasses, the first of the kind known in England. In Crutched Friars resided at the close of his life, William Turner, the eminent naturalist of the sixteenth century. He probably died here, for his remains were interred in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Olave's, Hart Street.

The *old* Navy Office, of which we find so many interesting notices in Pepys's Diary, stood on the site of the old chapel and college attached to Allhallows Church, Barking. There was one entrance into Seething Lane; but the "chief gate for entrance" was in Crutched Friars. Here it was, as we learn from Anthony Wood, that the well-known admiral and poet, Sir John Mennes, breathed his last.

When the kings of England held their court in the Tower, it was natural that the presence of

royalty should attract many of the nobility to reside in the vicinity of the royal fortress. Accordingly, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, we find Henry Earl of Arundel residing in Mark Lane, in a magnificent house formerly belonging to Sir William Sharrington; while, close to Crutched Friars, stood the mansion of the Percys Earls of Northumberland. Here resided Henry the second Earl, who fought in the battle of Agincourt, and at Chevy Chase, and who afterwards fell at the battle of St. Albans; and here also lived his son, Henry the third Earl, who was killed leading the vanguard at the battle of Towton:—

——— Northumberland; a braver man  
Ne'er spurred his courser to the trumpet's sound.

SHAKESPEARE.

Stow informs us that, on being deserted by the Percys, the garden was converted into bowling-alleys, and other parts into dicing-houses. In Mark, or Mart Lane, as it was anciently called, Milton's friend, Cyriac Skinner, carried on the occupation of a merchant.\*

To the east of Mark Lane and Crutched Friars is the street called the Minories, which takes its name from the Minoresses, or Nuns of the Order of St. Clair, for whose maintenance Edmond Earl of Lancaster founded a convent here in 1293. In 1539, it was surrendered to Henry the Eighth by Dame Elizabeth Savage, its last abbess. Some time after its suppression it became the residence of the Bi-

\* Fasti Oxonienses, 266.

shops of Bath and Wells, and was afterwards granted by Edward the Sixth to Henry Grey Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1554, for his attempt to raise his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, to the throne. On the attainder of the Duke it reverted to the Crown, and, shortly after the Restoration, was granted by Charles the Second to Colonel William Legge, so celebrated for his loyalty and gallantry during the civil wars. At the battle of Worcester he was wounded and taken prisoner, and would have been executed had not his wife enabled him to effect his escape from Coventry gaol in her own clothes. He died here in 1672, and was followed to the grave, in the adjoining Trinity Church Minories, by Prince Rupert, the Dukes of Buckingham, Richmond, Monmouth, Newcastle, and Ormond, and many others of the principal nobility. Since that time, his descendants, the Earls of Dartmouth, have continued to make Trinity Church their family burial-place. Among these may be mentioned George first Baron Dartmouth, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the Revolution of 1688, and who died of apoplexy in the Tower, in 1691. The present church was rebuilt in 1706, but, with the exception of the monuments to the Dartmouth family, contains no particular object of interest.

Stow informs us, that on a portion of the property, formerly belonging to the nuns, arose "divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses serving to the same

purpose.” In the time of Dryden the Minories was still colonized by gunsmiths; and Congreve writes,—

“ The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,  
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,  
Deformed themselves, yet forge those stays of steel  
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.”

It was in a wretched hovel in the Minories that Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham,—once the possessor of a princely fortune, and the last descendant of an illustrious race,—closed his life in poverty and filth. Having been sentenced to death with Lord Grey of Wilton, for their participation in the alleged conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh, they were led to the scaffold, without any apparent prospect of a reprieve. Almost at the moment, however, when they were about to lay their heads upon the block, it was intimated to them that their lives had been spared; when such was the effect produced on their nervous systems, that, according to Sir Dudley Carleton, “they looked strange on one another, like men beheaded and met again in the other world.” Lord Grey died in prison; but, after a time, Lord Cobham obtained his release, to perish in the miserable manner we have mentioned. His wife, Lady Cobham, though living herself in affluence, is said to have refused him the means of procuring a crust of bread and a clean shirt. Osborne informs us, on the authority of William Earl of Pembroke, that Lord Cobham died, “rather of hunger than any more natural disease,” in a room ascended by

a ladder, at the house of a poor woman in the Minories, who had formerly been his laundress."

Passing to the eastward from the Minories, through Haydon Square, we find ourselves in Goodman's Fields, the site of a Roman burial-place, which derives its name from one Goodman, who had a farm here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Stow, who was born as late as 1525, remembered this now densely populated district while it was still open country, and when some of the principal nobility had villas in the neighbourhood. Speaking of the nunnery in the Minories, he says: "On the south side thereof was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery, at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter; always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son, being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground; first for grazing of horses, and then for garden-plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby."

To the lovers of the stage, Goodman's Fields will always be interesting as having been the site of the celebrated Goodman's Fields Theatre. It was founded in 1729, by one Thomas Odell, in spite of declamations from the pulpit and the opposition of many grave and respectable citizens, who dreaded

that their daughters and servants might be contaminated by the close vicinity of such dangerous kinds of diversions. It would seem that they were not wrong in their apprehensions, for Sir John Hawkins informs us that the new theatre was soon surrounded by a "halo of brothels."\* The clamour of the citizens for a time closed the theatre in Goodman's Fields, but on the 20th of October, 1732, it was re-opened by one Henry Giffard, an actor. It was here, on the 19th of October, 1741, that the great actor, David Garrick, — having been previously slighted by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, — made his first appearance on the stage, in the character of *Richard the Third*. Such was his success, and with such rapidity did his fame spread, that, notwithstanding the distance of Goodman's Fields from the *fashionable* part of London, the long space between Temple Bar and Goodman's Fields is said to have been nightly blocked up by the carriages of the "nobility and gentry."

Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 26th of May, 1742;—"All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not say it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton." It is remarkable that Gray should

\* Life of Dr. Johnson.



have entertained the same disparaging opinion of Garrick's genius. In a letter to Shute he writes:—"Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after; there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Garrick remained at Goodman's Fields but one season, when he removed to Drury Lane, of which theatre he became joint patentee with Lacy, in 1747. The theatre in Goodman's Fields appears to have been pulled down shortly after Garrick quitted it. Another theatre subsequently rose on its site, which was destroyed by fire in June, 1802.

In Rosemary Lane, close to Goodman's Fields, died Richard Brandon, the public executioner, who is said to have beheaded Charles the First. The following entry appears in the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel:—"1649, June 21st. Rich. Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane." To which is added,—“This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First.”\* Elsewhere we find—"He (Brandon) likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of

\* Cunningham's Hand-book for London, Art. Rosemary Lane. The author takes the earliest opportunity of acknowledging his frequent obligations to Mr. Cunningham, whose Hand-book has appeared in the interval between the publication of his two first and these concluding volumes. Could the author have foreseen that so valuable a work on London was forthcoming, his own gossiping Memoirs would never have been commenced.

cloves, and a hankercher, out of the King's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane."\*

Crossing Rosemary Lane, we pass into East Smithfield. Here it was that Edmund Spenser, the poet, first saw the light. Towards the east, formerly stood a Cistercian Abbey,—founded by Edward the Third,—called the Abbey of the Graces, subject to the monastery of Beaulieu. To the south stood, till within the last few years, the famous hospital and collegiate church of St. Katherine, founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, for the repose of the soul of her son Baldwin, and her daughter Matilda. It was afterwards refounded by Eleanor of Castile, widow of Edward the First, with an establishment of a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten poor women, and six poor clerks. Queen Philippa, wife of Edward the Third, was another benefactress of the Hospital of St. Katherine's; and it is remarkable, that, notwithstanding the many revolutions which have taken place in religion and politics, the patronage

\* "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman," 4to, 1649. See also Ellis's *Original Letters*, second series, vol. iii. p. 342, and *Wraxall's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 188. The unenviable distinction of having beheaded King Charles has been attributed to more than one individual, but, from what evidence I have been able to collect, I have little doubt but that Brandon was the person.

for seven hundred years has continued to be vested in the Queens of England. The Mastership is a sinecure of considerable value, and the late Queen Dowager, by whom the appointment was last conferred, was the thirty-first patroness.

In the old church of St. Katherine were some ancient and interesting monuments. Under a stately tomb, rested John Holland, Duke of Exeter, so distinguished for his gallantry in the French wars, in the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Sixth. He died on the 5th of August 1447. By his side lay buried his two wives, Anne, daughter of Edmund fifth Earl of Stafford, and Lady Anne Montacute, daughter of John Earl of Salisbury. Here also lay buried Lady Constance, the Duke's sister, who married first Thomas Lord Mowbray—beheaded at York, in 1405, for conspiring against Henry the Fourth,—and secondly, Sir John Grey (eldest son of Lord Grey de Ruthyn), who was a Knight of the Garter, and fought on the field of Agincourt. The old church of St. Katherine, together with no fewer than twelve hundred and fifty houses, was taken down in 1826, in order to make room for the present St. Katherine Docks. The hospital and Master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park, to the chapel of which has been transferred the stately monument of the Duke of Exeter.

From East Smithfield we pass into the ancient village of Ratcliffe Highway, which Camden describes as “a little town, wherein lived many sailors,” and which derives its name from a *red*

*cliff* which was formerly visible here. "From hence," says Pennant, "the gallant Sir Hugh Wilmoughby took his departure, in 1553, on his fatal voyage for discovering the north-east passage to China. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the Court then lay. Mutual honours were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward the Sixth, alone lost the noble and novel sight, for he then lay on his death-bed, so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed." Pennant omits to mention that the gallant adventurer was frozen to death in the northern seas.

In Ratcliffe Highway occurred, in 1811, those fearful massacres of the Marr and Williamson families, which, at the time, spread a consternation throughout the metropolis, never surpassed perhaps by any similar atrocities. Terror was written on every face. Every householder provided himself with a blunderbuss; and one shopkeeper alone is said to have sold no fewer than three hundred rattles in ten hours. The first of these tragedies took place on the 7th of December, 1811, at No. 29, Ratcliffe Highway, a house occupied by an opulent laceman of the name of Marr. His family consisted of himself, his wife, their infant child, a shop-boy, and a female servant. About twelve o'clock at night, the latter was sent out to purchase some supper, and on her return, in a quarter of an hour, she repeatedly rang the bell for ad-

mittance, but in vain. Having obtained the assistance of the neighbours, the house was broken open, when, to the horror of those who entered it, they discovered that the whole of the inmates, including even the infant in its cradle, had been barbarously murdered. The second tragedy took place twelve days afterwards, on the 19th of December, about the same hour of the night, at the King's Arms public-house in Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway. The victims on this occasion were the landlord Williamson, his wife, and a female servant. The perpetrator, or perpetrators, of these horrors, were never discovered. Suspicion attached itself to one Williams, and the world anxiously anticipated the result of his trial. He found means, however, to hang himself in prison, and his secret, if any such existed, died with him.

Ratcliffe Highway, which Stow describes as, in his memory, a large highway, "with fair-elm on both the sides," leads us into what was once the hamlet of Shadwell, extending to the banks of the Thames. It is said to have derived its name from a fine spring (probably called *shady well*), which still issues from the south wall of the church-yard. In the time of Charles the Second, this now populous district was still open country, and was consequently fixed upon as one of the principal burial-places for the victims of the great plague, in 1665. The frightful plague-pit was situated where the modern church of St. Paul's, Shadwell, now stands.\*

\* Defoe's "History of the Plague," p. 287.

Wapping, also formerly a hamlet, stretches along the river's side from Lower Shadwell to St. Katherine's. As late as the year 1629, we find King Charles the First, who had been hunting at Wanstead, in Essex, killing a stag in Nightingale Lane, Wapping. The name and site are still preserved in Nightingale Lane, being the street which divides the London Docks from St. Katherine's Docks. The spot where the church of St. John, Shadwell, now stands, was another of the principal burial-places in the great plague.\* Here is the famous Execution Dock, where pirates, and others, condemned for offences on the high seas, were formerly executed. They were hanged on a temporary gibbet at low water-mark; the body being allowed to remain there till it had been three times overflowed by the tide. Maitland mentions a remarkable anecdote of a criminal having been rescued from death at the last moment. This was one James Buchanan, who was condemned to death, in December, 1738, for the murder of the fourth mate of the "Royal Guardian" Indiaman, in the Canton river. He was brought from Newgate to Execution Dock, in pursuance of his sentence, and had actually been suspended five minutes, when he was cut down by a gang of sailors, who conveyed him to their vessel, and carried him in triumph down the river. He is said to have afterwards escaped in safety to France.

Stow, who wrote at the latter end of the reign

\* Defoe's "History of the Plague," p. 287.

of Queen Elizabeth, informs us that the custom of executing pirates at Wapping was usual in his time, and that, forty years before he wrote, not a house was standing in the neighbourhood; but he adds, — “ Since then, the gallows being removed further off, a continual street, or filthy straight passage, with alleys of small tenements, or cottages, is builded, inhabited by sailors’ victuallers, along by the river of Thames, almost to Ratcliffe, a good mile from the Tower.” It was in a mean public house in Wapping, called the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, that the inhuman Judge Jefferys was discovered looking out of a window in a sailor’s dress. It was not without difficulty that the crowd which assembled was prevented from tearing him to pieces. He was conducted to the Tower, where he died shortly afterwards, partly from the effect produced on his constitution by his addiction to strong liquors, and partly from the injuries which he received from the infuriated mob.

To the north-east of Wapping is the crowded district of Stepney, which derives its name from the Saxon manor of Stebenhythe, or Stebunheth. Stepney was a village, and had its church, as far back as the days of the Saxons, and in the time of Elizabeth was the most eastern part of London. In the reign of William the Conqueror, and even previous to that period, Stepney church was known as *Ecclesia omnium Sanctorum*, or All Saints, but was subsequently dedicated to St. Dunstan, whose name it at present bears. The church itself

possesses but little interest. Here, however, were buried Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House, and Comptroller of the Navy, in the reign of Henry the Eighth;\* — the learned divine, Richard Pace, the friend of Erasmus, who died Vicar of Stepney in 1532;—the father of John Strype, the historian;—and the Rev. John Entick, the lexicographer, who kept a school in the neighbourhood. Here also is to be traced the curious epitaph to which the “Spectator” has given celebrity:—

Here Thomas Saffin lies interred ; Ah, why ?  
 Born in New England, did in London die ?  
 Was the third son of eight, begat upon  
 His mother Martha, by his father John.  
 Much favoured by his Prince he 'gan to be,  
 But nipt by Death at th' age of Twenty-three.  
 Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,  
 By which his mother and two brethren came  
 Also to breathe their last nine years before ;  
 And now have left their father to deplore  
 The loss of all his children, with that wife,  
 Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased, June 18, 1687.

Other monumental inscriptions may be traced in St. Dunstan's Church, scarcely less curious than the foregoing one. Take for instance the acrostic of James Bayly, a sea captain:—

I nclosed lies hid as sacred remains  
 A s e'er were bound by th' King of Terror's chains.  
 M aster and chaplain's place he well did bear :  
 E ach threatening wave, astonished with his prayer,  
 S hrunk in his head when pious James was there.

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\* He died on the 8th of September, 1541, and the monument



B ayly on board, the baffled tempest flew  
 A s swift as morning sun exhales the dew.  
 Y onder he comes, his joyful men would cry,  
 L ower your topsail ; see the master's by :  
 Y ou'd think when he was there some angel by.

God gave him leave to breathe his last on shore ;  
 And what was lent him by the Almighty power,  
 He safely did convey, by trusty friend,  
 Who strictly did perform the donor's end ;  
 And spread the bounty of his liberal hand  
 Amongst his poor relations, which command  
 Bought the deceased sure title to the promised land.  
 Born in Landelph, in the county of Cornwall.

The church appears to have been originally built in the fourteenth century ; but it has evidently undergone many, and very tasteless, alterations in more modern times ; the pillars, arches, and windows being of the modern Gothic, and the west porch being of the Tuscan order.

In the modern maps of London may still be traced a small site designated as "King John's Palace." According to tradition, King John had a palace here, and as there is no doubt that Edward the First held a parliament at Stepney in 1292, it is not impossible that his predecessors may have erected a suburban palace in this vicinity. Here also stood Worcester House, which, in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, was successively the residence of Henry and Edward, first and second Marquises of Worcester, alike to his memory was erected by the master and elder brethren of the Trinity House in 1622, eighty-one years after his death.

distinguished for their chivalrous attachment to Charles the First. Worcester House, it may be remarked, formed but a small part of what had been formerly distinguished as "the great place," namely, the princely palace of Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor of London.

The inhabitants of the parish of Stepney appear to have suffered frightfully during the raging of the great plague, in 1665. "Stepney parish," says Defoe, "had a piece of ground taken in to bury their dead, close to the church-yard, and which, for that very reason, was left open, and is since, I suppose, taken into the same church-yard." We learn, from the same authority, that, within one year, Stepney had no fewer than one hundred and sixteen sextons, grave-diggers, and their assistants; the latter consisting of bearers, bell-men, and the drivers of the carts which were employed in removing the dead.

## BILLINGSGATE, COLE HARBOUR, STEEL-YARD, THE VINTRY, &c.

ETYMOLOGY OF BILLINGSGATE. — PRINCIPAL PORTS OF LONDON. — FISHMONGERS' COMPANY. — SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH. — SEMINARY FOR PICKPOCKETS. — GREAT FIRE OF LONDON. — HUBERT'S CONFESSION. — REMARKABLE EDIFICES IN AND NEAR THAMES STREET.

LET us return to Tower Hill, and, skirting Thames Street from Billingsgate to Blackfriars Bridge, point out in our route the principal objects worthy of notice.

Billingsgate, one of the ancient water-gates, or ports, of the city of London, is situated close to the Custom House, between the Tower and London Bridge. Antiquaries have ingeniously derived its name from Belin, King of the Britons, who reigned about four hundred and sixty years before the Christian era, and whose bones, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, having been burned to ashes, were placed in a vessel of brass, and set on a high pinnacle over the gate. Stow, however, considers that it took its name from one Beling or Billing, "as Somer's Key, Smart's Key, Frost Wharf, and others thereby, took their names of their owners."

At all events, Billingsgate was unquestionably the principal port, or landing-place in London, as

early as the time of Ethelred the Second, whose reign commenced in the tenth century. At a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, in this reign, the toll, or custom, to be levied on merchant-vessels, discharging their goods at Billingsgate, was fixed at proportionate rates. It was ordered that every small boat should pay a halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; ships, four pennies: vessels laden with wood, one piece of timber; and vessels laden with fish, one halfpenny or one penny, according to their size. The two other principal ports of London, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, were Down-gate, the present Dowgate, and the Queen's Hythe, still known as Queenhithe. As late as the fifteenth century we find an enactment that if *one* vessel only should come up the river to London, it should discharge its cargo at the Queen's Hythe; if *two* should come up at the same time, that *one* should discharge at Billingsgate; if *three*, two were to proceed to the Queen's Hythe, or harbour, and the third to Billingsgate: but "always the more" to Queenhithe. The reason for the preference is evident; the customs, or tolls, received at Queenhithe having been the perquisites of the Queen of England.

Billingsgate continued to be a flourishing port, long after Dowgate had ceased to be a landing-place for merchandise, and when the harbour-dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off, that they realized no more than fifteen pounds a year. In the days of Stow it stood alone, for size, conve-

nience, and superiority of every kind. "It is, at this present," writes the old antiquary, "a large water-gate, port, or harbour, for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, onions, oranges, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of diverse sorts, for the service of the city and the parts of this realm adjoining." The great advantage possessed by Billingsgate consisted in its being on the east, or near, side of the bridge; thus precluding the necessity and risk of vessels passing under it; the fall of water between the arches having been, as late as our own time, an obstacle to traffic, as well as dangerous to smaller vessels.

Although, singularly enough, Billingsgate was not constituted "a free market for the sale of fish" till the reign of William the Third, it was unquestionably the great landing-place for fish from the earliest times; indeed, the very preamble to the Act of Parliament speaks of it as having been, "time out of mind, a free market in all manner of floating and salt fish, as also for all manner of floating and shell-fish." The very names of the streets in the vicinity of Billingsgate,—for, in the olden time, every trade congregated in its distinct district,—shows how closely associated was the trade of this locality with the fish-market of Billingsgate. Fish Street Hill, Fish Yard, near Eastcheap, and Fishmongers' Hall, are all in this immediate neighbourhood, reminding us of the olden time, when "no number of knights or strangers could enter the

city at any hour of the day or night," without being able to supply themselves with the choicest fish in season. Stow, speaking of a row of houses in Old Fish Street, observes, "These houses, now possessed by Fishmongers, were at the first but moveable boards, or stalls, set out on market-days, to show their fish there to be sold; but, procuring licence to set up sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses, of three or four stories in height, and now are called Fish Street. Walter Tuck, Fishmonger and Mayor, 1349, had two shops in Old Fish Street, over against St. Nicholas Church; the one rented five shillings the year, the other four shillings." According to Stow, Friday Street derives its name from its having been inhabited by fishmongers, who attended Friday's market; Friday, in Roman Catholic times, having been the great day for the sale of fish.

Anciently the Fishmongers were divided into two companies,—the Salt-fishmongers, incorporated in 1433, and the Stock-fishmongers, in 1509,—nor was it till 1536 that the two companies were united by Henry the Eighth. Till within the last few years the Hall of the Fishmongers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was situated in Thames Street; but they now occupy a fine modern building, erected in 1831, close to the north approach of London Bridge. The famous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, who killed Wat Tyler at Smithfield, was a member of this company, his statue being still a conspicuous object in Fishmongers' Hall.

He is represented in the act of striking the insolent rebel with a real dagger, which is affirmed to be the identical weapon used by him on the memorable occasion. On the pedestal is the following inscription :—

Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Mayor, yt slew  
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes ;  
The King, therefor, did give in lieu  
The dagger to the city's armes ;  
In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini, 1381.

Unfortunately for the veracity of this inscription, the dagger formed the first quarter of the city arms long before the days of Sir William Walworth : it was, indeed, intended to represent the sword of St. Peter, the patron saint of the Corporation.

Adjoining Billingsgate, on the east side, stood Smart's Quay, or wharf, which we find noticed, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as containing an ingenious seminary for the instruction of young thieves. The following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Burghley, in July 1585, by Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, evinces that the "art and mystery" of picking pockets was brought to considerable perfection in the sixteenth century :—

"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate ; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all

the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses; there were hung up two devices: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a *public hoyster*; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judicial nipper*. N. B. That a *hoyster* is a pickpocket, and a *nipper* is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse."

Opposite to Billingsgate, on the north side of Thames Street, is St. Mary Hill Street, on the west side of which is the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, dedicated to the Virgin Mary: the date of its foundation is lost in antiquity, nothing certain being known respecting it till Rose de WyrteU founded a chauntry on the spot, about the year 1336. It suffered severely from the Fire of London, in consequence of which the interior and the east end were re-built by Sir Christopher Wren, between the years 1672 and 1677. Since his time considerable portions of the building have been taken down and re-built; the old portions, namely, the tower and the west end, having been restored with brick. Little, indeed, of Wren's work now remains, nor does that little add much to his reputation as an architect. In this church, on the 27th of May, 1731, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night



Thoughts," was married to Lady Elizabeth Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter of Edward first Earl of Litchfield. The chancel contains the remains of the Rev. John Brand, the antiquary, who was for many years rector of the parish: he died at his apartments in Somerset House, in 1806.

Running parallel with St. Mary Hill Street, are Botolph Lane and Pudding Lane, the former containing the parochial church, dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England. This is another of Wren's churches, erected after the Fire of London, and boasts neither historical interest nor architectural merit. In Botolph Lane stood the residence of that ancient and illustrious race, the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel. Henry, the eighteenth and last Earl in the male line, who is known to have aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth, was residing here at the time of his death, in 1579.

Pudding Lane is famous as the spot where the great fire first broke out, on the 2d of September, 1666. In the middle of the last century the following inscription was to be seen on the site of the house where it commenced; but in consequence of the inconvenience caused by the number of passers-by, who stopped to read it, it was removed.

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was

hanged, viz. — That here began that dreadful fire which is described, and perpetuated on, by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1680, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight.”

Hubert, the person here referred to, was hanged on his own confession, that his hand had lighted the flame which laid London in ashes. His statement was, that he had placed a fire-ball at the end of a pole, and, after lighting it, had thrust it into the window of the house in which the fire subsequently broke out. There can be little doubt, however, that Hubert was a monomaniac, on whose mind the awful conflagration, which he had recently witnessed, had raised the delusion that he was the author of the calamity. Nevertheless, he circumstantially detailed the names of the foreign conspirators, who, he affirmed, had induced him to become the incendiary, and also the amount of the reward which he was to have received for his wickedness. In regard to Hubert’s confession, Lord Clarendon informs us that it was so senseless, that the Chief Justice refused to believe a word he said. “However,” adds Lord Clarendon, “they durst not slight the evidence, but put him to a particular, in which he so fully confirmed all that he had said before, that they were surprised with wonder, and knew not afterwards what to say or think. They asked him if he knew the place where he first put fire? He answered that he knew it very well, and would show it to anybody. Upon this, the Chief-Justice, and many aldermen who sat with him, sent a guard

of substantial citizens with the prisoner, that he might show them the house ; and they first led him to a place at some distance from it, and asked him if that were it, to which he answered, presently, ‘No; it was lower, nearer to the Thames.’ The house, and all which were near it, were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark could very hardly have said where their own houses had stood ; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the shape of the little yard, the fashion of the door and windows, and where he first put the fire ; and all this with such exactness that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars.” Still there can be little doubt that Hubert was a mere maniac ; indeed, the captain of the vessel which brought him to England—a perfectly disinterested person—swore positively that he did not land till two days after the fire. All, indeed, that is known of the origin of the conflagration may be summed up in the concise words of Lord Clarendon. “There was never any probable evidence (that poor creature’s only excepted) that there was any other cause of that woeful fire than the displeasure of God Almighty.”\* No. 25, Pudding Lane is said to be the site of the house in which the fire broke out. It was then occupied by one Farryner, baker to Charles the Second.

Still proceeding westward, along Thames Street,

\* Continuation of the “Life of Lord Clarendon, by Himself.”

on the right is St. Michael's Lane, leading into Crooked Lane, in which stood, till recently, the Church of St. Michael, another of Wren's churches erected after the destruction of the ancient edifice by the fire of London. It was pulled down, together with a portion of Crooked Lane, in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. A church existed on this spot at least as early as the end of the thirteenth century, at which period John de Borham is mentioned as Rector. In 1366, it was rebuilt by John de Louken, "stock-fishmonger," and four times Lord Mayor of London, to whom the celebrated Sir William Walworth was at one time apprentice. Both master and man were buried in this church. De Louken is said to have been interred under "a fair marble tomb," which was probably destroyed in the great fire, as was that of the stalwart Sir William Walworth, on whose tomb, as Weever informs us, were inscribed the following lines :—

Here under lieth a man of fame,  
William Walworth called by name ;  
Fishmonger he was in life-time here,  
And twice Lord Mayor, as in book appear ;  
Who, with courage stout and manly might,  
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight ;  
For which act done, and true intent,  
The king made him knight incontinent ;  
And gave him arms, as here you see,  
To declare his feat and chivalry ;  
He left his life, the year of our Lord  
Thirteen hundred foreshore three and odd.

Sir William Walworth resided in a house adjoin-

ing St. Michael's Church. This house he bequeathed, together with other property, for the purpose of founding a college, consisting of a master and nine priests who were attached to the church.

The following brief and quaint epitaph was copied by Weever from a monument in the old church:—

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,  
The body of William Wray;  
I have no more to say.

A little beyond St. Michael's or Miles Lane, on the south side of Thames Street, is Old Swan Lane, leading to the Old Swan Stairs, close to London Bridge, from which spot the river steamers depart for, and arrive from, the west end of London. As far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth, these stairs bore their present appellation of the *Old Swan Stairs*; indeed, the greater number of the stairs and landing places on the banks of the river still retain the same names by which they were distinguished in the days of the Tudors and Plantagenets. Boswell mentions his landing with Dr. Johnson at the Old Swan Stairs, from whence they walked to Billingsgate, where they "took oars" for Greenwich. Their object in adopting this short circuitous rout, which was a common practice at the period, was evidently to avoid the danger of "shooting" Old London Bridge.

To the west of the Old Swan Stairs, is Cold Harbrough, or Cold Inn, long since corrupted into Cole

Harbour. Here, in the reign of Edward the Third, stood Poultney Inn, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Poultney, four times Lord Mayor of London. At the close of the fourteenth century it was the residence of the ill-fated John Holland, Duke of Exeter, third son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, by the celebrated heiress, Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent." He was half-brother of King Richard the Second, whom he entertained here, on one occasion, with great magnificence. He was succeeded in the occupation of Poultney Inn, by Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, fifth son of Edward the Third; and subsequently by Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter, the gallant and devoted adherent of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth. In 1485, Poultney Inn, was granted by Richard the Third for the use of the Heralds, who occupied it but a short time, when it was conferred by Henry the Seventh on George Talbot, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, one of his ablest and bravest subjects. In the following reign we find it the temporary palace of Tunstal, Bishop of Durham. Edward the Sixth granted it to Francis fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, from which time it took the name of Shrewsbury House. It was subsequently pulled down by George the sixth Earl, who erected several small tenements on its site. Not many years afterwards, we find Cold Harbour referred to by Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, and by other writers of the Elizabethan age, as among the most squalid and indifferent localities

in London.\* The site is now principally occupied by Calvert's brewery.

Close to Cold Harbour is the Steel-yard, the origin of the name of which has occasioned some discussion among antiquarians. Whether it derives its appellation from the German word "Staal-hoff," signifying a place of trade, from the quantity of steel which is said to have been anciently sold there, or from the king's "Steel-yard," or beam, which was used for ascertaining the amount of tonnage of imported goods, will probably ever remain a disputed question. Here, before the Norman Conquest, is said to have been situated the quay where the Hanse merchants, by whom the English were first taught the arts of commerce, landed their merchandise, as well as wheat, rye, and other grain. For centuries they continued to be the principal importers into the kingdom, in consequence of which they were allowed extraordinary privileges, having a Guild-hall, and an Alderman of their own. In return for these favours, they were required to keep one of the City gates, Bishop's-gate, in perfect repair, and to assist with money and men in defending it in time of need. Consequently, in 1479, we find it entirely re-built at their expense. The company fell gradually into decay, and in 1597-8 was finally dissolved by proclamation; the merchants being commanded to quit the kingdom by the 28th of February in that year.

\* See Cunningham's "Hand-book for London." *Art. Cold Harbour.*

On the south side of Thames Street, close to the Steel-yard, is the church of Allhallows the Great, anciently called Allhallows the More, and sometimes Allhallows in the Ropery, from its being situated in the district chiefly inhabited by rope-makers. It was founded in 1361, by the Despencer family, from whom the presentation passed by marriage to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, and subsequently to the Crown. The present uninteresting church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, shortly after the destruction of the old edifice by fire, in 1666. Stow informs us that there was a statue of Queen Elizabeth, in the old church, to which the following verses were attached :—

If royal virtue ever crowned a crown ;  
If ever mildness shined in majesty ;  
If ever honour honoured true renown ;  
If ever courage dwelt with clemency ;

If ever Princess put all Princes down,  
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity ;  
This, this was she, that in despite of death  
Lives still admired,—adored Elizabeth !

The only object of any interest in the interior of the church is a handsome oak screen, said to have been manufactured in Hamburgh, which was presented to the church by the Hanse merchants, in grateful memory of their connection with the parish.

On the south side of Thames Street, between



the Steel-yard and Dowgate, stood that magnificent mansion of the olden time, the Erber—so intimately associated with the stirring times of chivalry, and with more than one illustrious name. It was granted by Edward the Third to the gallant and learned Sir Geoffrey Le Scrope. Its next illustrious occupant was John Lord Neville of Raby, the heroic companion in arms of Edward the Third, from whom it descended to his son, Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland. This was that powerful lord, who was so instrumental in raising Henry Duke of Lancaster to the throne as Henry the Fourth, and who afterwards so distinguished himself in that Border warfare, and in those successful operations against the Percies, which led to the battle of Shrewsbury, and to the untimely end of the impetuous and heroic Harry Hotspur.

From the Earl of Westmoreland, the Erber passed into the possession of another branch of the Nevilles, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. But the principal interest which attaches itself to the spot, is from its having been the residence of the great “King-maker,” Richard, Earl of Warwick. Some idea may be formed of his princely hospitality, from the fact that, at his house in London, no fewer than six oxen were daily consumed by his retainers at breakfast; any person, moreover, who happened to have access to his establishment, being permitted to take away with him, “as much sodden and roast meat as he might

carry upon a long dagger." After the death of the Earl, the ragged staff and white cross disappeared from over the portals of the Erber; and not long afterwards we find it occupied by the ill-fated George Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who obtained a grant of it from Parliament in right of his wife, Isabel, daughter of the King-maker. After the death of Clarence, the Erber became the residence of his younger brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, on whose usurpation, as Richard the Third, we find it styled the King's Palace, and undergoing considerable repairs. During the brief reign of Richard, it was occupied for him by one Ralph Darnel, a yeoman of the crown; but, on the death of the usurper, was restored to Edward, son of the Duke of Clarence, in whose possession it remained till his attainder in August, 1500. It was rebuilt in 1584, by Sir Thomas Pullison, Lord Mayor of London, and not long afterwards became, according to Stow, the residence of the great navigator and hero, Sir Francis Drake.

Pursuing our route in a westwardly direction along Thames Street, on the right hand is the street called Dowgate Hill, and immediately opposite it, on the left, is a small passage leading to the Thames. This passage leads us to the site of the ancient wharf, or port, of the Saxons, called Dowgate, to which we have already referred. But the ground is rendered still more interesting, from its being the site of the *trajectus*, or ferry—the

identical spot on the banks of the Thames, from whence the ferry-boats of the Romans passed over to the opposite side of the river, in connection with the great military way to Dover. Here also centered, and branched off, the Roman military roads, which led to their different stations throughout England.

Ben Jonson speaks—

Of Dowgate torrents falling into Thames ;—

and Strype, alluding to the descent from Dowgate Hill, informs us that, in his time, “in great and sudden rains, the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness, that it oftentimes causeth a flood in the lower part.”

Close to Dowgate ran,—and probably still runs into the Thames, though converted into a filthy sewer,—the once clear and rapid river of Walbrook. How changed from the days when it rippled and flowed from its source in the Moorfields, and when it was crossed by several bridges, which were kept in repair by different religious houses, who were only too grateful for the advantages which they derived from its pure and refreshing waters! On the occasion of the new buildings being erected at the Bank in 1803, Walbrook might be still seen among the foundations, pursuing its trickling course towards the Thames.

A little beyond Dowgate is Three Cranes' Lane, leading to the ancient Three Cranes Wharf, so

called from the *cranes* used in landing wine and heavy articles of merchandise. It was principally used by the vintners, or wine-merchants, who abounded in this locality, and who obtained for it the title of the Vintry.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Devil is an Ass," (act i. scene i.) we find—

Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds and the roysterers,  
At Billingsgate feasting with claret-wine and oysters ;  
From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the Cranes in the  
    Vintry,  
And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry.

Close by, on the south side of Thames Street, is the hall of the Vintners' Company, which stands on the site of a large mansion once occupied by Sir John Stodie, Lord Mayor of London in 1357. This company was first incorporated in 1340, under the name of Wine-tunners. In the courtroom are portraits of Charles the Second, James the Second, Mary d'Este, and Prince George of Denmark.

In the Vintry stood, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Gisors, Lord Mayor of London, and Constable of the Tower. Later in that century, we find it the residence of Sir Henry Picard, Vintner and Lord Mayor, who entertained here, with great splendour, no less distinguished personages than his sovereign, Edward the Third, John King of France, the King of Cyprus, David King of Scotland, Edward the Black Prince, and a large assemblage

of the nobility. "And after," says Stow, "the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever, that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keep her chamber to the same effect." We are told that, on this occasion, "the King of Cyprus, playing with Sir Henry Picard, in his hall, did win of him fifty marks; but Picard, being very skilful in that art, altering his hand, did after win of the same King the same fifty marks, and fifty marks more; which when the same King began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Sir Henry said unto him, 'My Lord and King, be not aggrieved; I court not your gold, but your play, for I have not bid you hither that you might grieve;' and giving him his money again, plentifully bestowed of his own amongst the retinue. Besides, he gave many rich gifts to the King, and other nobles and knights, which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."

On the west side of the Vintry, Worcester Place points out the site of Worcester Inn, the residence of the learned and accomplished John de Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Chancellor and Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Fourth. This remarkable man is said to have visited Rome for the express purpose of examining the library in the Vatican, on which occasion he addressed so eloquent an oration to Pope Pius the Second, as to draw tears from his Holiness. Being a staunch

adherent of the House of York, the temporary restoration of Henry the Sixth, in 1470, placed his life in great danger. Perceiving that his powerful enemy, the Earl of Warwick, was determined on bringing him to the block, he sought for safety in flight, but having been found concealed in the upper branches of a tree, he was conveyed to London, and shortly afterwards perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

On the north side of Thames Street, opposite to Three Cranes Lane, is College Hill, so called from a College dedicated to St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London.

In a pasquinade, preserved in the state poems, entitled the “D. of B.’s Litany,” occur the following lines :—

From damning whatever we don’t understand,  
 From purchasing at *Dowgate*, and selling in the Strand,  
 From calling streets by our name when we’ve sold the land,\*  
Libera nos, Domine.

From borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,  
 And then be un-Chancellor’d against our will,  
 Nought left of a college but *College Hill*,  
Libera nos, &c.

These verses allude to the circumstance of the witty and fantastic George Villiers, Duke of Buck-

\* George Street, Duke Street, Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, &c. erected on the site of the Duke of Buckingham’s former residence in the Strand.

ingham, having purchased a "large and graceful" mansion on College Hill, probably for the purpose of extending his influence, and spreading sedition among the citizens of London, at the time when he was plotting against his too easy and confiding master, Charles the Second. Lord Clarendon, indeed, informs us that the Duke "had many lodgings in several quarters of the city; and though his majesty had frequent intelligence where he was, yet when the sergent-at-arms, and others employed for his apprehension, came where he was known to have been but an hour before, he was gone from thence, or so concealed that he could not be found; and in this manner he continued sleeping all the day, and walking from place to place in the night, for the space of some months." Buckingham House, part of the court-yard of which may be still seen, stood on the east side of College Hill.\*

St. Michael's Church, which stands on the east side of College Hill, was rebuilt by the executors of Whittington, who was buried beneath its roof, under a sumptuous tomb, which probably shared the fate of the church in the great fire of 1666. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, a sacrilegious rector, one Thomas Mountain, caused the tomb to be broken open, being under the impression that it contained articles of considerable value. In the reign of Queen Mary, the body was again disturbed for the purpose of being re-wrapped in a leaden

\* "Lord Clarendon's Life of Himself," continuation.

sheet, of which it had been despoiled in the preceding reign. His epitaph commenced as follows:—

Ut fragrans nardus, famâ fuit iste Ricardus,  
Albificans villam qui justè rexerat illam,  
Flos mercatorum, fundator Presbyterorum, &c.

We must not, however, omit to mention that in St. Michael's Church lies buried the cavalier, soldier, and poet, John Cleveland, of whom Echard observes that he was "the first poetic champion" for Charles the First. Subsequently, the poets of the day allied themselves, almost without an exception, to the broken fortunes of their unfortunate sovereign. Having been expelled by the ruling powers from his fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, for *malignancy*, Cleveland joined the King's camp at Oxford, and afterwards served in garrison at Newark upon Trent. He subsequently fell into the hands of Cromwell, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for a few months. On his release he took up his abode in Gray's Inn, where Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was his neighbour and chosen companion, and where they established a nightly club. Cleveland was also the friend of Bishop Pierson, who preached a funeral sermon over his remains in St. Michael's Church.\*

The body of the present plain and substantial

\* Aubrey ("Letters of Eminent Men," vol. ii. p. 289), states that Cleveland was buried in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. This is a mistake.



edifice was completed in 1694, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is Hilton's much-admired picture of Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ; but, with this exception, and some tolerable oak carving on the altar-piece, beneath the picture, St. Michael's contains but little to render it worthy of a visit.

St. Michael's *Royal* derives its second name from a palatial fortress, called the Tower Royal, which anciently stood nearly on the site of the small street which still bears the name of Tower Royal Street. Here, according to Stow, resided more than one of our kings, among whom were King Stephen and Richard the Second. In the latter reign it obtained the name of the Queen's Wardrobe, probably from having been the residence of the King's mother, who for some time kept her court here. It was apparently of considerable strength; at least if we may judge from the fact of that Princess preferring it to the Tower as a place of security, and consequently taking refuge here from the violence of Wat Tyler and his lawless followers. "King Richard," says Stow, "having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed his rebels, he, his lords, and all his company, entered the city of London with great joy, and went to the lady Princess, his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed; but when she saw the King her son, she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah, son! what

great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!’ The King answered and said, ‘Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near hand lost.’” Shortly afterwards we find the Tower Royal set apart by King Richard as the residence of Leon the Third, King of Armenia, when he sought an asylum in England after having been expelled from his kingdom by the Turks. The last notice which we discover of the Tower Royal, is in the reign of Richard the Third, when it was granted to John first Duke of Norfolk, who made it his residence till the period of his death on the memorable field of Bosworth, in August 1485.

Within a short distance from Tower Royal Street is Garlick Hill, on the east side of which stands the parish church of St. James’s Garlick Hythe, so called from its vicinity to a garlic-market, which was anciently held in the neighbourhood. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren’s edifices, and is entirely devoid of architectural merit. The date of the foundation of the old edifice is lost in antiquity: we only know that it was rebuilt by Richard Rothing, Sheriff of London, in 1326; that it was destroyed by fire in 1666, and again rebuilt between the years 1676 and 1682. Anciently, this church appears to have been a favourite place of burial for the Lord Mayors of London. Here were interred John of Oxenford, Vintner and Lord Mayor in 1341; Sir John Wrotch, Lord

Mayor in 1360; William Venour, in 1389; William More, in 1395; Robert Chichley, in 1421; and Sir James Spencer, in 1527. Among other persons who were interred in the old church, and whose monuments were destroyed by the fire of London, was Richard Lions, a wine-merchant and lapidary, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler and the rebels, in Cheapside, in the reign of Richard the Second. Here too were monuments to more than one of the great family of the Stanleys, who died in their neighbouring residence, Derby House, now used as the Herald's College.

In the *Spectator*, (No. 147,) there is an interesting notice of St. James's Garlick Hythe. Addison, speaking of the beautiful service of the Church of England, and how greatly its effect is enhanced by a fine delivery, remarks,—“Until Sunday was se'nnight, I never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. Being at St. James's Garlick Hithe, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The Confession was read

with such resigned humility ; the Absolution with such a comfortable authority ; the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind, in a manner I never did before." The rector of the parish at this period was the Reverend Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans, whose fine voice and impressive delivery are said to have been long remembered by his old parishioners.

## QUEENHITHE, BAYNARD CASTLE, HOUSES OF THE NOBILITY, BLACKFRIARS, &c.

DERIVATION OF NAME OF QUEENHITHE.—CELEBRATED RESIDENTS IN BAYNARD CASTLE.—MANSIONS NEAR PAUL'S WHARF.—MONASTERY OF THE BLACK FRIARS.—REPUDIATION OF QUEEN CATHERINE.—QUEEN ELIZABETH AT COBHAM HOUSE.—THE FATAL VESPERS.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—FLEET DITCH.—STRONGHOLDS OF THIEVES.—PALACE OF BRIDEWELL. — ALSATIA. — EXECUTION OF LORD SANQUHAR.

CONTINUING our route along Thames Street, we shall point out, as we pass along, the particular sites on the banks of the river, which are associated either with the history, the manners, or the romance of past times. We have hitherto strolled from Billingsgate as far as Queenhithe; we will now continue it from Queenhithe to the Temple Garden.

Queenhithe, Queenhive, or Queen's Harbour,—on the west side of Southwark Bridge,—was anciently called Edred's-hithe; and, as far back as the days of the Saxons, was one of the principal harbours or quays, where foreign vessels discharged their cargoes. According to Stow, it derived its more ancient name of Edred's-hithe from one Edred, who had been a proprietor of the wharf. We have evidence that it was royal property in the reign of King Stephen; that monarch having bestowed it upon William de Ypres, who, in his turn, con-

ferred it on the Convent of the Holy Trinity *within* Aldgate. In the reign of Henry the Third it again came into the possession of the Crown. In consequence of the harbour-dues being the perquisite of the Queen of England, it obtained particular favour; foreign ships, and especially vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports, being compelled to land their cargoes here. From its connection also with the Queen of England it obtained its name of *Ripa Reginae*, or Queen's-hithe. For centuries it maintained a successful rivalry with Billingsgate.\* From Fabian, however, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, we learn that in his time the harbour-dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off as to be worth only £15 a year; and, a century afterwards, Stow speaks of it as being almost forsaken.

Opposite to Queenhithe, on the north side of Thames Street, is situated the parish church of St. Michael, Queenhithe; another uninteresting edifice, erected by Sir Christopher Wren on the site of a very ancient church destroyed by the fire of London. In 1181, we find it denominated St. Michael de Cornhithe; the neighbouring harbour of Queenhithe being probably thus occasionally styled from the quantity of corn which was landed there from the Cinque Ports. The church contains no monuments of any interest; nor,—with the exception of its small but elegant spire, and some fine carved fruit and flowers on the doorway next to the pulpit,—has it much artistical merit.

\* See ante, p. 26.

A little beyond Queenhithe is Paul's Wharf, which derives its name from its vicinity to the great cathedral of St. Paul's.

Close to this spot stood the mansion occupied by Cicely, youngest daughter of the haughty and powerful Baron, Ralph de Neville, first Earl of Westmorland, and widow of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York; in whose ambition originated the devastating wars between the White and Red Roses. She was the mother of a numerous family, of whom seven survived to figure in a prominent manner in the stirring times in which they lived. When this lady,—the granddaughter of John of Gaunt, and the gentle mother of an ambitious race,—sat in her domestic circle, and watched complacently the childish sports, and listened to the joyous laughter of her young progeny, how little could she have anticipated the strange fate which awaited them! Her husband perished on the bloody field of Wakefield; her first-born, afterwards Edward the Fourth, followed in the ambitious footsteps of his father, and waded through bloodshed to a throne; her second son, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, at the age of twelve, was barbarously murdered by Lord Clifford, after the battle of Wakefield; her third son, “false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,” perished in the dungeons of the Tower; and her youngest son, Richard, succeeded to a throne and a bloody death. The career of her daughters was also remarkable; Anne, her eldest daughter, married Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, whose splendid fortunes

and mysterious fate are so well known; Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and lived to see her son, the second Duke, decapitated on Tower Hill for his attachment to the House of York; and her third daughter, Margaret, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy. It was this lady, whose persevering hostility to Henry the Seventh, and whose open support of the claims of Perkin Warbeck, believing him to be the last male heir of the House of Plantagenet, have rendered her name so conspicuous in history.

Between Paul's Wharf and Puddle Dock, under the shadow of the great cathedral of St. Paul's, stood anciently, on the banks of the Thames, Baynard Castle, endeared to us by the magic genius of Shakspeare, and associated with some of the most stirring scenes in the history of our country. Baynard Castle derives its name from its founder, one of the Norman Barons, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and by one of whose descendants, William Baynard, it was forfeited in 1111. Henry the First bestowed it on Robert Fitzwalter, fifth son of Richard, Earl of Clare, in whose family the office of Castellan, and standard-bearer to the city of London became hereditary. His immediate descendant was Robert Fitzwalter, whose daughter, the beautiful Matilda, King John attempted to corrupt. Fitzwalter, to avenge the affront offered to his race, subsequently acted a conspicuous part in the wars waged against the King by his Barons.



“The primary occasion of these discontents,” says Dugdale, “is by some thus reported: that this Robert Fitzwalter, having a very beautiful daughter, called Maude, residing at Dunmow, the King frequently solicited her chastity, but never prevailing, grew so enraged, that he caused her to be privately poisoned; and that she was buried at the south side of the choir at Dunmow [in Essex], between two pillars there.” To punish the rebellion of Fitzwalter, the King caused “his house called Baynard’s Castle, in the city of London,” to be razed to the ground. Fitzwalter, however, is said to have subsequently made his peace with King John, by the extraordinary valour which he displayed at a tournament in the presence of the King of France. King John, struck with admiration at his prowess, is said to have exclaimed, “By God’s tooth, he deserves to be a King who hath such a soldier in his train.” Ascertaining the name of the chivalrous knight,—for his features were concealed by his closed vizor,—the King immediately sent for him, restored to him his Barony, and subsequently gave him permission to repair his castle of Baynard.

The duties and privileges of the Castellan of this interesting fortress were thus curiously particularized and defined in 1303, at which period Sir Robert Fitzwalter was lord of Baynard Castle. “That the said Robert, as Constable of the Castle of Baynard, and his heirs, ought to be banner-bearers of the city of London, by inheritance; and, in time of war, to serve the city in the manner following:

“To ride upon a light horse, with twenty men-at-arms on horseback, their horses covered with cloth or harness, unto the great door of St. Paul’s Church, with the banner of his arms carried before him; and being come in that manner thither, the Mayor of London, together with the Sheriffs and Aldermen, to issue armed out of the church, unto the same door, on foot, with his banner in his hand, having the figure of St. Paul depicted with gold thereon, but the feet, hands, and head of silver, holding a silver sword in his hand; and as soon as he shall see the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen come on foot out of the church, carrying such a banner, he is to alight from his horse, and salute him as his companion, saying, ‘Sir Mayor, I am come hither to do my service, which I owe to this city.’ To whom the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen are to answer: ‘We give to you, as our banner-bearer by inheritance, this banner of the city, to bear and carry to the honour and profit thereof to your power.’ Whereupon the said Robert and his heirs shall receive it into their hands, and the Mayor and Sheriffs shall follow him to the door, and present him with a horse worth twenty pounds; which horse shall be saddled, with a saddle of his arms, and covered with silk, depicted likewise with the same arms; and they shall take twenty pounds sterling, and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert, for his expenses that day.

“This being done, he shall mount upon that horse, with his banner in his hand, and being so

mounted, shall bid the Mayor to choose a marshal for the city army; who, being so chosen, shall command the Mayor and burghers of the city to assemble the Commons, who shall go under this banner of St. Paul, which he shall bear to Aldgate; and being come thither, they shall give it whom they shall think fit. And if it shall so happen that they must march out of the city, then shall the said Robert make choice of two of the gravest men out of every ward, to guard the city in their absence, and their consultation shall be in the Priory of the Holy Trinity near Aldgate; and before what town or castle this city army shall come, and shall continue the siege, for one whole year, this Robert shall receive, from the commonalty of the city, one hundred shillings for his pains and no more. Those are his rights and privileges in time of war."

Baynard Castle was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1428, shortly after which period it was rebuilt by Humphrey Plantagenet Duke of Gloucester, on whose attainder it again reverted to the Crown. The next occupant was Richard Plantagenet Duke of York, who maintained no fewer than four hundred followers within its walls, and who carried on here his ambitious projects against the government of Henry the Sixth. After his death, at the battle of Wakefield, Baynard Castle descended by inheritance to his gallant son, the Earl of March, afterwards Edward the Fourth. When, in 1460, the young Prince entered London with the King-maker Warwick, we find him taking up his abode in his

paternal mansion, and it was within its princely hall that he assumed the title of King, and summoned the bishops, peers, and magistrates, in and about London, to attend him in council.

In the garden of Baynard Castle, Shakespeare places the secret interview between the Duke of York and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, in which the two latter acknowledged him as their rightful sovereign, and came to the determination to appeal to arms to enforce his claims—

*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

\* \* \* \*

*War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;  
And, in this private plot, be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Second Part of King Henry VI. act ii. scene 2.*

Shortly after his accession to the throne, Edward the Fourth appears to have conferred Baynard Castle upon his youngest brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It continued to be his residence previous to his usurpation of the supreme authority, and it was in its court-yard that he was waited upon by his creature the Duke of Buckingham, and

the noisy citizens who had been suborned for the occasion, who vociferously called upon him to assume the crown. Here again Shakespeare has thrown an undying interest over the site of Baynard Castle. Richard, with great apparent reluctance, presents himself at a gallery above, supported by a bishop on each side of him :—

*Glouc.* Alas ! why should you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in your throne,

To the disgrace and downfal of your house ;

And, in this resolution, here we leave you :

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]

*Catesby.* Call them again, sweet prince ; accept their suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glouc.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone ;

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit Catesby.*]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*]

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear the burden, whether I will or no,—

I must have patience to endure the load ;

And if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God, he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*Mayor.* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

*Glouc.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you, with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

*King Richard III.* act iii. scene 7.

Henry the Seventh frequently resided in Baynard Castle after his accession to the throne ; indeed, he seems to have been extremely partial to the spot, for we find him, in 1501, almost entirely rebuilding it; “not embattled, nor so strongly fortified, castle-like, but far more beautiful and commodious, for the entertainment of any prince or great estate.” Here he received the ambassadors from the King of the Romans, and here he lodged Philip of Austria, during his visit to this country.

Shortly after the marriage of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, with Catherine of Aragon, we find them conducted by water in great state from Baynard Castle to the royal palace at Westminster. “The Mayor and Commonalty of London,” says Hall, “in barges garnished with standards, streamers, and penons of their device, gave them their attendance : and there, in the palace, were such martial feats, such valiant jousts, such vigorous tourneys, such fierce fight at the barriers, as before that time was of no man had in remembrance. Of this royal triumph, Lord Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was chief challenger,

and Lord Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, was chief defender; which, with their aids and companions, bare themselves so valiantly, that they obtained great land and honour."

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Baynard Castle became the residence of Sir William Sydney, Chamberlain to the youthful monarch. In the same reign, it passed into the hands of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, who lived here in a style of extraordinary magnificence. He was residing in Baynard Castle at the time of King Edward's death, on which occasion, notwithstanding the proverbial wariness of his character, he was induced to sign the famous document acknowledging the claims of Lady Jane Grey. He soon, however, repented of the step which he had taken, and was one of the first to leave the beautiful and accomplished maiden to her melancholy fate, and to proclaim his legitimate sovereign, Queen Mary. Active in his loyalty, as he had been in his treason, he assembled the partizans of royalty under his roof in Baynard Castle, and it was from under its portal that they sallied forth to proclaim the title of Queen Mary to the throne. It was as a reward for his conduct on this occasion, that the courtiers of the Common Council agreed, at the request of the Earl of Pembroke, that "the city's laystall,\* adjoining to his

\* A receptacle for all kinds of filth. Spencer has it :—

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,  
For many corses, like a great *lay-stall*  
Of murdered men, which therein strewed lay.

Lordship's house, being noisome to the same, should be removed, upon condition that he should give the city, towards the making of a new laystall in another place, two thousand feet of hard stone to make the vault and wharf thereof, or else forty marks in ready money to buy the same stone withal."

The Earl figured in all the Court pageants of the time. He was selected to wait on King Philip on his landing at Portsmouth; was present at his marriage with Queen Mary at Winchester, in 1564; and three months afterwards, on the occasion of the assembling of the first Parliament under the new King and Queen, he entered London, and proceeded to his mansion of Baynard Castle, followed by "a retinue of two thousand horsemen in velvet coats, with three laces of gold and gold chains, besides sixty gentlemen in blue coats, with his badge of the green dragon." The Earl survived to figure at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her Master of the Horse, and on one occasion did him the honour to sup with him at Baynard Castle. At ten o'clock at night, after having partaken of a sumptuous entertainment, he handed his royal mistress by torchlight to the river-side, where she entered her state-barge to the sound of music, and amidst the blaze of fireworks; and thus returned to Whitehall, surrounded by a swarm of attendant boats, and cheered by the acclamations of the loyal citizens of London.



The successor of Earl William in the occupancy of Baynard Castle, was his son Henry, the second Earl, who resided here with his Countess, — “Sydney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.” Here also resided their accomplished and high-minded son, William the third Earl, who united wit and gallantry with integrity and the most refined taste, — the most courtly breeding, with the kindest nature. The death of Earl William took place in Baynard Castle, on the 10th of April, 1630, and was attended by some rather remarkable circumstances. It had been foretold by his tutor, Sandford, and also by the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, whose predictions caused Archbishop Laud so much discomfort, that he either would not complete, or would die on the anniversary of, his fiftieth birthday. That these predictions were actually fulfilled, appears by the following curious passage in Lord Clarendon’s “History of the Rebellion.” “A short story may not be unfitly inserted; it being frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, who, at that time, being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality,—of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke. At supper one of them drank a health to the Lord Steward; upon which another of them said, that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity that he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birth-day, which had completed his age to fifty

years. The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death." It appears that, on the fatal day, the Earl was engaged to sup with the Countess of Bedford. During the meal he appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and remarked that he would never again trust a woman's prophecy. A few hours afterwards he was attacked by apoplexy, and died during the night. Granger, to make the story more remarkable, relates that when the Earl's body was opened, in order to be embalmed, the first incision was no sooner made, than the corpse lifted up its hand, to the great terror of those who witnessed the phenomenon.

Baynard Castle was destroyed in the Great Fire. Its name, however, is still preserved in Baynard Castle Ward.

Westward of the site of Baynard Castle is Puddle Dock, which doubtless derives its name from one "Puddle," whom Stow incidentally mentions as having kept a wharf in this neighbourhood,

"————— Puddle Wharf,

Which place we'll make bold with to call it our Abydos,  
As the Bankside is our Sestos."

*Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.*

The spot is interesting, as pointing out nearly the site of the house which was purchased by Shakespeare, and which he bequeathed by will to his daughter, Susannah Hall. The "Conveyance" describes it as "abutting upon a streete leading down to Puddle Wharffe on the east part, right against

the King's Maiestie's Wardrobe." It is further described as having been "now or late in the tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland;" and to Mr. Cunningham we are indebted for pointing out the circumstance that "there is still an *Ireland Yard*." \* Shakespeare, in his will, describes the house as "situat lying and being in the Blackfriars in London, nere the Wardrobe." Ireland Yard is on the west side of Puddle Dock Hill.

To the westward of Baynard Castle, stood the Castle of Montfichet, founded by Gilbert de Montfichet, or Montfiquit, a relative of William the Conqueror, whom he accompanied to England, and with whom he fought side by side at the battle of Hastings. It was demolished by order of King John, in 1213, and its materials appropriated to the erection of the neighbouring monastery of the Black Friars. Close by, nearly on the site of the present Puddle Dock, stood the ancient residence of the Lords Berkeley, and afterwards temporarily, of the great "kingmaker," the Earl of Warwick.

In the days of the Plantagenets,—when the sovereigns of England held their court indiscriminately in the palaces of Bridewell, Westminster, and the Tower,—the banks of the Thames, between the latter fortress and the Temple, appear to have been principally occupied by the splendid mansions and gardens of the nobility. But by the time that Elizabeth ascended the throne, and Whitehall had become the fixed residence of the court, the tide

\* "Handbook of London," *Art. Ireland Yard*.

of fashion began to flow in a more westwardly direction, and there arose those splendid water-palaces between the Temple and Whitehall, which have given names to so many of the streets in the Strand. In addition to the mansions we have already recorded as having been in the immediate vicinity of Paul's Wharf, may be mentioned the messuage of the Abbots of Fescamp, in Normandy, situated between the wharf and Baynard Castle;—Scrope's Inn, the abode of the powerful family of the Scropes in the reign of Henry the Sixth,—and Beaumont Inn, the residence of the noble family of the Beaumonts in the reign of Edward the Third, and afterwards of Lord Hastings, the ill-fated favourite of Edward the Fourth. From Lord Hastings, Beaumont Inn passed into the possession of his descendants, the Earls of Huntingdon, whose town residence it was in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and from this circumstance its name was changed to Huntingdon House. The palace of the Bishops of London stood anciently on the north-west side of St. Paul's Cathedral, but apparently not in view of the Thames.

Immediately to the east of Blackfriars Bridge stood the great monastery of the Black Friars, who removed from Holborn to this spot in the year 1276. This house, which, with its gardens and precincts, covered a vast space of ground, had its four gates and its sanctuary, and could also boast of one of the most magnificent churches in the

metropolis. Several Parliaments were held in the monastery of the Black Friars, in the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Henry the Eighth; one of the last and most remarkable having been that which voted the charges against Wolsey, and prayed for the condign punishment of the Cardinal. Among other immunities enjoyed by the Black Friars, persons were allowed to open shops within the precincts of the monastery, without being under the control of the City; the inhabitants being governed by the Prior and their own Justices.

In ancient times, the splendid church of the Black Friars appears to have been a favourite burial-place of the great; the privilege of being interred in the habit of their order having been supposed to be a certain safeguard against the power of the evil spirit. Among other illustrious persons, here reposed the ashes of the great Justiciary of England, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and of his wife, Margaret, daughter of William, King of Scotland. Here also were preserved the heart of Eleanor of Castile, the beautiful and devoted queen of Edward the First, and that of her son Alphonso;—the remains of John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward the Third;—of the accomplished and ill-fated John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in 1470;—of James Touchet, Earl of Audley, beheaded in 1497;—of Sir Thomas Brandon, Knight of the Garter, uncle of the high-bred and chivalrous, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk;—of William Courtenay, Earl of

Devonshire ;—of Sir Thomas Parr and his wife, the parents of Queen Catherine Parr ; besides numerous other persons of high birth and princely fortunes, many of whose names are recorded by Stow.

The monastery of the Black Friars is associated with one of the most interesting domestic events in the history of our country,—the repudiation of Catherine of Arragon by Henry the Eighth. Infatuated by the charms of Anne Boleyn, he found it convenient to entertain some religious scruples in regard to the legality of his marriage with his brother's widow. These scruples were strengthened by the arguments of the courtiers and casuists by whom he was surrounded, who readily lent themselves to pander to the wishes of their Sovereign, and to stifle the doubts by which he affected to be disturbed. At length, professing himself convinced by the works of Thomas Aquinas, in whose pages he discovered convenient authority for transgressing the laws of nature and of God, he determined on sacrificing, to the gratification of his lust, the virtuous and pure-minded woman who had loved him through good repute and ill-repute,—the only being, perhaps, in his dominions who was attached to him from purely disinterested motives,—

That, like a jewel, had hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her, that loved him with that excellence,  
That angels love good men with.

*King Henry VIII.* act. ii. scene 2.

The legates, nominated by the Pope to decide on the legality of Henry's marriage, were Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey; and, accordingly, having cited the King and Queen to appear before them, they opened their court with great state and ceremony, in the hall of the Black Friars, on the 31st of May, 1529. King Henry and his consort were both present; the King taking his seat on the right of the legates, and the Queen, attended by four bishops, on their left. Their names having been called with the usual formalities, Henry answered to his, but Catherine remained silent. Having again, however, been cited to answer to her name, she suddenly rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the King's feet, implored him, in language equally dignified and touching, to remember that she was the wife of his choice,—a friendless stranger in a foreign land. "Sir," she exclaimed with pathetic eloquence,—“ I beseech you for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right: take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you displeasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble,

and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure.”

Alas ! sir,

In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your grace from me ? Heaven witness  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike ;  
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blessed  
With many children by you ; if in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person, in God’s name  
Turn me away ; and let the foul’st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice.

*King Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 4.*

The decree of divorce was passed in 1533. The unfortunate Queen retired to Kimbolton, where she died of a broken heart on the 8th of January 1536 ; insisting to the last on retaining her title of Queen, and denouncing the edict which sought to render her name a tainted one, and to deprive her child of its honourable title to legitimacy.



In 1538, the monastery of the Black Friars shared the fate of the other religious houses, and was surrendered to the King; and, in 1547, we find Sir Francis Bryan receiving a grant of the prior's lodgings and the hall. Within a few years, the greater portion of the buildings, connected with the old monastery, were swept away, and many fair mansions and gardens, of the noble and the wealthy, rose on their site. Among these may be mentioned the residences of the French Ambassador; of Lord Herbert, the eldest son of Edward Earl of Worcester; and of the unfortunate Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham. In 1600,—on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Herbert, with Anne, only daughter of John Lord Russell,—we find Queen Elizabeth honouring the nuptials with her presence. On her landing at Blackfriars, she was received by a gallant company, including the bride; and was carried in a kind of litter, supported by six knights, to the residence of the bridegroom, where she dined. The same night she supped with Lord Cobham at his house in Blackfriars; and, we are told that as she passed by the house of “Doctor Puddin,” he came forth and presented her with a fan, which she graciously accepted. As Elizabeth was at this period a wrinkled queen of sixty-three,—“old and cankered,” to use the words of Essex,—it is not a little curious to find her acting the part of a girl of eighteen, in the gay frivolities with which she was entertained at Cobham House. According to the “Sydney Papers,” “there was a memorable

Masque of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. Their attire was this : each had a skirt of cloth of silver ; a rich waistcoat wrought with silk, and gold and silver ; a mantle of carnation taffeta, cast under the arm ; and their hair loose about the shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Mistress Fitton led : these eight lady-maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen, and wooed her to dance : her Majesty asked what she was ? *Affection*, she said. *Affection !* said the Queen, *Affection is false !* Yet her Majesty rose up and danced." This entertainment took place only a few months before she signed the death-warrant of her beloved Essex, whose conduct towards her was probably then rankling in her heart.

In the following reign, on the 26th of October, 1623, there occurred in Blackfriars, in the house of Count de Tillier, the French Ambassador, a frightful accident, which the Protestants chose to regard as a judgment from heaven, to punish the idolatry of the Roman Catholics.\* A vast number of persons were assembled in an upper story, listening to the oratory of a famous Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, when suddenly the floor gave way, and nearly one hundred persons, including the preacher, were crushed to death. The accident long retained the name of the "Fatal Vespers."

\* This house was called Hunsdon House, from its having been the residence of Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

According to the account of an eye-witness, one Dr. Gouge, "On the Lord's day, at night, when they fell, there were numbered ninety-one dead bodies; but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs, leading from the garden appertaining unto the house to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burial-place within the Spanish Ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom, the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third. The bodies of many others were claimed and carried away by their relatives and friends. For the corpses remaining," adds Dr. Gouge, "two great pits were digged, one in the fore-court of the said ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long, and eight feet broad. In the former pit were laid forty-four corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid into the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest. Then were others brought, some in somewhat a decent manner, wound up in sheets; but the greater portion in a most lamentable plight; the shirts only of the men tied about them, and some linen tied about the middle of the women, the rest of their bodies being naked; and one poor man or woman, taking a corpse by the head, another by the feet, tumbled them in, and so piled them up

almost to the top of the pit. The rest were put into the other pit in the garden. Their manner of burial seemed almost as dismal as the heap of them, when they lay upon the floor where they last fell. No obsequies or funeral rites were used at their burial. Only, the day after, a black cross of wood was set upon each grave, but was soon, by authority, commanded to be taken down.”\*

In 1680, we find the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, quitting his shop opposite the Palsgrave Head Tavern, without Temple Bar, and retiring “to a more private life,” in Printing-house Yard, Blackfriars, where he died in 1691. Here also resided three celebrated painters: Isaac Oliver,†

\* “The Fatal Vespers, a true and full Narrative of that signal judgment of God upon the Papists, by the fall of the house in Blackfriars, London, upon the 5th of Novembor, 1623.” By the Rev. Samuel Clark.

† Oliver was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Anne, Blackfriars, which was destroyed in the Great Fire and was not rebuilt. Its site, however, is marked by the old burying-ground, which may be seen in Church Entry, Ireland Yard. “The parish records the burials of Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter (1617); Dick Robinson, the player (1647); Nat. Field, the poet and player (1632-3); William Faithorne, the engraver (1691); and the following interesting entries relating to Vandyke, who lived and died in this parish, leaving a sum of money in his will to its poor:

“Jasper Lanfranch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandikes, buried 14th February, 1638.”

“Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike’s man, buried 12th March, 1638.”

“Justinian, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandyke and his lady, baptized 9th December, 1641.” — *Cunningham’s Handbook for London Art. Anne (St.) Blackfriars.*

Cornelius Jansen, and Anthony Vandyke. Oliver and Vandyke both breathed their last in Blackfriars. Ben Jonson was residing in Blackfriars in 1607, and here he has laid the scene of the "Alchemist."

The infamous Earl and Countess of Somerset, at the time when they were plotting, and accomplished the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, were residing in Blackfriars.

In Blackfriars stood the famous Theatre which bears its name. It was built in 1576, by James Burbage, and, in 1596, was either rebuilt or enlarged, when Shakespeare and Richard Burbage were joint sharers. The site of it is still pointed out by Playhouse Yard, close to Apothecaries' Hall. The theatre in Blackfriars, was pulled down during the rule of the Puritans, on the 6th of August, 1655.

The first stone of Blackfriars' Bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's Bridge, in honour of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. If the foundations shall ever be disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet, on which is inscribed, in Latin, the following grateful tribute of the citizens of London, to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman.

"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George the Third, Sir Thomas Chitty, knight,

lord-mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London, during the progress of a raging war (*flagrante bello*,) for the ornament and convenience of the City; Robert Mylne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the City of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his high-mindedness and courage, (under the Divine favour, and happy auspices of George the Second,) restored, increased, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of           WILLIAM PITT."

Such tributes as the foregoing, literature should not willingly let die. A more appropriate, or more deserved tribute, paid by the merchants of a mighty city to an illustrious statesman and patriot, it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet, on which this inscription is engraved, lies deeply buried in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is perhaps known but to few; and yet far more honourable than all civic crowns, far more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his sovereign and the legislature, was this affectionate, this unbought and voluntary testimony, "unanimously voted" by the citizens of London, to the man who had restored to them the security of wealth and commerce, and the ancient

renown which had rendered the name of an Englishman respected over the world.

Blackfriars' Bridge is memorable as having been one of the principal scenes of outrage, riot, and carnage, during the famous Protestant outbreak fomented by Lord George Gordon. On the frightful scenes of pillage and conflagration, which occurred during the three days that the populace were permitted to be masters of the metropolis, it is unnecessary to dwell. At length, however, chiefly owing to the firmness and moral courage of George the Third, the military received definite orders to act, and London was saved in the eleventh hour. The principal scenes of slaughter were at the Bank and Blackfriars' Bridge. Whether by accident or by design, the military drove the rabble before them along Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, till the bridge was completely blocked up by them; while at the same time another body of soldiers hemmed them in on the Southwark side of the river. The conflict was brief, and the result terrible. Of the numbers who perished, of that compressed and lawless mass of human beings, no record was ever sought for or demanded. Many were forced over the parapets of the bridge into the river; many were crushed to death; and still more perished by the bayonet and the bullet. The conflict and the carnage occupied an almost incredibly short space of time. Within an hour or two afterwards, the dying and the dead had been carried away, the great city had resumed its wonted calmness, and

when day dawned, there remained but one fearful evidence of the contest of the preceding night—the causeway of the bridge was actually soaked and red with blood. Such was the last act of the famous Gordon riots, of which pillage was the spirit, and religion merely the watchword! Had there existed but a little more moral courage on the part of the government, and a little less shrinking from responsibility, how much property, and how many lives might have been spared!

Immediately to the west of Blackfriars Bridge, the celebrated Fleet Ditch pours itself into the Thames.

By Bridewell all descend,  
(As morning prayer and flagellation end),  
To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,  
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames ;  
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

*Dunciad.*

The Fleet Ditch, or rather river,—rendered classical by the verse of Ben Jonson, Swift, Pope, and Gay,—was anciently a broad and limpid stream, which had its rise in the high grounds of Hampstead, and was further fed by the waters of certain wells, called Clerken-well, Skinners-well, Fags-well, Tode-well, Loders-well, and Rad-well ; “ all which said wells,” says Stow, “ having the fall of their overflowing in the aforesaid river, much increased the stream.” From hence it anciently obtained the name of the “ River of Wells.” It was crossed by no fewer than four stone bridges, in its



course, by way of Kentish Town and Camden Town, to the Thames; one of these bridges stood at the foot of Holborn Hill, then called Holborn Bridge, at which point the River Fleet united itself with the waters of the Old Bourne, or stream, from which Holborn derives its name. Anciently, the tide flowed up the Fleet river as far as Holborn Bridge, the present Bridge Street being the channel of the stream. "I recollect," says Pennant, "when the present noble approach to Blackfrairs Bridge,—the well-built opening of Chatham Place,—was a muddy and genuine ditch: this had been the mouth of the creek, which, as Stow informs us, was, in 1307, of depth and width sufficient 'that ten or twelve ships navies at once, with merchandizes, were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet.'" The other bridges of the Fleet were Fleet Bridge, Bridewell Bridge, and Fleet Lane Bridge.

In 1606 we find no less a sum than twenty-eight thousand pounds expended, for the purpose of scouring the Fleet river and keeping it in a navigable state. Pennant, speaking of the performance of this work, observes,—“At the depth of fifteen feet were found several Roman utensils; and, a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but none in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen Lares, about four inches long; one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. It is a probable conjecture that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans, at the approach

of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here were also found numbers of Saxon antiquities,—spurs, weapons, keys, seals, &c.; also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, which might likewise have been flung in on occasion of some alarm.” The Fleet river was again thoroughly cleansed in 1652 at a considerable expense. About sixteen years afterwards, in hopes of its proving a lucrative speculation, another large sum was expended in re-opening the navigation as far as Holborn. For this purpose the river was deepened, wharfs and quays were erected, and the banks were cased with stone and brick. The speculation, however, proved anything but a profitable one; and, accordingly, between the years 1734 and 1737, it was arched over as far as the Obelisk at the north end of the present bridge, and in consequence of further improvements, which took place in 1765, was almost entirely concealed from view.

One of the last glimpses to be caught of this nauseous stream was a few years since, at the destruction of some old houses in West Street, at the south end of Saffron Hill, which had been the hiding-place and stronghold of thieves, and an asylum for the most depraved of both sexes, from the reign of Queen Anne to our own time. Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. The black and disgusting looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow

channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations, one on each side of the ditch ; which were ingeniously contrived with the means of escape, in the event of their being invaded by the myrmidons of the law. On each side of the ditch also was a small aperture in the brick-work, of sufficient size to afford egress for the human body : and, accordingly, a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit ; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, to which we have alluded, was unquestionably of great antiquity. In the reign of George the First it was known as the Red Lion Tavern. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about twelve years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet ditch, — a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time,

although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of its communications with the neighbouring houses, the inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon, or friendly to pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

In ancient times, the great City wall, commencing at the Tower, after taking a circuit round London, terminated nearly at the foot of the present Blackfriars Bridge; running parallel with, and to the east of, the Fleet river. Here stood a strong fortress, the western *Ara Palatina* of the city, the remains of which were afterwards used in constructing the neighbouring palace of Bridewell.

Bridewell, which stood on the west side of the Fleet river, and the walls of which were washed by its waters, appears to have been a formidable fortress in the reign of William the Conqueror, and was the residence of our sovereigns at least as early as the reign of King John. This famous palatial fortress derived its name from a spring, or well, which flowed in the neighbourhood, and which was dedicated to St. Bridget or St. Bride. It continued to be used as a palace as late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, who constantly held his Court there, and who rebuilt it in a magnificent manner

for the reception of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on the occasion of his visit to England in 1522. The Emperor, however, chose to prefer the neighbouring palace of Blackfriars, and, accordingly, his suite only were lodged in Bridewell; a passage having been cut through the city wall, to enable the inmates of the two palaces to communicate with each other.

It was in the palace of Bridewell that Henry the Eighth was holding his Court, at the time when the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Campeius, or Campeggio, arrived in England, for the purpose of investigating the legality of the King's marriage with the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon. "The Cardinal," we are told, "came by long journeys into England, and much preparation was made to receive him triumphantly into London; but he was so sore vexed with the gout, that he refused all such solemnities, and desired that he might, without pomp, be conveyed to his lodgings, for his more quiet and rest: and so, on the 9th of October, he came from St. Mary Overys by water, to the Bishop of Bath's palace without Temple Bar, where he was visited by Cardinal Wolsey, and diverse other estates and prelates; and after he had rested him a season, he was brought to the King's presence at Bridewell by the Cardinal of York, and carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand."

In the palace of Bridewell, "in a room in the Queen's apartment," Shakespeare places the beauti-

ful and pathetic scene, in which Catherine asserts her rights, and opposes her simple eloquence to the arguments of the cold-blooded Cardinals.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,  
 And all such false professors ! Would ye have me  
 (If you have any justice, any pity ;  
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
 Alas ! he has banished me his bed already ;  
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this.

*Campeius.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I lived thus long—(let me speak myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one ?  
 A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)  
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the king ? loved him next Heaven ? obeyed him ?  
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title  
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
 Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady ?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[*To her women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,

Almost, no grave allowed me :—Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,

I'll hang my head and perish.

*King Henry VIII. act. iii. scene 1.*

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the palace of Bridewell was converted into an establishment “for the correction and punishment of idle and vagrant people, and for setting them to work, that they might, in an honest way, take pains to get their own livelihood.” For the noble philanthropic project, which converted the palace of kings into an asylum for sheltering the houseless, and for reclaiming crime, we are indebted to Bishop Ridley. His quaint letter on the subject to the Secretary of State, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, is still extant. “Good Mr. Cecil,” he writes, “I must be a suitor to you in our good master Christ's cause: I beseech you to be good to him. The matter is, sir, alas! he hath lain too long abroad (as you do know) without lodging, in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Now, thanks be to Almighty God, the citizens are willing to refresh him, and to give him meat, drink, clothing, and firing; but, alas! sir, they lack lodging for him. For, in some one house, I dare say, they are fain to lodge three families under one roof. Sir, there is a large, wide,

empty house of the King's majesty's, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the court, to procure in his cause. Surely, I have such a good opinion of the King's majesty, that if Christ had such faithful and hearty friends, who would heartily speak for him, he should undoubtedly speed at the King's majesty's hands. Sir, I have promised my brethren, the citizens, to move you, because I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should lie no more in the streets."

Cecil entered warmly into Bishop Ridley's philanthropic plans, and accordingly, on the 10th of April 1553, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London were summoned to attend the young King at Whitehall, when the palace of Bridewell was formally surrendered into their hands, to be a refuge and workhouse for the poor and unemployed. It was not till a later period that it was converted into a place of punishment and reformation for disobedient apprentices, street-brawlers, prostitutes, and other idle and refractory characters. The principal portion of the old palace of Bridewell was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. In the court-room are several portraits, one of which, said to be by Holbein, represents Edward the Sixth confirming the charter of Bridewell. There is also a portrait of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely, and another of James the Second, by the same artist.



In Bridewell died Madam Creswell, a notorious procuress of the days of Charles the Second. "She desired by will," says Granger, "to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying:—'By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say of her therefore is this: she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.'"

The scene of the fourth plate of Hogarth's great work, the "Harlot's Progress," is laid in Bridewell.

Immediately to the west of Bridewell stood Dorset House, anciently the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, and afterwards of that accomplished race of warriors and poets, the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset. The site is still pointed out by Dorset Street and Dorset Stairs; in the same manner that Salisbury Court, in the immediate neighbourhood, still commemorates the residence of the bishops of that see. In Sackville House, afterwards called Dorset House, lived in great magnificence, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created by James the First, in 1604, Earl of Dorset.

This nobleman was no less remarkable for his talents as a statesman, than for his literary accomplishments, and, in the opinion of Pope, was the best poet between Chaucer and Spenser. In Dorset House he is said to have written his portion of the well-known tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex." He was one of the commissioners who tried the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and was the person selected to communicate to her the fatal intelligence that her days were numbered. The earl, in his youth, had been principally distinguished as a man of pleasure and a spendthrift; so much so, that his vast hereditary fortune had at one time nearly slipped through his hands. But whatever may have been the faults of his youth, no man, as Lord Treasurer, ever administered the public revenues with more credit to himself, or with greater advantage to his country. The incident which is stated to have occasioned the earl's reformation is curious. His necessities having obliged him to seek the loan of a sum of money, he applied to a wealthy alderman for his assistance. Happening one day to call at the citizen's house, he was allowed to remain a considerable time unnoticed in an ante-chamber. This indignity—to which his necessities compelled him to submit without expostulation—so wrought on his feelings, that he resolved from that moment to alter his mode of life; and it may be added, that he conscientiously adhered to his resolution.

The earl died suddenly at the council board, on

the 19th of April, 1608. In the heat of argument he rose from his seat, and drawing some papers from his bosom, exclaimed with great vehemence, "I have that here which will strike you dead." He fell down at the moment, and died almost instantly. The Queen, Anne of Denmark, was present when he expired.\*

In Dorset House died Richard Sackville, the third earl; and here also expired Edward the fourth earl, celebrated for his famous duel with Lord Bruce, but still more for his genius in the cabinet, his gallantry on the field of battle, and his affectionate attachment to his unfortunate master, Charles the First. At the battle of Edgehill, the earl was selected to take charge of the young Prince of Wales, and of his brother, the Duke of York. Unable, however, to resist the generous impulse which urged him to join the fray, he entrusted the young princes to the care of others, and placing himself at the head of his troops, performed heroic acts of valour; besides recovering the royal standard which had been captured by the enemy. Many years afterwards, on the 11th of December, 1679, we find the Duke of York writing to the first Lord Dartmouth. "The old earl of Dorset, at Edge-hill, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the prince and myself up the hill, out of the battle, refused to do

\* His widow Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker, of Sissinghurst, in Kent, died in Dorset House on the 1st of October, 1615.

it, and said that he would not be thought a coward for ever a king's son in Christendom." The earl took the execution of his royal master so much to heart, that he shut himself up in Dorset House, and never quitted it till his death, on the 17th of July, 1652.

At the Restoration we find the gallant and loyal William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, residing with his pompous and fantastic duchess in a portion of Dorset House. It was shortly afterwards taken down, and nearly on its site was erected the Dorset Garden Theatre, which stood on the east side of the present Salisbury Court, with a front towards the river.

This theatre, of which the widow of the well-known Sir William Davenant was the patentee, was opened on the 9th of November, 1671, notwithstanding a strong opposition made to it by the city of London. The actors, among whom was the well-known Betterton, were styled the Duke of York's servants, in order to distinguish them from the King's company.\*

On the banks of the Thames, between Dorset House and the Temple Garden, stood the con-

\* They removed to Dorset Garden from the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn. The Duke's servants continued to perform in Dorset Garden till 1682, when they removed to Drury Lane, and incorporated themselves with the King's Company. The theatre in Dorset Garden was still standing in 1720, shortly after which period it appears to have been pulled down. The theatre in Dorset Garden was the last to which the company were in the habit of going by water.

vent of the White Friars, or Carmelites, the site of which is still pointed out by Whitefriars Dock. It was founded in 1241, by Sir Richard Grey, of Codnor in Derbyshire, and was afterwards rebuilt, about the year 1350, by Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; Robert Marshall, Bishop of Hereford, furnishing the choir. In the church of the convent were buried many persons of distinction, of whom Stow has given us a long catalogue. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, the church, and the other buildings connected with the convent, were taken down; the Chapter-house and other parts being conferred by Henry the Eighth on his physician, Henry Butts, whose name has been immortalised by Shakespeare. The great hall, or refectory, was converted into the Whitefriars Theatre.

Whitefriars, however, still retained the privilege of a sanctuary, and, accordingly, from the days of James the First to those of William the Third, we find it affording an asylum to all kinds of abandoned characters,—thieves, cheats, gamesters, insolvent debtors, and broken down poets and actors,—who dubbed the district by the cant title of *Alsatia*,—a name rendered famous by Shadwell in his “Squire of Alsatia,” and still more so by Sir Walter Scott, in his “Fortunes of Nigel.” “Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple,” says Sir Walter, “then well known by the cant name of *Alsatia*, had the privilege of a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the Lord Chief Justice, or of

the Lords of the Privy Council. Indeed, as the place abounded with desperadoes of every description, — bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, bravoës, homicides, and debauched profligates of every description, all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum,—it was both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to execute warrants emanating even from the highest authority, amongst men whose safety was inconsistent with warrants or authority of any kind.”

The scene of “The Squire of Alsatia” lies in this once abandoned district; Shadwell going so far as to make his characters speak the cant language of the thieves and desperadoes of the reign of Charles the Second; a glossary being added to explain the otherwise unintelligible jargon. Many of these words and phrases Sir Walter Scott has borrowed, and placed in the mouths of different characters, in the debauched scenes into which he introduces Lord Glenvarloch. Of the kind of persons to be met with in this privileged and lawless district, in the days of Charles the Second, Shadwell affords us a tolerable idea in summing up the character of his *dramatis personæ* :—

“*Cheatly*. A rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauched fellow, very expert in the cant about the town.

“*Shamwell*. Cousin to the Belfords; an heir, who being ruined

by Cheatly, is made a decoy-duck for others ; not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives ; is bound to Cheatly for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute, debauched life.

“*Capt. Hackum.* A blockhead bully of Alsatia ; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a serjeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where, by the Alsatians he is dubbed a Captain ; marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, &c.

“*Scrapeall.* A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalmsinging, precise fellow, pretending to great piety ; a godly knave, who joins with Cheatly, and supplies young heirs with goods and money.”

In the reign of James the First, Alsatia was the scene of one of the most singular murders on record. The circumstances were as follow : — Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, had had his eye accidentally put out by one Turner, a fencing-master, while amusing themselves with the foils. Some time afterwards, being at Paris, Henry the Fourth of France inquired of him how the accident had happened ? Sanquhar detailed the circumstances ; on which the King asked *whether the man still lived who had mutilated him ?* The question had such an effect upon Lord Sanquhar, that he hired two of his countrymen, named Irving and Carlile, to waylay and shoot the unfortunate fencing-master. According to the “ State Trials,” — “ These two, about seven o'clock in the evening, came to a house in the Friars, which Turner used to frequent as he came to his school, which was near that place, and finding Turner there, they saluted one another, and Turner, with one of his friends, sat at the door, asking them

to drink ; but Carlile and Irving, turning about to cock the pistol, came back immediately, and Carlile, drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap ; so that Turner, after having said these words, ‘ Lord have mercy upon me ! I am killed,’ immediately fell down. Whereupon Carlile and Irving fled, Carlile to the town, and Irving towards the river ; but the latter, mistaking his way, and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. The Baron of Sanquhar likewise fled. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost, but could not take them ; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carlile fled into Scotland, and towards the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanquhar hid himself in England.”

They did not long, however, elude the vigilance of justice. Having been severally tried and found guilty, Lord Sanquhar was hanged in New Palace Yard, opposite to the entrance to Westminster Hall, and Irving and Carlile in Fleet Street, opposite to the entrance to Whitefriars. Lord Sanquhar’s body was allowed to remain suspended a much longer time than usual, in order that “ people might take notice of the King’s greater justice,” in putting the laws in force against a powerful nobleman and one of his own countrymen. Peyton, however, in his “ Divine Catastrophe,” relates a curious anecdote, which, if true, places the conduct of James in a very different light. Lord San-



quhar, he says, was on one occasion present at the Court of Henry the Fourth of France, when some one happened to speak of his royal master as the "English Solomon." King Henry,—alluding to the supposed attachment of James's mother to David Rizzio,—observed sarcastically,—“I hope the name is not given him because he is David the fiddler's son.” This conversation was repeated to James, and, accordingly, when, some time afterwards, the friends of Lord Sanquhar implored him to save his life, he is said to have refused the application, on the ground that Lord Sanquhar had neglected to resent the insult offered to his sovereign.

Whitefriars continued to enjoy the privilege of a sanctuary till 1697, when, in consequence of the riotous proceedings which constantly took place within its precincts, and the encouragement which it held out to vice and crime, it was abolished by act of Parliament. The other sanctuaries, whose privileges were swept away at the same time, were those of Mitre Court, Ram Alley, and Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; the Savoy in the Strand; Fulwood's Rents, Holborn; Baldwin's Gardens, in Gray's Inn Lane; the Minories, and Deadman Place, Montague Close; and the Clink, and the Mint, in Southwark. In the "Tatler" of the 10th of September, 1709, Alsatia is spoken of as in ruins.

We find the great lawyer, John Selden,—James Shirley, the dramatic poet,—John Ogilvy, the poet,

and Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the painter, residing at different periods in Whitefriars. Selden died here, in 1654, in the Friary House, the residence of the Countess of Kent, to whom there is reason to believe that he was privately married.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

ANTIQUITY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.—LEGEND OF THE FIRST ERECTION OF THE BRIDGE.—CANUTE'S EXPEDITION.—THE BRIDGE'S FIRST ERECTION OF STONE.—ITS APPEARANCE THEN.—TRAITORS' HEADS AFFIXED THERE.—TENANTS AND ACCIDENTS ON IT.—SUICIDES UNDER IT.—PAGEANTS ACROSS, AND FIGHTS ON IT.—EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.—WAT TYLER.—LORDS WELLES AND LINDSAY.—RICHARD II.—HENRY V.—SIGISMOND.—HENRY VI.—JACK CADE.—BASTARD OF FALCONBRIDGE.—WOLSEY.—OSBORNE.—WYATT.—CHARLES II.—DECAPITATED PERSONS.

OF the ancient structures which have been swept away in our own time, there is not one which was more replete with historical and romantic associations than Old London Bridge. At the time of its demolition in 1832, it had existed upwards of six centuries. From the days of the Normans till the reign of George the Second, it had been the only thoroughfare which had united not only the southern counties of England but the whole of Europe, with the great metropolis of the West. Apart from its connection with ancient manners and customs, we must remember that, for a long lapse of years, it was over this famous causeway that the wise, the noble, and the beautiful, from all countries and all climes,—the adventurer in search of gold,—the Jesuit employed on his dark mission of mystery and intrigue,—the ambassador followed by his gorgeous suite,—philoso-

phers, statesmen, and poets,—passed in their journey to the great commercial capital of the world. Every princely procession from the continent of Europe,—every fair bride who has come over to be wedded to our earlier sovereigns,—every illustrious prisoner, from the days of Cressy and Agincourt to those of Blenheim and Ramillies, has passed in succession over Old London Bridge. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the Temple Church, still remain to us as venerable relics of the past; but Old London Bridge, with its host of historical associations, has passed away for ever!

Stow, on the authority of Bartholomew Linsted, *alias* Fowle, the last prior of the Church of St. Mary Overy's, Southwark, relates a curious legend in regard to the circumstances which first led to the erection of a bridge over the Thames at London. "A ferry," he says, "being kept in place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left by her parents, and also with the profits arising out of the said ferry, builded an house of Sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of (timber,) as all the other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations;

till at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens of London and others, a bridge built with arches of stone."

That at a very remote period there existed a land-passage over the Thames, nearly on the site of the present London Bridge, there is every reason to believe. The first notice, however, of a bridge, as recorded by Stow, is in 994, in the reign of Ethelred the Second. It was supported by piles, or posts, sunk in the bed of the river; was fortified with turrets and bulwarks, and was broad enough to admit of one carriage passing another. It was in this reign that Olaf, or Olave, King of Norway, sailed in his expedition up the Thames as far as London, for the purpose of assisting King Ethelred to drive away the Danish adventurers, who then held possession not only of the metropolis, but of a great portion of the kingdom. It was in the successful attempt to reduce the defences of the bridge that the great fight took place between the contending parties. Victory decided in favour of the English. In the conflict a vast number of the Danes were either killed or drowned, and the remainder, who fled in all directions, were speedily compelled to submit to the authority of King Ethelred.

The bridge on this occasion is said to have been completely destroyed; but that it was speedily rebuilt is evident from the progress of Canute, King of Denmark, having been impeded by a bridge at

London, on the occasion of his leading a fleet up the Thames in 1016. Defeated in his attempts to reduce the bridge by assault, he had recourse to an expedient which shows how great were his resources. "He caused," says Pennant, "a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, at Rotherhithe, or Redriff, a little to the east of Southwark, which he continued at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in form of a semicircle, opening into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually completed the blockade of the city. But the valour of the citizens obliged him to raise the siege. Evidences of this great work were found in the place called the Dock Head at Redriff, where it began. Fascines of hazels and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock in 1694; and in other parts of its course have been met with, in ditching, large oaken planks, and numbers of piles."

From the period of King Canute's expedition, we find no notice of London Bridge, of any particular interest, till 1091, in which year it is said to have been entirely swept away, together with the wooden houses with which it was covered, by a furious tempest, whose devastations extended over London, destroying several churches, and no fewer than 600 private houses. The bridge was speedily rebuilt, but was again destroyed by a fearful conflagration which took place in 1136, and which desolated London from Aldgate to St. Paul's.

According to Stow, London Bridge was entirely rebuilt of wood, in 1163, by one Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch, apparently the most eminent architect of his day. In consequence, however, of the perishable nature of its materials, and the great expense of keeping it in repair, it was determined to replace it with a bridge of stone, and accordingly, between the years 1176 and 1209, it was rebuilt of that material under the auspices of the same Peter, who died about four years previous to the completion of his great work.

London Bridge, at a very early period after its erection of stone, appears to have had a row of houses on each side of it, forming a narrow and continuous street. Besides shops and other tenements, it had its chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which stood on the east side, almost in the centre of the bridge, on the ninth pier from the north end: it was within this chapel that the architect, Peter of Colechurch, was buried. It had also a drawbridge, between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, which was useful both as a means of defence, and from its enabling vessels with masts to pass up the river. The drawbridge was protected by a strong tower; and there was also another tower at the Southwark end. On each side of the bridge, between the houses, were three openings, which afforded passengers a view of the river and shipping. The houses on both sides are described as overhanging the river, in a manner which impressed the mind almost with terror.

There are few persons, in whose imaginations old London Bridge is not associated with the exposure of a number of grisly heads of traitors and other criminals, which were formerly fixed to poles, and gave a ghastly appearance to the bridge. Till the sixteenth century, the place where these heads were exposed was the top of the drawbridge-tower, but in consequence of this tower having been pulled down, and replaced by a wooden building, called Nonsuch House, they were thenceforward affixed on the tower at the Southwark end. In 1598, the German traveller, Hentzner, counted no fewer than thirty heads on this tower.

The old stone bridge, commenced by Peter of Colechurch in 1176, notwithstanding numerous accidents by flood and fire, retained its original character essentially the same till the year 1757, when, in consequence of the increase of traffic, and moreover, in order to improve the communication between London and Southwark, the houses were pulled down. "I well remember," says Pennant, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street, from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers,



and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases." The old bridge, after having existed for upwards of six centuries, was at length taken down in 1832; the first pile of the present magnificent structure having previously been driven on the 15th of March, 1824.

The appearance of old London Bridge, with its gateway at each end, its drawbridge, its gothic chapel, its fortified towers, and its rows of curiously-fashioned houses overhanging the rapid river, must have been striking and picturesque in the extreme. The gloomy thoroughfare between the houses was, at the widest part, only twenty feet in breadth, and in some places only twelve. We have already seen from Pennant's description, that in his time the houses were principally occupied by a colony of pin or needle-makers. Many years previously, in the reign of Elizabeth, they had been chiefly tenanted by booksellers; indeed, London Bridge enjoyed then nearly the same kind of literary reputation, which attaches itself to St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row in our own time. Among the publishers' signs on the bridge, as appears by the title-pages attached to contemporary publications, were the "Three Bibles," the "Angel," and the "Looking Glass;" the former continuing to exist as late as the year 1724. Early, however, in the reign of Charles the First, London Bridge appears to have lost its exclusive character for harbouring any particular branch of trade. Of the

forty-three houses which were burnt down, in a frightful conflagration which nearly consumed the bridge in 1633, one was inhabited by a needle-maker, eight by haberdashers of small wares, six by hosiers, five by haberdashers of hats, one by a shoemaker, three by silkmen, one by a milliner, two by glovers, two by mercers, one by a distiller of strong waters, one by a girdler, one by a linen-draper, two by woollen-drapers, one by a salter, two by grocers, one by a scrivener, one by the curate of St. Magnus Church, one by the clerk, and one by a female whose occupation is not stated, while two others were unoccupied.

Of the value of the houses on the bridge, in the reign of Edward the First, some curious particulars have been handed down to us. For the greater number of the houses at the Southwark end, the Crown received only eleven shillings and fourpence rents of assize; and only sixteen shillings and a halfpenny for the customs on goods sold there. The rent of several of the houses amounted to no more than three-halfpence, and twopence halfpenny; and a fruiterer's shop, described to have been two yards and a half, and one thumb in length, and three yards and two thumbs in depth, was let on a lease from the bridgemaister at a rental of twelvepence.

We have already made a passing reference to the two most remarkable buildings on the bridge,—namely, the chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and Nonsuch House. The former, which,

in addition to an entrance from the street, had a winding staircase which communicated with the river, was coeval with the bridge itself, and continued to be used as a place of worship till the Reformation. It was paved with black and white marble, and is said to have possessed considerable architectural merit;—the crypt, with its vaulted roof and elegant clustered columns, having been extremely beautiful. Within the starlings of the pier, by which the chapel was principally supported, was anciently a piscatorium, or fish-pond, covered over with an iron grating, which prevented the fish from escaping after they had once been carried in by the tide. Mr. Thomson, to whom we are indebted for so many interesting memorials of London Bridge, informs us, that, in 1827, there was still living one of the old functionaries connected with the bridge, then verging towards his hundredth year, who well remembered having descended the winding staircase leading from the chapel, in order to fish in the pond. About the beginning of the last century, the venerable old chapel was converted into a warehouse and shop, which, in 1737, were tenanted by a Mr. Yaldwyn. This person, while repairing a staircase, is said to have discovered the remains of a sepulchral monument, which there was every reason to believe was that of Peter of Colechurch, the architect of the bridge. At a later period we find the chapel occupied by a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher, whose name is so similar to that of the

former tenant, that we cannot help thinking there has been an error in transcribing the name, and that they were of one and the same family ; more especially as the latter is stated to have been born on the premises. This person, when in his seventy-second year, having had his health impaired, was recommended by his medical adviser, to retire for a time into the country, for the advantage of fresh air and quiet. Accordingly he proceeded to Chiselmhurst ; but so accustomed was he to the monotonous roar of the river rushing through the narrow arches of London Bridge, that the contrasted lull and stillness of the country entirely deprived him of sleep.

*Petruchio.* What, are they mad ? have we another Bedlam ?

They do not talk, I hope ?

*Sophocles.*

Oh, terribly,

Extremely fearfully ! the noise at London Bridge

Is nothing near her.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Woman's Prize.*

The last individuals who occupied St. Thomas's chapel, previous to its demolition, were a Mr. Gill, and a Mr. Wright, during whose occupancy it was used as a paper warehouse.

Nonsuch House, also, at the period of its destruction, was used for the purposes of trade. This fantastic-looking structure, which was of wood, and elaborately carved, is said to have been brought piecemeal from Holland, and to have been set up, and fixed together, entirely by means of wooden pegs. It spanned the bridge ; having turrets at each of its

four corners, crowned by domes, and surmounted by gilt weathercocks, which were conspicuous objects from almost every part of the metropolis.

During an existence of upwards of six centuries, it was natural that London Bridge should have been subjected to numerous accidents and catastrophes, of which we will cursorily mention a few of the most remarkable. On the night of the 10th of July, 1212, only three years after its completion, a dreadful fire took place, by which several houses were destroyed, and a great number of persons lost their lives. The fire broke out at the Southwark end, and almost immediately the bridge was crowded with people, attracted either by curiosity, or by a desire to assist in extinguishing the conflagration. Unfortunately, the Church of St. Mary Overy also caught fire, and a strong southerly wind blowing at the same time, the flames were suddenly carried to the opposite side of the bridge. Thus hemmed in on both sides, and every one seeking to secure his own individual safety, many persons were trampled to death; others leaped into the river, only to find a watery grave; and a still greater number perished in the flames. According to Stow,—“About three thousand bodies were found in part or half-burnt, besides those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found.”

The next formidable accident which appears to have occurred to London Bridge, was in 1282, at the breaking up of a great frost, on which occasion a furious wind, added to a strong tide bearing along

with it large masses of floating ice, carried away five of the arches.

We have already alluded to the disastrous fire which took place on the night of the 13th of February, 1633, when forty-three tenements were destroyed. These houses had not been all rebuilt when the great fire broke out in 1666, on which occasion all that had been spared by the former fire were destroyed. The last fire on the bridge, of which we have any record, broke out on the night of the 8th of September 1725, when several houses were laid in ruins.

Many of our readers remember well the almost terrific fall of water, at the retreat of the tide, forming a number of "temporary cataracts" beneath the narrow arches of old London Bridge. Considering how many thousands of lives have been lost in descending these falls, it is singular that centuries should have been allowed to elapse without apparently any attempt having been made to abate the grievance. I think it is Charles Lamb who observes, that, had an alderman or a turtle perished, the evil would have been remedied long ago. "Of the multitudes," says Pennant, "who have perished in this rapid descent, the names of no one of any note, have reached my knowledge, except that of Mr. Temple, only son of the great Sir William Temple. His end was dreadful, as it was premeditated. He had, a week before, accepted, from King William, the office of Secretary at War. On the 14th of April, 1689, he

hired a boat on the Thames, and directed the waterman to shoot the bridge; at that instant he flung himself into the torrent, and, having filled his pockets with stones to destroy all chance of safety, instantly sunk. In the boat was found a note to this effect:—‘ My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the King’s service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end. I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant.’ ”

It is singular that Pennant should have forgotten, or at least should have omitted to mention, the similar fate of the unfortunate Eustace Budgell, who had probably the example of Mr. Temple in view, when he himself subsequently committed self-destruction in 1737. Budgell, as is well-known, was a relation of Addison, a poet, and the writer of some papers in the *Spectator*. Being threatened with a prosecution, on a charge of having forged the will of Dr. Tindal, in which he had provided himself with a legacy of 2000*l.*, he determined to put an end to his existence. Pope writes,—

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,  
And write whate’er he please,—except my will.

Accordingly, as in the case of Mr. Temple, having previously filled his pockets with stones, he hired a wherry at the stairs of Somerset House, and, just as the boat was passing under London Bridge, he suddenly threw himself into the water, and was immediately drowned. In his *escritoire* was found

a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before his death, in which he bequeathed the whole of his personal property to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years old, who afterwards became an actress of some celebrity, and who died at Bath about the year 1775. It was rumoured at the time that he had endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him, and to share his fate; but the circumstance of his carefully bequeathing her his property goes far to refute the truth of the story. In his bureau were also found the following lines;—

What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.

It is scarcely necessary to remark on the unfairness of the conclusion, that because the Roman hero of Addison's tragedy happened to commit suicide, Addison himself was an advocate for self-destruction. Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson," observes;—"We talked of a man's drowning himself. JOHNSON: 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure, that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society?' JOHNSON: 'Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the Devil, where he *is* known.'"



Old London Bridge is associated with some of the most interesting events in the history of our country. It was across this famous thoroughfare, that, on the 24th of May, 1357, Edward the Black Prince rode side by side with his illustrious prisoner, John, King of France, whom he had recently taken captive at the battle of Poitiers. At Southwark they were met by the principal citizens on horseback, in their scarlet robes and gold chains; and so great was the concourse of people, that although the cavalcade passed over London Bridge at three o'clock in the morning, it was high noon before they reached Westminster Hall, where King Edward the Third was seated on his throne prepared to do them honour. The French Monarch, we are told, being sumptuously arrayed in regal apparel, was mounted on a cream-coloured charger, covered with splendid trappings, while the Black Prince, in order to avoid every appearance of triumph, contented himself with riding by his side on a black pony. King Edward had previously issued orders to the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Picard, to prepare the City Pageants, and to receive the captive Monarch with all the respect due to his misfortunes and to his exalted rank. Accordingly we find that the houses on London Bridge, as well as in the different streets through which the procession passed, were hung with the richest tapestry, and adorned with plate and glittering armour. "The citizens," says Knyghton, "especially boasted of their warlike furniture, and exposed that day in their shops,

windows, and balconies, such an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corslets, breast and back-plates, coats of mail, gauntlets, vambraces, swords, spears, battle-axes, harness for horses, and other armour, both offensive and defensive, that the like had never been seen in memory of man before." We have already mentioned that the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Picard, had subsequently the honour of entertaining no fewer than four monarchs at his house in the vintry, namely, Edward the Third, John King of France, David King of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus, besides Edward the Black Prince, and the principal nobility of the realm.

The circumstance of London Bridge having been the only land communication between the southern counties and the metropolis, has rendered it on many occasions the scene of conflict and slaughter. In spite of its formidable defences, Wat Tyler, on the 13th of June 1381, forced his way over it into the metropolis at the head of the Kentish rebels. Froissart describes them as shouting and yelling in their progress, "as though all the devylles of hell had been amonge them." At first the warders refused to let down the drawbridge; but the insurgents, having terrified them into obedience, rushed impetuously forward, and pouring themselves into the city, commenced those fearful acts of devastation and bloodshed of which we have fortunately but few parallel cases in our history. Here, too, it was on St. George's Day,

1395 ; surrounded by the beauty and chivalry of the land ; that John Lord Welles, the champion of English chivalry, and David Lindsay Earl of Crawford, as the representative of Scottish chivalry, met to decide by single combat the claims of their two countries to superiority of valour. Lord Welles had fought under the banner of John Duke of Lancaster, during the wars of Edward the Third. He had subsequently served with distinction in the Scottish campaigns ; and, on the return of peace, was appointed by Richard the Second his Ambassador in that country. At a banquet, in which some Scottish noblemen were present, the conversation happened to turn on feats of arms. "Let words have no place," said the Ambassador, "if ye know not the chivalry and valiant deeds of Englishmen, appoint me a day and place when ye list, and ye shall have experience." The challenge was accepted by the Earl of Crawford, and London Bridge was agreed upon as the place of combat. "As soon," we are told, "as the day of battle was come, both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sat so strongly, that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, 'Earl David, contrary to the laws, is bound to the saddle.' Earl David, hearing this murmur, dis-

mounted off his horse, and, without any support or help, ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour; but in the third course the Lord Welles was sent out of his saddle, with such a violence that he fell to the ground. Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory; and, in the sign of more humanity, he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland."

It was over London Bridge, on the 13th of November, 1396, that Richard the Second conducted his young bride, Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, to whom he had been married in the church of St. Nicholas at Calais, on the 31st of the preceding month. The young queen was only in the eighth year of her age. The King brought her, we are told, "with all the honour that might be devised," from Dover to the palace of Westminster; such multitudes flocking to behold their progress, that on London Bridge "nine persons were crowded to death," among whom was the Prior of the Austin Canons at Tiptree, in Essex.

The next event of any interest, connected with Old London Bridge, occurred on the 23rd of November, 1415, when Henry the Fifth passed over it on his return from his great victory of

Agincourt. The citizens of London, as usual on such occasions, had prepared a magnificent pageant to celebrate the return of their chivalrous monarch. Lydgate informs us, that at the Southwark gate stood the figure of a giant, "full grim of might, to teach the penal men curtesye;" and at the drawbridge towers were erected figures of lions and antelopes, with a colossal statue of St. George, surrounded by numerous angels. The King's whole journey from Dover to London resembled a triumphal procession. "I might declare unto you," says Hall, the Chronicler, "if I would be tedious and prolix, how the Mayor of London and the Senate, apparelled in grained scarlet—how three hundred commoners clad in beautiful murrey, well mounted and gorgeously horsed, with rich collars and great chains,—met the King at Blackheath, rejoicing at his victorious return; how the clergy of London with rich crosses, and sumptuous copes, received him at St. Thomas of Watering, with solemn procession, lauding and praising God for the high honour and victory to him given and granted: but all these things I omit."

On the 7th of May, the following year, London Bridge presented a scarcely less stirring and magnificent scene, on the occasion of the arrival of the German Emperor Sigismond, in England. At Blackheath he was met by a large concourse of Knights and Noblemen, who conducted him in triumph over London Bridge, and thence through

the streets to the palace of Westminster. Over London Bridge also, in February, 1421, Henry the Fifth passed with his young Queen Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, to whom he had recently been united in France. "Marvel it is to write," says Hall, "but marvel it was to see with what joy, what triumph, what solace, and what rejoicing he was received of all his subjects, but in especial of the Londoners, which for tediousness I overpass." On the 31st of August, the following year, in the zenith of his triumphant career, Henry breathed his last in the Bois de Vincennes, near Paris. Exactly seven years had passed, from the day on which the victor passed in triumph over London Bridge, after the battle of Agincourt, to that on which the funeral car, which contained his remains, rolled over the same thoroughfare. The car, drawn by six horses, was rendered principally conspicuous from its supporting a recumbent effigy of the deceased monarch, magnificently arrayed in the robes of sovereignty. It was "painted curiously," we are told, "to the similitude of a living creature; upon the head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones; on the body a purple robe furred with ermine; in his right hand a sceptre royal; and in his left hand a ball of gold, with a cross fixed thereon; and, in this manner adorned, was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the Heavens; and the coverture of his bed was of red silk, beaten with gold."

When his youthful successor, Henry the Sixth, approached London, after his coronation at Paris, he was met at Blackheath by a large assemblage of the citizens, who conducted him with great pomp across London Bridge, to the palace of his Saxon predecessors at Westminster. Stow informs us, that on reaching the middle of the bridge the king was encountered by a "mighty giant," who, "with a sword drawn in his hand, had certain written speeches in metre, of great rejoicing and welcoming of the king to the city." Three years afterwards, on the 28th of May 1445, on the occasion of the arrival in England of Henry's bride, Margaret of Anjou, the celebrated "she-wolf of France," — London Bridge was again the scene of military and fantastic pageantry. During this reign also more than one sanguinary conflict took place on the bridge. Here, in 1450, the famous fight took place between Jack Cade and the citizens of London, in which many lives were lost, and the houses on the bridge set on fire. In the midst of the fray, the alarm was given that the bridge was on fire. "Alas!" says Hall, "what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance! for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; others, doubting how to save themselves, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smothered." Eighteen years afterwards, in 1468, we find the citizens valiantly defending the bridge against the

assault of Sir Geoffrey Gates, who had been driven out of the city for plundering the houses of the foreign merchants in Mark Lane, and who, in revenge for his having been repulsed on London Bridge, pillaged Southwark, Bermondsey, and other hamlets on the south side of the Thames.

But perhaps the most furious and important conflict which ever took place on London Bridge, was that which was fought on the 14th of May 1471, when the Bastard of Falconbridge, at the head of seventeen thousand men, attempted to force his way into London, in the hope of releasing his unfortunate sovereign, Henry the Sixth, who was then a prisoner in the Tower. The citizens, however, were devotedly attached to the House of York, and in vain did the Bastard, by his voice and example, urge on his followers to fresh acts of valour. He succeeded, indeed, in forcing the Southwark gate, which he set fire to, as well as to the houses on each side of the bridge as far as the drawbridge; but here his progress was arrested by the determined resistance of the citizens, and he found himself compelled to retreat. Within a few weeks, his severed head was to be seen, a conspicuous object, on the very defences which had so recently witnessed his valour.

On the 12th of November 1501, we find the ill-fated Katherine of Arragon welcomed in great state by the citizens of London, who conducted her over London Bridge, when on her way to be married to Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry



the Eighth. It was over the same thoroughfare, a quarter of a century afterwards, that her arch-enemy, Cardinal Wolsey, passed, in more than regal splendour, when proceeding as ambassador to France. According to Cavendish, he rode on a mule, sumptuously caparisoned with crimson velvet; there being carried in front of him two great crosses of silver, two large pillars of the same metal, the great seal of England, and the cardinal's hat. The procession was headed by a vast number of sumpter-mules, carts, and carriages, guarded by armed men, bearing bows and spears. Next came "of gentlemen, a great number, three in a rank, in black velvet livery-coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants following him, in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats, these letters, T. and C., under the cardinal's hat." The cardinal himself brought up the rear.

The next event connected with London Bridge, in our plan of chronological arrangement, is one entirely of a domestic nature, but is not the less interesting, or deserving of notice. We allude to a well-known and romantic incident, which occurred in 1536, and to which the house of Osborne owes its ducal honours. The hero of the tale was a young man, named Edward Osborne, who was apprentice to a citizen and clothworker, named William Hewet, afterwards knighted, whose re-

sidence was in one of the houses on London Bridge, overlooking the rapid stream. Sir William had an only and beloved daughter, Anne, who, either while playing with the servant who had the charge of her, or losing her balance while leaning out of a window, accidentally fell into the river. Young Osborne, who happened to be a witness of the disaster, without a moment's hesitation leapt after her, and rescued her from a watery grave. It was an act of generous gallantry, which was never forgotten by the fond father. Years rolled on; the clothworker had achieved the highest civic honours, and had become the wealthiest citizen in London. Love in the mean time had sprung up between the gallant apprentice and the fair girl; but unfortunately the reputation of her father's wealth had surrounded her with a host of noble admirers, among whom is said to have been George fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, who, though advanced in years, was a man not unworthy of winning so fair a prize. The chances of success were certainly greatly against the humble but gallant apprentice. Sir William Hewet, however, tempting as was the opportunity of aggrandizing his family, was true to the interests and the happiness of the preserver of his child. "*Osborne,*" he said, "*saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her.*" In due time they were married; and subsequently Osborne became possessed of the vast property of his father-in-law. He was advanced to be Sheriff of London in 1575, to be Lord Mayor in 1582,

and in 1585, he was elected to represent the city in Parliament. The history of his immediate descendants, and of the aggrandizement of his race, may be related in a few words. His son, Sir Hewet Osborne, accompanied the ill-fated Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, into Ireland, where he greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry against the rebels. His grandson, Sir Edward Osborne,—the faithful friend and follower of the great Earl of Strafford,—married first a daughter of Thomas Viscount Fauconberg, and afterwards a niece of Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby. And, lastly, his great-grandson, Thomas, married a daughter of Montagu Bertie, Earl of Lindsey; obtained the envied distinction of the Order of the Garter, and was subsequently created Duke of Leeds, by King William the Third, in 1694.

It was on the 3rd of February 1554, shortly after the accession of Queen Mary, that Sir Thomas Wyatt made his famous and ill-advised attempt to force the defences of London Bridge. The citizens of London, however, in whom the progress made in the arts of peace had not yet destroyed their ancient reputation for chivalrous loyalty, were prepared to receive the daring insurgent with the gallantry with which, for centuries, they had resisted similar rebellious attempts. Cannon were planted on the bridge; the bridge-gates were closed; and the draw-bridge, instead of being merely raised, as was in the case of Wat

Tyler's insurrection, was cut down and thrown into the river. The mayor and aldermen, moreover, issued orders to the citizens to close their doors and windows; enjoining them to be "ready-harnessed at their doors," prepared for any emergency. These precautions had the desired effect. Sir Thomas Wyat, having published at Maidstone his declaration against the Queen's evil advisers, and the proposed matrimonial alliance with Spain, advanced with his forces to Southwark, where, instead of finding the citizens prepared to receive him with the ardour which he had anticipated, he had the mortification to discover that they were resolved to resist him to the last. The result is well known. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, he led his forces to Kingston on Thames, where he crossed the river with 4000 men. He then directed his course towards London, where he still hoped to effect a successful rising; but though he entered Westminster without opposition, his followers, finding that he was joined by no person either of rank or influence, gradually deserted his standard, and he himself, having been seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley, near Temple Bar, was shortly afterwards executed.

It was rather more than a century after this event, that London Bridge presented a gay and stirring scene on the occasion of Charles the Second making his entry into the metropolis after his almost miraculous Restoration. He was attended by General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and

by the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham. In his progress from Dover to London, the most costly preparations, and the wildest effusions of joy, had encountered him at every step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators; on Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, "clad in very rich apparel;" at Blackheath the army were drawn up and received him with loud acclamations of fervent joy; and, in the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, walked before the King, and strewed flowers in his path. In the towns through which he passed, the houses were everywhere decorated with silken streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers, and music and acclamations were the only sounds which met his ear. In the villages, the joy of the country people was not less fervently displayed; the old music of tabor and pipe, as well as their favourite morrice-dances, and other rural games and sports, adding considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In St. George's Fields, Southwark, the King was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in their scarlet gowns, who conducted him to a large tent covered with rich tapestry, where he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The remark made by Charles, on the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted him, is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he had been so long absent, for his subjects seemed to be unanimous in promoting his return.

Thus welcomed, and almost worshipped, the young monarch passed over London Bridge amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. The houses on each side of the bridge, as well as in the different streets through which he passed, were hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers ; bands of music struck up their congratulatory notes at stated places ; the train-bands of the city, in rich dresses, lined the principal streets, and the city-conduits flowed with wine. At night the sky was alight with illuminations, bonfires, and fireworks, and the people were regaled with a profusion of wine and food.

We have already alluded to the number of ghastly heads, which, elevated on poles on London Bridge, grinned horribly on the passer-by. To enumerate the names of the host of decapitated persons whose heads were thus exposed, would comprise a long and melancholy catalogue. After the destruction of the drawbridge-tower in the sixteenth century, the building, on which the heads of malefactors was exposed, was the tower at the Southwark end of the bridge. It is a fact, that within this tower was a cooking apparatus and cauldron, in which the heads and quarters, of those who had been executed for high treason, were parboiled, and underwent a regular process for preserving them against the effects of the atmosphere. The heads were then elevated on the defences of the bridge, and the quarters packed off to be exposed on the gates of the principal cities in the kingdom. Among

the most remarkable persons whose remains were thus mangled, and whose heads were exposed on London Bridge, may be mentioned the illustrious Scottish patriot, William Wallace, and his dauntless companion in arms, Sir Simon Frazer : the Earls of Fife and Monteith, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Neville's Cross ; Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered by the rebels in Wat Tyler's insurrection ; the Earl of Huntingdon, brother-in-law to Henry the Fourth ; the stout and venerable Earl of Northumberland, father of Harry Hotspur ; the bastard Falconbridge ; the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, and the pious and learned John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

With regard to the exposure of the head of Bishop Fisher, a curious anecdote is related by Hall. "The head," he says, "being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his life-time he never looked so well ; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and

would have spoken to them. Wherefore," adds Hall, "the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and therefore, at the end of fourteen days, the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the night time into the river of Thames, and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July [1535] next following."

The head of More is said to have retained, in a scarcely less singular manner, and for a still longer period, the appearance of vitality and health. At the time of his death, his hair had become grey, but (as in the case of Charles the First, whose remains were discovered in St. George's Chapel at Windsor in 1813) the colour changed after death to a "reddish or yellow" hue. The head of this great man, it is said, was about to be thrown into the Thames, in order to make room for that of some later victim, when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, contrived to obtain possession of it. She preserved it in a leaden box till the day of her death, when, agreeably with her own wish, it was placed in her arms, and interred with her in the same coffin, in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. The headless trunk of Sir Thomas More lies in Chelsea Church.

We must not omit to mention, that the illustrious



painter, Hans Holbein, is said to have resided at one period of his life in one of the houses on London Bridge. According to Horace Walpole, "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, when, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there the picture of Holbein, who had lived in that house, and of his family. He offered the goldsmith a hundred pounds for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the Fire of London, and the picture was destroyed." In London Bridge also resided, at later periods, two eminent painters of marine subjects, Peter Monamy, and Dominic de Serres.

## THE FIRE OF LONDON.

WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.—CHARLES II'S. NOBLE CONDUCT.—PEPYS'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRE.—EVELYN'S "DIARY."—FARRYNER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.—ATTRIBUTED TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.—THE MONUMENT.—ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION.—DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE FIRE.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

How few are there, who have stood on Fish Street Hill,—

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies—

who have not lingered to ruminate on that fearful conflagration,—that scene of terrible and sublime beauty,—which the magnificent column before us was raised to commemorate! After perusing the inscription engraved on its base, we turn our glance to the exact spot which it points out; reflecting that there was kindled that raging flame, which, driven irresistibly forward by a furious wind, fed itself in its fierce course alike with the gilded palaces of the rich, and the humble dwellings of the poor, deafening the ear with the sound of falling roofs and crackling timbers, and lighting up the Thames till it gleamed like a lake of fire; destroying out of the twenty-six wards of the city no fewer than fifteen, and leaving the remainder scorched, ruinous, and uninhabitable; consuming

the massive gates of the city, the Guild-hall, eighty-nine churches, the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, besides schools, hospitals, libraries, and other public structures, four hundred streets, and thirteen thousand dwelling-houses ; and when at last its fury ceased, after having raged during four days and four nights, leaving a tract of ruin and desolation extending over no fewer than four hundred and thirty-six acres !

The great fire of London broke out at twelve o'clock on the night of the 2nd of September 1666, at the house of one Farryner, the King's baker, in Pudding Lane, at the distance of two hundred and two feet (the height of the column) to the eastward of the spot where the Monument now stands. The progress of the flames was inconceivably rapid ; indeed, in addition to the high wind which prevailed, a variety of circumstances combined to increase the calamity, and to add to the horror of the scene. Not only were the thoroughfares in the neighbourhood extremely narrow, but the houses were chiefly composed of wood and plaster, and many of them had thatched roofs. In consequence, moreover, of an extraordinary drought which had prevailed during the last month, there was a very scanty supply of water, and already the timbers of the houses were half scorched by the heat of the sun. The suddenness, too, of the catastrophe, the furious rapidity with which the fire extended itself, and the awful sublimity of the scene, appear to have rendered the populace utterly

helpless. "The conflagration," says an eye-witness,\* "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation was there upon them."

Many, perhaps, there were, whose nerves had not yet recovered from the recollection of the fearful scenes which they had recently witnessed during the raging of the Great Plague; many there were, who believed the fire to be an immediate visitation from the Almighty to punish the selfishness and profligacy of the times; and many more, who, in a superstitious age, placed implicit confidence in the idle predictions and prophecies which were current at the period; and who, consequently, believing the calamity to have been sent directly from Heaven, looked stupidly on at the progress of the devouring element, instead of employing their energies to oppose its further devastations. There was one particular prophecy by Mother Shipton, on which the greater stress was laid by the superstitious, in consequence of its having in part been recently verified in a very singular manner:—

\* "God's Terrible Advice to the City by Plague and Famine."  
By the Rev. T. Vincent.

When fate to England shall restore  
A King to reign as heretofore ;  
Great death in England shall be though,  
And many houses be laid low.

The Lord Mayor, moreover, on whose presence of mind and energetic conduct so much depended, appears to have been a person totally disqualified to act the part required of him. In singular opposition to the conduct of this feeble and affrighted functionary, was that of Charles the Second, who, under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, acted sensibly, nobly, and energetically; issuing the wisest directions, as well to preserve order, as to ameliorate the miserable condition of the houseless and starving inhabitants; giving orders for pulling down houses in all directions, to prevent the further progress of the flames; and himself passing the four fearful days, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, in visiting the points where the fire raged most fiercely, encouraging the workmen by his presence, and exhorting them to increased exertions by promises, example, or threats. According to a cotemporary MS. quoted by Echard,—“All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the King, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers, out of a hundred pound bag, which he carried with him for that purpose.” It would be

unfair to the memory of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, not to notice that he followed the example set him by his royal brother, with similar alacrity, good feeling, and zeal.

Many accounts have been written of the great fire of London, but none are so truthful, or so graphically described as those of Evelyn and Pepys, who were not only eye-witnesses of the fearful scenes which they describe, but were well-qualified to appreciate the greatness of the calamity, and the awful sublimity of the scene. The extracts from their several Diaries are somewhat lengthy, but are too interesting to be much curtailed. Pepys, who was at this period residing in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars, thus writes under date the 2nd of September:—

“Lord’s Day. Some of our maids sitting up late last night, to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. By-and-bye, Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself

ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge: which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church, and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burnt that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoured to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside, to another. And among other things the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave

all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-Yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the city, and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple,\* by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taking fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to Whitehall in my boat, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.

“They seemed much troubled; and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here, meeting with Captain Cocke, I, in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could,—every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent,

\* St. Laurence Poultney.



with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it; that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night.' So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things; and to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife, Barbary Shelden, and also Mrs. Moone, she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design, and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he had long desired, was wholly disappointed, for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city; the streets full of nothing but people, and horses, and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods

from one burned house to another; they now removing out of Cannon Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and further; and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after.

“We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King, and Duke of York, in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace; and so below bridge, at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there were of stopping it at the Three Cranes, above, and at Botolph's Wharf below bridge, if care were used; but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods; and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and

his wife, and walked to my boat, and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we went to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, it appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire, from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discouraging and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his

lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place, and got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies in a box by themselves.

“September 3.—About four o’clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things to Sir W. Rider’s, at Bethnal Green; which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and, Lord, to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people, running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate, to fetch away things.

\* \* \* \* \*

“At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer’s, in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and, after me, my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday’s dinner, having no fire, nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.”

On the same day the pious Evelyn inserts in his “Diary:” “September 3rd.—I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal

spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side. All the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed: and so returned exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest, the fire having continued all the night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season. I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair

and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating; all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; the carts, &c. carrying them out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, which now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurrying of people; the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, *non enim*

*hic habemus stabilem civitatem* ; the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more ! Thus I returned !

“September 4th.—The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple ; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul’s Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stones of St. Paul’s flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them ; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.”

Let us return to Pepys, and his no less interesting “Diary.” On the 4th he continues ;—“This night Mrs. Turner and her husband supped with my wife and me in the Office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook’s, without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry ; only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits : and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looked just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I, after supper, walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern

on this side, which was very near us, and the fire [raging] with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire when it was done; it bringing down the houses to the ground, in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it.

“September 5th.—I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer’s quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane.\* I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about 2,350*l*. W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy’s boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was to see by moonlight the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I came, I found the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Sheldon’s, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night nor day. So back again; and, whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o’clock,

\* Seething Lane.



but it was not. . But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I found, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's Yard, sent up by Sir W. Penn [from Deptford], there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oil-cellars and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Penn's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner.\* Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and found Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight; nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town

\* Pepys seems to have forgotten the "shoulder of mutton from the cook's" which he partook of the day before.

among the hot coals), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them, that it is fair weather for them to keep a broad night and day. Drank there, and paid two-pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate markets, all burned.”\*

On the following day, the 6th of September, the fire had lost much of its fury, and by the 7th it was almost entirely subdued. The spectacle, however, of ruin and desolation which everywhere presented itself, increased by the solemn silence which had succeeded to the crashing of timbers, the falling of roofs, and the shrieks of women and children, was even more distressing than the sight of the conflagration itself. “The poor inhabitants,” says Evelyn, “were dispersed about St. George’s Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.”

\* Pepys’s *Memoirs*, v. iii., p. 16—32. Ed. 1828.

How mournful and impressive is Evelyn's subsequent account of his ramble through the streets of the ruined city!

"September 7th.—I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields; thence through Cornhill, and, with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression, for several miles about the country.

"On my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces; flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had, in a manner, calcined; so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projections

of massive Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof: where a sheet of lead, covering a great space, (no less than six acres by measure), was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following! It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the diverse monuments, the body of one Bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides nearly one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange; the august fabric of Christ's Church; all the rest of the Companies Halls; splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench, and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

“The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy, to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen

from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest. The ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were

not only landed, but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those natives whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did, with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them." \*

The manner in which the Fire of London originated is still a mystery. The person most likely to throw a light on the subject was Farryner, the baker, in whose house in Pudding Lane it broke out. When examined, however, before a Committee of the House of Commons, all he could state was, that, according to his usual custom, he had visited every part of his house at twelve o'clock at night, at which hour everything appeared to be

\* "Evelyn's Diary," v. ii. p. 263 to 272. Ed. 1827.

in perfect security, only in one of the grates, he affirmed, was there any fire, which he raked out; and as the room was paved with bricks, he considered it to be utterly impossible that the conflagration could have been caused by the smouldering embers.

Prompted by rage and bigotry, general opinion attributed the fire to the Roman Catholics, though for what purpose they should have been the incendiaries does not appear. The strictest possible scrutiny was subsequently carried on by a Parliamentary Committee, without in any degree implicating them; and yet, in deference to popular prejudice, the Government, after a lapse of fifteen years, most unfairly permitted the following inscription to be engraved on the Monument.

“This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant City, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and Old English liberty, and the introducing Popery and Slavery.” It is needless to remark, that it is to the calumny contained in this inscription that Pope, himself a Roman Catholic, alludes in the well-known couplet which we have already quoted.

At the accession of James the Second, the obnoxious inscription was by his orders effaced. King William, however, permitted it to be restored after

the Revolution, but it now no longer disgraces the noble column, having been erased by an Act of Common Council, on the 26th January, 1831.

The total damage which the city sustained by the fire was computed at no less than ten millions seven hundred and sixteen thousand pounds. Fearful, however, as was the calamity, it proved in the end a blessing, not only to London, but to the kingdom at large. For centuries past, the Plague had continued lurking in the obscure and filthy allies of the city; periodically bursting forth from its lurking-places, and committing the most frightful ravages; indeed, during the short space of six months in the preceding year, no fewer than one hundred and sixty thousand persons had fallen victims to the giant pestilence. To obviate this evil, the new streets were made wider; the inhabitants were thus admitted to the blessings of light and air; and the consequence has been the total disappearance of the plague, since the great fire.

A few words remain to be said respecting the Monument on Fish Street Hill. This fine column, which is of the Doric order, measures two hundred and two feet in height, being twenty-four feet higher than Trajan's Pillar at Rome. It was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671, and completed in 1677, at an expense of £13,700. The staircase in the interior consists of three hundred and forty-five steps. On the west side of the



pedestal is a bas-relief,—the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the Poet,—in which the principal figure is a female, representing the city of London, lamenting over a heap of ruins. Behind her is Time, gradually raising her up; and at her side is the figure of Providence, who gently touches her with one hand while, with a winged sceptre in the other she directs her attention to two goddesses in the clouds,—one holding a cornucopia, the emblem of plenty; the other holding a branch of the palm tree, the emblem of peace. At her feet is a bee-hive, denoting that industry is the source of wealth, and that the greatest misfortunes may be overcome by perseverance and application. In another part is a view of the city in flames; the inhabitants being represented in great consternation, lifting up their hands to heaven and invoking its mercy. On a raised platform, opposite to the burning city, stands the figure of Charles the Second, in a Roman habit, with a truncheon in his hand, invoking Liberty, Architecture, and Science to descend to the aid of the city. Behind the King stands his brother the Duke of York, holding a garland in one hand to crown the rising city, and a sword in the other for her defence. The three other sides of the base of the column contain Latin inscriptions; that on the north, detailing the extent and particulars of the conflagration; that on the south, explaining the measures taken, under the auspices of Charles the Second, for rebuilding and re-beautifying the city. On the

east side are the names of the Lord Mayors, who were in office during the period the column was in the act of being erected.\*

The compliments paid to Charles, both in the bas-relief, and in the inscriptions, are not greater than he deserved. His personal exertions during the progress of the conflagration, and the interest which he subsequently took in the sufferings of his subjects, were certainly highly to his credit. Moreover, had the plans been adopted for rebuilding the city, which emanated from the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, and which were warmly supported by his royal master, London would unquestionably have been the most stately city in the world. Unfortunately, however, space was of too great value,—property too much divided,—and people in too great a hurry to repair past losses by future profits,—to admit of the realization of these magnificent projects.

It had been the intention of Sir Christopher Wren to surmount the Monument with a statue of Charles the Second, and when he laid his original design before the King, the column was thus orna-

\* “Six persons have thrown themselves off the monument :—William Green, a weaver, June 25th, 1750 ; Thomas Cradock, a baker, July 7th, 1788 ; Lyon Levi, a Jew, Jan. 18th, 1810 ; a girl named Moyes, the daughter of a baker in Heminge’s Row, Sept. 11th, 1839 ; a boy named Hawes, October 18th, 1839 ; and a girl of the age of seventeen, in August, 1842. This kind of death becoming popular, it was deemed advisable to encage and disfigure the *Monument* as we now see it.”—Cunningham’s “*London*,” *Art. The Monument*.

mented. Charles, however, declined the honour. "Not," says Wren, "that his Majesty disliked a statue; but he was pleased to think a large ball of metal, gilt, would be more agreeable." Accordingly the present gilded vase of flames was substituted for the proposed statue. The Latin inscriptions on the Monument were written by Dr. Gale, Dean of York.

## FISH STREET HILL, EASTCHEAP, GRACE- CHURCH STREET, ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

“KING’S HEAD TAVERN.”—ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR.—PUDDING LANE.—BOAR’S HEAD TAVERN.—SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.—LOMBARD MERCHANTS.—EARL OF SUFFOLK.—FENCHURCH STREET.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.—ST. OLAVE’S CHURCH.—SIR JOHN MENNIS.—MONUMENT TO PEPYS’S WIFE.—DR. MILLS.—WHITTINGTON’S RESIDENCE.—LADY FANSHAWE.

IN addition to its connection with the great fire, many interesting associations are attached to Fish Street Hill. Shakespeare makes *Jack Cade* exclaim, when at the head of his rabble followers,

—“Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?”—*King Henry VI., Second Part*, act iv. scene 8.

In the fourteenth century,—when the Kings of England held their court in the Tower, and when the populous thoroughfares, now occupied by shops and warehouses, constituted the court district of the metropolis, we find Edward, the Black Prince, residing on Fish Street Hill. The house, or inn, of the Black Prince, which was of stone, and of considerable size, stood at the end of Crooked Lane,

facing Monument Yard. In the reign of Elizabeth it had been converted into an inn, or hostelry, and was known by the sign of the Black Bell.

King's Head Court, within a few paces of the Monument, still points out the site of the "King's Head" tavern, rendered classical by Ben Jonson, and famous, in the days of Elizabeth, for its excellent wine and noisy revels.

Let us not omit to mention, that, in the days of his extreme distress, Oliver Goldsmith obtained the situation of journeyman to a chemist of the name of Jacob, at the corner of Monument Yard, Fish Street Hill. In this situation he was discovered by his old college friend Dr. Sleigh, who relieved his immediate necessities, and enabled him to establish himself in medical practice in Bankside, Southwark.

Close to Fish Street Hill is the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, standing nearly on the site of the old parish church, which was destroyed by the great fire in 1666. As early as the year 1302, we find a chantry founded here by Hugh Pourt, Sheriff of London, and Margaret, his wife. The first rector mentioned by Newcourt, is Robert de S. Albano, who resigned the living in 1323. The most illustrious name connected with the church is that of Miles Coverdale, under whose direction the first complete English version of the Bible was published in October, 1535: he resigned the rectorship in 1566. The body of the present handsome and well-proportioned church was built by

Sir Christopher Wren in 1676; the steeple having been added in 1705. It contains no monuments of any particular interest or beauty. In the vestry-room, however, is an interesting painting of old London Bridge, and also a curious drawing of the presentation of a pair of colours to the military association of Bridge Ward. The altar-piece, richly carved and decorated, is considered one of the handsomest in London, and the lantern and cupola have considerable merit.

Between Fish Street Hill and Gracechurch Street, diverging to the right and left, is Eastcheap, famous, in the olden time, for its scenes of jollity, where, "the cooks cried hot ribs of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals; with clattering of pewter, pots, harp, pipe, and sawtrie." Close by is Pudding Lane,\* descending to the Thames, anciently called Rother, or Red-rose Lane, from one of the houses having the sign of a red-rose; but which, doubtless, received its more modern denomination from its vicinity to the scenes of gormandizing and revelry in Eastcheap. It was the conviction of the Puritan portion of the inhabitants of London, that the fire of London was a direct manifestation of the anger of Heaven, inflicted as a punishment for the sins and gluttony of the age.

\* See ante, p. 31. It is "commonly called Pudding Lane, because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding-house for hogs there, and their puddings, with other filth of beasts, are voided down that way to their dung-boats on the Thames.—Stow's "Survey of London," p. 79.

This conviction was not a little strengthened by the singular coincidence of the fire commencing in *Pudding Lane*, and ending in *Pye Lane*, near Smithfield. On a house, in the latter place, was formerly to be seen the figure of a boy, with an inscription, which attributed the fire of London to the sin of gluttony.

There is, perhaps, no spot in London, which recalls so vividly to our imaginations the romance of the olden time as Eastcheap. Who is there who has ever strolled along this classic ground without a longing to be able to point out the identical spot, where the Boar's Head Tavern resounded to the jokes and merriment of Sir John Falstaff, and his boon companions? Who is there who has not peopled it in imagination with Bardolph, and his "malmsey nose;" with "ancient Pistol," and kind-hearted Dame Quickly; with the jokes of frolic Prince Hal, and, lastly, with the dying scene of the jovial old Knight, where "he made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; fumbling with the sheets, and playing with flowers, and smiling upon his fingers' ends, and babbling of green fields."—"The character of old Falstaff," says Goldsmith, in one of his charming Essays, "even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much

wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone! I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle; here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap! Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted." The "Boar's Head" of Shakespeare, which stood in Great Eastcheap, perished in the Fire of London. A tavern, bearing the same name was erected on its site, having in front of it a boar's head cut in stone, with the date 1688. It was taken down in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. The object which most nearly marks the site of the old tavern, is the statue of King William the Fourth.

Gracechurch Street, originally styled Grasse Street, or Grassechurch Street derives its name from a herb-market which was anciently held on its site. It was corrupted in the first instance into Gracious Street, and thence into Gracechurch Street. In a poem styled the "Nine Worthies of London," printed in black letter, in 1592, we find:—

In Gracious Street, there was I bound to serve,  
My master's name hight Stodie in his time.



The church of St. Benet, Gracechurch, is one of Wren's structures, erected after the destruction of the ancient edifice by the great fire. The parish books contain some very curious entries associated with the great religious changes in England,\* but the church itself possesses but little interest.

In White Hart Court died, in 1690, the celebrated George Fox, the father of the Quakers; and at his lodgings in Nag's Head Court, leading from Gracechurch Street into Lombard Street, died, in 1737, Matthew Green, the poet, the well-known author of "The Spleen."

To the west of Gracechurch Street is Lombard Street. This street derives its name from the opulent money-lenders, or usurers, who came out of Lombardy in 1274, and who carried on their money transactions in this street, from the reign of Edward the First to that of Elizabeth.† Here, in

\* For instance on the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, we find "Paid to a plasterer for washing owte and defacing of such Scriptures as in the tyme of King Edward 6. were written aboute the chirche and walls, we being comanded so to do by ye right hon. ye lord bishopp of Winchester, lord chan<sup>r</sup> of England, 3s. 4d." and "Paid to the paynters for the making ye Roode, with Mary and John, £6." While in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1558, occur these enteries; "Payd to a carpenter for pulling downe the Roode and Mary, 4s. & 2d." "Paid three labourers one day for pulling down the altars and John, 2s. 4d." Later still, namely in 1642, we find them selling the "superstitious brasses taken off the grave-stones, for 9s. & 6d."—Godwin and Britton's "Churches of London."

† In the "Archæologia," vol. xxviii. p. 207, will be found a curious and interesting account of the Lombard merchants, and of the extraordinary influence which they exercised in this country.

the direction of Birchin Lane, stood the mansion of that powerful race, the De la Poles, Earls of Pembroke and Dukes of Suffolk. The founder of this family was Sir William de la Pole, a merchant at Kingston-upon-Hull, who, in the tenth year of the reign of Edward the Third, contracted to supply the army in Scotland, with wine, salt, and other provisions. Three years afterwards, when Edward was in urgent need of money for the support of his army, we find the wealthy merchant advancing him the sum of a thousand pounds in gold, for which important service the King constituted him Second Baron of the Exchequer, advanced him to the rank of Knight Banneret, and conferred on him a grant out of the customs of Hull, for the better support of his new dignity. He was ancestor of William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the prime minister and declared favourite of Margaret of Anjou, but whose name is now principally remembered from the discomfiture which he received from Joan d'Arc, beneath the walls of Orleans, and from his own melancholy fate. Having lost the favour of his sovereign, and incurred the odium of the people, this powerful subject was impeached by the commons of England, and, on the 28th of January, 1451, was committed to the Tower. It was expected that his execution would have speedily followed, but the King, doubtless at the instigation of Queen Margaret, took the law into his own hands, and, dispensing with the formalities of a trial, banished him the kingdom for five years.

A melancholy fate, however, awaited him. On his passage from Dover to Calais, he was seized by a vessel belonging to the Earl of Exeter, and having been carried back to Dover, was beheaded with a rusty sword, on the side of a long-boat, and his body, having been stripped of his "gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed," was thrown on the sands of Dover. His honours were inherited by his eldest son, John the fifth Earl, who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1463, and who married the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward the Fourth. The last of this gallant race, in the male line, was Richard de la Pole, the third duke, who, after performing acts of heroic valour, was killed at the battle of Pavia, in 1524.

In Lombard Street, at the sign of the "Grasshopper," lived the princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of Gresham College, and of the Royal Exchange. The site (No. 68) is now occupied by a banking establishment. In the reign of Charles the Second we find the "Grasshopper" the sign of another wealthy goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, the founder of the Feversham family, and the purchaser of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, the princely seat of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,  
Yields to a scrivener and a city knight.

Here also resided Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675, and apparently an especial

favourite with Charles the Second. The “merry monarch” once did him the honour to dine with him during his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, having indulged rather freely in his own wines, caught hold of the king, and declared with an oath that he should remain and drink another bottle. Charles looked good-humouredly at him over his shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of an old song:—

He that’s drunk is as great as a King,

sat down again, and remained as long as his host wished.

It was in Lombard Street, on the 22nd of May 1688, that Pope, the poet, first saw the light. Spence was informed by Hooke, the historian, that it was “at the house which is now Mr. Morgan’s an apothecary,” but it is now impossible to ascertain its site. Guy, the benevolent founder of Guy’s Hospital, was a bookseller in Lombard Street.

The church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, has been thought to stand on the site of a temple dedicated to the goddess of Concord; and the remains of Roman antiquity, which have from time to time been discovered near the spot, have added some slight weight to the supposition. The origin of the name escaped the researches of Stow. The old edifice having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present church was rebuilt in 1716,

by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the pupil of Sir Christopher. The originality and boldness of its exterior, the richness and elegance of its internal decorations, the graceful arrangement of the columns, and the fine workmanship of the pulpit and sounding-board, have been deservedly admired. There is a tablet in the church to the memory of the Rev. John Newton, rector of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, the friend of Cowper, and his associate in the composition of the Olney Hymns. The inscription on his monument, written by himself, describes him as having been "once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, but by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the Faith he had long laboured to destroy." Newton had been brought up to a sea-faring life, and in early youth had been engaged in the slave-trade. He died on the 21st of December, 1807, at the age of eighty-two, having been for twenty-eight years rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Woolchurch. His remains lie in a vault beneath the church.

On the north side of Lombard Street stands the church of St. Edmund the King, dedicated to the Saxon King Edmund, who was murdered by the Danes in 870. The history of its foundation, like that of St. Mary Woolnoth, is lost in antiquity. The present church, remarkable for having its altar to the north, was erected by Wren in 1690. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity of design, the

fine proportions of the interior, as well as the picturesque effect produced by its richly carved pulpit, galleries and pews, all of dark oak, have found it many admirers. The altar piece presents some bold carvings, and on each side of the communion table are portraits of Moses and Aaron, executed by Etty in 1833.

Facing Lombard Street is Fenchurch Street, so called, it is said, from the fenny nature of the ground on which it was originally built ; but according to others, from the *fœnum*, or hay, which was sold here.\* Here stood Denmark House, the residence, in the reign of Philip and Mary, of the first Russian ambassador who was sent to this country. He arrived here in 1557, shortly after the formation of the Russian Company ; and as it was the interest of the merchants of London to impress the mind of the barbarian envoy with a favourable notion of the wealth and resources of England, they determined to receive him with great state and splendour. Accordingly, on his approach to London, they met him at Tottenham, habited in velvet, and ornamented with chains of gold. Lord Montacute, at the head of the Queen's pensioners, received him at Islington, and, on reaching Smithfield, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, habited in their scarlet robes, who accompanied him on horseback to his residence, then " Master Dimmock's," in Fenchurch Street.

\* Stow, p. 76.

The church of St. Margaret Pattens, Fenchurch Street, derives its name from having been dedicated to St. Margaret, a virgin saint of Antioch, and, according to Stow, "because of old time *pattens* were usually made and sold" in the neighbourhood. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire, the present edifice was rebuilt by Wren in 1687. The principal object of attraction in St. Margaret's is the altar-piece, which displays a fine painting, representing the angels ministering to our Saviour in the garden. The artist is said to be Carlo Maratti, pupil of Andrea Sacchi. About the altar, too, are some carvings of flowers, of excellent workmanship. The indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch, lies buried in the chancel of this church. "My desire is," he says in his will, "that my body may be interred in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret Pattens, of which I have been now rector near nineteen years." He died in 1765.

In Fenchurch Street stood Northumberland House, the residence, in the fifteenth century, of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, its fine gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, "common to all comers for their money, there to bowl and hazard,"\* and the other parts of the estate into dicing-houses. Northumberland Alley, on the south side of Fenchurch Street, points out nearly the site of Northumberland House.

\* Stow, p. 56.

Running from Fenchurch Street into Leadenhall Street is Billiter Street, corrupted from Belzetter Street, the name probably of the builder, or of some former owner of the property.

Pepys writes, on the 10th of June 1665, "To my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the city (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the city); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily." And again he writes on the 11th: "I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good will among his neighbours, for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord; which was very handsome."

On the south side of Fenchurch Street is Mincing Lane, so called, apparently, from the ground on which it stands having been the property of the Minchuns, or Nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishops-gate Street. Running parallel with it is Mark Lane, anciently styled Mart Lane, from a mart or fair having been held on the spot. On the west side of this street, near Fenchurch Street, is the ancient church of Allhallows, or All-Saints, Staining. It had the good fortune to escape the ravages of the great fire of 1666, but, shortly afterwards, a large portion of it having fallen into decay, it was restored at a considerable expense, in 1675.

According to Stow, the church of Allhallows



Staining derives its adjunctive name from the Saxon word *stane*, or stone, which was given to distinguish it from the other churches in London dedicated to All-Saints, which were of wood. Supposing this derivation to be the correct one, the original edifice must have been of great antiquity. The earliest notice, however, which we discover, of there having existed a place of worship on the spot, is in 1329, when one Edward Camel was the curate. Previous to his committal to the Tower, the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace, was confined in a house in the parish of Allhallows Staining.

A tradition exists, that when the Princess Elizabeth was released from the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, she obtained permission, when on her way to Woodstock, to attend divine service in the church of Allhallows Staining. Having concluded her devotions, she adjourned, it is said, to the "King's Head-tavern," in Fenchurch Street, where she partook of a substantial meal, consisting of pork and pease. This royal visit, we are told, was afterwards commemorated by certain influential persons in the parish, whose descendants, till within the last twenty years, continued to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of the virgin-queen by a dinner at the "King's Head." In the coffee-room are still preserved a metal dish and cover, which are said to have been used by Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit, as also an inscription detailing the circumstances, and an engraved

portrait of her from a picture by Holbein. According to another account, the princess, on quitting the church, presented the clerk with a handsome gratuity, the consequence of which was that he annually regaled his friends with a dinner; a festival which was afterwards continued to be held once a year, by successive inhabitants of the parish.

It may be mentioned, that in this small parish no fewer than one hundred and sixty-five individuals perished by the great plague in 1665; a frightful mortality, when we consider that even at the present time the population of the parish scarcely exceeds six hundred persons. Among other curious entries in the parish-books—which, by the way, extend as far back as 1491—may be mentioned the payment of a sum of money for ringing a joy-peal to celebrate the safe return of James the Second to London, after he had been foiled in his attempt to fly the kingdom on the approach of the Prince of Orange. As a striking evidence of the fickleness of popular favour, may be mentioned a second entry, only two days afterwards, for the payment of a similar sum to the ringers, for celebrating the safe arrival of the usurper in London. The signatures of two remarkable men appear on the parish-books of All-hallows Staining. The one is that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in connexion with his marriage; the other, that of Ireton, who, as a justice of the peace, appears to have married certain persons under the

new marriage act of the Puritans, which transformed the ceremony from a religious into a civil contract.

Close by, in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars, is the small but interesting church of St. Olave, dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaf, a Norwegian saint of the eleventh century. Of the date of its foundation we have unfortunately no record. It is only certain that St. Olave's existed as a parish at the commencement of the fourteenth, and that there was a parish church here at the beginning of the fifteenth, century. It was repaired at a considerable cost in 1633, and again in 1823.

In addition to its graceful architecture, and the remains of antique decoration on the roof of its aisles, St. Olave's, contains some interesting monuments and brasses. Among others may be mentioned a brass plate, at the east end of the north aisle, to the memory of Thomas Morley, Clerk of the Queen's Household at Deptford, who died in 1516,—the sculptured figure in armour of Sir John Radcliffe, who died in 1568,—a full-sized figure in armour, kneeling under a canopy, inscribed to Peter Capponius, and bearing the date 1582; and a brass-plate, at the east end of the south aisle, to the memory of John Orgene and Ellen, his wife, dated in 1584. Besides these, there are the finely-sculptured effigies, lying under richly-painted alcoves, of two brothers, Paul and Andrew Bayning, who severally died in 1610 and

1616,\*—a much-admired monument of Dr. William Turner, author of the first English Herbal, who died in 1614, and a sculptured marble figure of Sir Andrew Riccard, citizen and merchant of London, who died in 1672.

Not the least remarkable person who lies buried in the church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, is the poetic Admiral Sir John Mennis. In the reign of Charles the First he was made Comptroller of the Navy Office, and received the honour of knighthood. About this time he had the command of a ship of war, but was deprived of it by the republicans. At the Restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, Comptroller of the Navy, and an Admiral. Some of his poetical pieces are to be found in the "*Musarum Deliciæ*," but, as a poet, he is now, perhaps, best remembered by his amusing ballad on the discomfiture of a brother poet, Sir John Suckling, in an encounter with the Scots on the English border, in 1639 :—

\* Both brothers were Aldermen of London. The inscription to their memory informs us :—

If all great cities prosperously confess,  
That he by whom their traffic doth encrease  
Deserves well of them ; then the adventurous worth  
Of these two, who were brothers, both by birth  
And office, prove that they have thankful been  
For th' honours which this city placed them in :  
And dying old, they by a bless'd consent  
This legacy bequeathed their monument,  
The happy sum and end of their affairs  
Provided well both for their souls and heirs.

Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,  
To Scotland for to ride-a ;  
A brave buff coat upon his back,  
A short sword by his side-a :  
Alas ! young man, we Sucklings can  
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

Both wife and maid, and widow prayed,  
To the Scots he would be kind-a ;  
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,  
They should no favour find-a ;  
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,  
He was in another mind-a.

In the church-yard of St. Olave's lie the remains of many of the unfortunate victims of the great Plague ; —their names being distinguished in the parish-register by the significant letter " P " being affixed to each. There is a tradition current in the neighbourhood, that the pestilence first made its appearance in this quarter, in the Drapers' Almshouses, in Cooper's Row, founded by Sir John Milborn, in 1535 ; and it is not a little remarkable, that the first entry which occurs in the register of burials of a death by the plague, is that under date 24th July, 1665, of Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the " Drapers' Almsmen."

Not the least interesting object in St. Olave's church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm-branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling,

good-humoured Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's Church consists in its connexion with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Seething Lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired Secretary in one of the old oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans, or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period, as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

Some of the notices in Pepys's "Diary," of his attendances at Divine Service in St. Olave's Church, are not a little curious, more especially where they refer to the revolution in manners and customs, occasioned by the recent discomfiture of the Puritans, and by the revival of the religious ceremonials of the Church of England :—

" 4th Novr., 1660.—Lord's Day. In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying, 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer.  
\* \* \* \* My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch."

" 30th January, 1660-1.—Fast Day.\* The first time that this day hath been yet observed; and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon, upon 'Lord forgive us our former iniquities;' speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. To my Lady Batten's where my wife and she are lately come back from seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn."

" 27th October, 1661.—Lord's Day. At church in the morning; where, *in pew*, both Sir Williams and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it."

\* The anniversary of the decapitation of Charles the First.

“ 26th October, 1662.—Lord’s Day. Put on my new Scallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw, the first time, Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit.”

“ 9th August, 1663.—To church, and heard Mr. Mills preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, ‘ We are therefore ambassadors of Christ.’ Wherein, among other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he should salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high. This day I begun to make use of the silver pen Mr. Coventry did give me, in writing of this sermon, taking only the heads of it in Latin, which I shall, I think, continue to do.”

“ 4th February, 1665-6.—Lord’s Day; and my wife and I, the first time, together at the church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the church-yard, so as I was the less afraid for going through.”

Daniel Mills, D.D., to whose sermons, in St. Olave’s church, Pepys so often listened, and which



he so frequently criticises, was thirty-two years rector of the parish. He died in October, 1689, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in the church. In the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, is preserved a very curious certificate under his hand, which commences as follows:—"22nd May, 1681. I, Daniel Mills, Doctor in Divinity, present (and for above twenty years last past) Rector of the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, do hereby certify, that Samuel Pepys, Esq., became, with his family, an inhabitant of the said parish, about the month of June, in the year of our Lord, 1660, and so continued, without intermission, for the space of thirteen years, viz.:—until about the same month in the year 1673; during all which time, the said Mr. Pepys, and his whole family, were constant attenders upon the public worship of God and His holy Ordinances, under my ministration, according to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, established by law, without the least appearance or suggestion had of any inclination towards Popery, either in himself or any of his family; his lady receiving the Holy Sacrament (in company with him, the said Mr. Pepys, her husband, and others) from my hand, according to the rites of the Church of England, upon her death-bed, a few hours before her decease, in the year 1669." On the 4th of June, 1703, Pepys was himself interred in a vault in the middle aisle of St. Olave's Church, by the side of his wife and brother.

We may mention, for the information of the antiquary, that the register-books of St. Olave's are not only continuous from 1563 to the present time, but are also in an admirable state of preservation.

In Hart Street, four doors from Mark Lane, stood, till within these last few years, an ancient mansion, styled in the old leases Whittington's Palace, and said to have been the residence of Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, whose tale is familiar to us from our childhood. On pulling down the old mansion, to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made. On removing the basement-walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of, as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened, by the discovery of a dagger,—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken,—which was found lying among the bones.

In Hart Street was born Lady Fanshawe, the authoress of the charming "Memoirs" which bear her name. "I was born," she says, "in St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, in a house that my father took of the Lord Dingwall, father to the now Duchess of Ormond, in the year 1625, on our Lady Day, 25th of March." And she adds,—“In that house

I lived the winter times, till I was fifteen years old and three months, with my ever honoured and most dear mother." Lady Fanshawe appears to have been an intimate acquaintance of the Duchess of Ormond, who, on one occasion, told her she loved her for many reasons, "and one was, that we were both born in one chamber."\*

\* Lady Fanshawe's "Memoirs," pp. 50 and 81.

ALDGATE, ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, LEAD-  
ENHALL STREET, ST. CATHERINE  
CREE, &c.

DERIVATION OF THE NAME ALDGATE. — STOW THE ANTIQUARY. — HIS LABOURS ILL-REQUITED. — CRUEL EXECUTION OF THE BAILIFF OF ROMFORD. — HIS SPEECH. — CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH. — MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH. — DEFOE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BURIAL-PITS IN THE CHURCHYARD DURING THE PLAGUE. — WHITECHAPEL. — DUKE'S PLACE. — PRIORY OF THE HOLY TRINITY. — LEADENHALL STREET. — CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE CREE. — PERSONS BURIED THERE. — CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH BY ARCHBISHOP LAUD. — CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT. — MONUMENTS. — ST. MARY-AXE. — LIME STREET.

FENCHURCH STREET leads us into Aldgate, which derives its name from one of the principal gates of the city,—styled, in the reign of King Edgar, Ealdgate, or Oldgate,—under which passed one of the Roman roads leading into London. In 1215, during the wars between King John and his barons, it was through this gate that the latter entered London in triumph; when, having secured the other gates, and plundered the royalists and Jews, they proceeded to lay siege to the Tower. Here too, in 1471, during the wars between the White and Red Roses, the bastard Falconbridge presented himself at the head of a formidable force, consisting of freebooters and partizans of the House of Lan-

caster, and demanded admittance into the city. After a fierce conflict the gate was forced by some of his followers; but the portcullis having been let down, they were all killed. The portcullis was then drawn up, and the citizens sallying forth repulsed their assailants with great slaughter.

Close to the well-known pump at Aldgate, between Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street, lived the indefatigable antiquary, John Stow, whose name no historian of London can inscribe without feelings of reverence and gratitude. He was bred a tailor, but gave up his occupation, and with it the means of living with ease and comfort, to prosecute his beloved studies of history and antiquities. The manner in which his priceless labours were rewarded by his ungrateful countrymen, is well known. "Stow," says Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," "had devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony, in the study of English antiquities;—he had travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and, seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste: for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stow; and the first good edition of Chaucer, was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out with study

and the cares of poverty ; neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good humour did not desert him : for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that, ‘his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of.’ Many a mile had he wandered, and much had he expended for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances that he petitioned James the First for a *licence to collect alms* for himself ! ‘as a recompense for his labour and travel of *forty-five years*, in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and *eight years* taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief now in his old age ; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country.’ Letters-patent under the Great Seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow’s labours, he is permitted ‘to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England : to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects.’ These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpit. They produced so little that they were renewed for another twelvemonth : one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence ! Such,

then, was the patronage received by Stow, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!" Stow died on the 5th of April, 1605, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Andrew Under-shaft.

The old historian mentions a singular execution which took place in the reign of Edward the Sixth immediately opposite to his house in Aldgate, of which he was himself a witness. In those unsettled times it was a barbarous, and not uncommon practice, to put to death by martial-law those who propagated rumours on subjects connected with affairs of state, whether such rumours happened to be true or false. On the occasion of this cruel law having been put in force, as witnessed by Stow, the offender was the Bailiff of Romford, in Essex. The account which the antiquary gives of the execution is not a little curious. "He (the Bailiff) was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day, then kept holiday, brought by the Sheriffs of London and the Knight-marshal, to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet, set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect:—' Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, what news in the country? I answered,

heavy news. Why? quoth he. It is said, quoth I, that many men be up in Essex; but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us. And this was all, as God be my judge.' Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." This Sir Stephen was the incendiary curate of the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, whose fanatical ravings in the pulpit had recently led to the populace destroying the ancient and interesting Maypole opposite the church of St. Andrew Under-shaft.

On the north side of the High Street, Aldgate, stands the church of St. Botolph, dedicated to a Cornish saint, who lived about the reign of King Lucius. This church appears to have been originally founded at the time of the Norman Conquest. About the year 1418, it was enlarged and beautified at the private expense of one Robert Burford; but was shortly afterwards re-built by the Priory of the Holy Trinity, within Aldgate, the brethren of which enjoyed the impropriation of the living. St. Botolph's escaped the great conflagration in 1666; but falling into decay in the middle of the last century, it was taken down; and between the years 1741 and 1744, the present ponderous and unsightly edifice was erected on its site.

The only monument in St. Botolph's Church of



any historical interest, is that of Thomas Lord Darcy, Knight of the Garter, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for high treason in 1536. This gallant and conscientious nobleman had obtained high honours and distinctions in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and had enjoyed the confidence of his successor. Opposed, however, to the innovations on the old religion, he absented himself from Parliament rather than sanction the dissolution of the monasteries, and having subsequently joined in Ask's rebellion, he was convicted on a charge of delivering up Pontefract Castle to the rebels, and led to the block. The monument to his memory stood originally in the chancel of the old church, but is now placed on the east side of the entrance front. It represents the figure of Lord Darcy, wrapped in a winding-sheet in a recumbent posture, beneath an entablature supported by columns, and bears the following inscription :—

“Here lyeth Thomas Lord Darcy of the North, and sometime of the Order of the Garter;—Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight of the Garter;—Lady Elizabeth Carew, daughter to Sir Fran. Brian;—Sir Arthur Darcy, younger son to the said Lord Darcy;—and Lady Mary, his dear wife, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, who had ten sons and five daughters.”

Sir Nicholas Carew, who is here mentioned as having been interred in the vault of his kinsmen, the Darcies, also lost his head on the block. He had been Master of the Horse to Henry the Eighth,

and a Knight of the Garter, but having been implicated in the plot said to have been devised by Edward Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, for deposing the King and raising Cardinal Pole to the supreme power, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 3rd of March 1538. Another of the Darcy family who lies buried here is Sir Edward, third son of Sir Arthur Darcy, who died on the 28th of October 1612.

The only other monument in St. Botolph's Church of any interest, is that of Robert Dow, a charitable and munificent citizen and merchant-tailor of London, who died on the 2d of May 1612. This was the person who bequeathed a sum of money to the parish of St. Sepulchre's, to ensure the ringing of a hand-bell at certain periods of the night beneath the walls of Newgate, in order to remind the condemned prisoners of their present condition and approaching fate.

The churchyard of St. Botolph's is the site of one of those vast burial-pits, in which the bodies of the countless victims of the great plague,—“unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,”—were flung indiscriminately in 1665. In Defoe's “History of the Plague,” are some notices of the spot, which give it a painful interest. “I went,” he says, “at the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As

near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length; and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad; and at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water. They had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish yet when it did come, there was no parish, in or about London, where it raged with such violence, as in the two parishes of Aldgate and White-chapel.

“They had supposed this pit would have supplied them for a month or more when they dug it, and some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful thing, telling them they were making preparations to bury the whole parish, and the like; but time made it appear the churchwardens knew the condition of the parish better than they did; for the pit being finished the 4th of September, I think they began to bury in it the 6th, and by the 20th, which was just two weeks, they had thrown into it eleven hundred and fourteen bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up, the bodies being then come to lie within six feet of the surface. I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who are able to show even in what place of the churchyard the pit lay, better than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by

the west wall of the churchyard, out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the Three Nuns Inn.”\*

It was at night, by the fitful light of the torches borne by the buriers of the dead, that Defoe describes himself looking into the frightful plague-pit in St. Botolph's churchyard. “I stood wavering,” he says, “for some time, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, so they called it, coming over the streets, so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive at first, in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit they saw a man, muffled up in a brown cloak, making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he were in a great agony. The buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart. When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a

\* In “The New View of London,” published in 1708, the Three Nuns Inn is described as being situated “on the west side of Aldgate high-street, near the gate.”

dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief, that could not give itself vent by tears. Calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, he said he would only see the bodies thrown in and go away, so they left importuning him; but no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in; I say no sooner did he see the sight, but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three times, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him, and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the Pye tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch, where, it seems, the man was known, and where they took care of him. He looked into the pit again as he went away, but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately, with throwing in the earth, that though there was light enough, for there were lanterns and candles in them, placed all night round the sides of the pit upon the heaps of earth,—seven or eight, or perhaps more,—yet nothing could be seen. This was a mournful scene, indeed, and affected me almost as much as the rest, but the other was awful and full of terror. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies; some were wrapped

up in linen sheets, some in rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose that what covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest. Here was no difference made, but poor and rich went together: there was no other way of burials, neither was it possible there should, for coffins were not to be had for the prodigious numbers that fell in such a calamity as this." During a fortnight that the plague was at its height in this neighbourhood, the parish of Aldgate is said to have buried no fewer than a thousand persons a week.

Adjoining Aldgate is the spacious street of Whitechapel, the principal entrance into London from the Eastern Counties. It is styled in old records *Villa beatæ Mariæ de Matfelon* and derives its name from the church of St. Mary, Matfelon,—originally a chapel of ease to St. Dunstan's Stepney,—which, from the whiteness of its exterior, was called the White Chapel. In the churchyard of St. Mary's lies buried Richard Brandon, the presumed executioner of Charles the First; and, in the vaults of the church Richard Parker, the leader of the mutineers of the Nore.

In this neighbourhood, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, several of the nobility had their suburban residences. Among these were Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated minister of Henry the Eighth, and Count Gondomar, the facetious ambassador from Spain in the reign of James the First.

In what was formerly called the Danish Church, Whitechapel, now the British and Foreign Sailors' Church, lie interred the remains of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, and of his more celebrated son, Colley Cibber. The former was the architect of the church, which was built in 1696, at the expense of Christian the Fifth, King of Denmark for the benefit of such of his subjects as might reside in, or visit, London. Opposite to the pulpit is the royal pew, in which Christian the Seventh sat, when he visited London in 1768. In the church is a tablet to the memory of Jane Cibber, the wife of the sculptor, and the mother of Colley Cibber.

To the north-west of Aldgate is Duke's Place, a quarter principally inhabited by Jews, whom Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, allowed to settle in this locality. Here stood the Priory of the Holy Trinity, sometimes called Christ Church, one of the most magnificent monastic foundations in England, and said to have been the first house of regular canons established in this country. It was founded by Matilda, wife of Henry the First, in 1108. The Prior, in right of his being proprietor of Knightenguild, or Portsoken Ward as it is now styled, was an Alderman of London, and in that capacity sat and rode in state with the members of the Corporation. Stow informs us, that in appearance the Prior only differed from the other Aldermen by his scarlet robe being shaped like that of an ecclesiastic; and that he himself, when a child,



had seen the lordly Prior of the Holy Trinity habited in this garb. "At this time," says Stow, "the Prior kept a most bountiful house of meat and drink, both for rich and poor, as well within the house as at the gates, to all comers, according to their estates.

At the dissolution of the monastic houses, the Priory was granted by Henry the Eighth, to Sir Thomas Audley, who succeeded Sir Thomas More as Lord Chancellor of England, and who was created Baron Audley of Walden on the 29th November 1538. Here he built a magnificent mansion, where he died on the 19th of April 1544, bequeathing a legacy of one hundred pounds to his royal master, "from whom he had received all his reputations and benefits." In addition to the suppressed Priory of the Holy Trinity, he had obtained a grant of the great Abbey of Walden, in Essex; his gratitude, therefore, to Henry the Eighth may be readily accounted for. Rapin says of him, with dubious praise:—"Lord Chancellor Audley was a person of good sense; he served the reformers when he could without danger, but he was too much a courtier to insist upon what he judged reasonable, if the King was against it." By the marriage of his only daughter and sole heiress, Margaret, to Thomas fourth Duke of Norfolk, Audley House became the property and the residence of that nobleman, and from him, Duke's Place derives its name. This was the chivalrous and accomplished Duke of Norfolk,



who perished on the scaffold for his romantic attachment to Mary Queen of Scots. A visit paid by the Duke to his princely mansion in Duke's Place, in 1562, affords us a striking picture of the magnificence of the times. By the side of the Duke rode his Duchess. The procession was headed by the four heralds, Clarencieux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue Mantle; the gentlemen of the ducal household followed in coats of velvet, and the procession closed with an hundred retainers in the livery of the Howards. The Duke was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 2nd of June 1572, at the early age of thirty-four. His mansion in Duke's Place descended to his eldest son by Margaret Audley, Thomas, created in 1603 Earl of Suffolk, who sold it in July 1592 to the Mayor and Corporation of London. It was in this house that the great painter, Hans Holbein, died of the plague, in 1554.

Of the magnificent Priory of the Holy Trinity, all that now remains is a small, but beautiful crypt, of great antiquity, beneath a house at the south-east corner of Leadenhall Street. From the ruins of the Priory, however, rose the present St. James's Church, Duke's Place, which was erected in 1621, during the mayoralty of Sir Edward Barkham, who was principally instrumental in obtaining its erection. Some verses, formerly inscribed in black letter on the chancel, described him as,—

Barkham, the worthy, whose immortal name  
Marble 's too weak to hold ; for his work's fame

He never ceased in industry and care  
From ruin to redeem this house of prayer ;  
Following in this the holy patriarch's ways, &c.

This church escaped the fire of 1666, but falling into a ruinous condition, the present dilapidated and uninteresting building was erected in 1727.

Aldgate leads us into Leadenhall Street, so called from "Leaden Hall," a large and ponderous-looking mansion, inhabited, about the year 1309, by Sir Hugh Neville, and afterwards the residence of the De Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. In 1408, it was purchased by Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, who presented it to the corporation ; and in 1445, Sir Simon Eyre, citizen and draper, established here, "of his own charges," a public granary, of square stone, with a chapel at the east end. In this chapel, a few years afterwards was founded a fraternity of sixty priests, besides other brethren and sisters, whose duty it was to perform divine service every market day, for the edification of the persons who frequented Leadenhall Market.

Defoe, speaking of the desolation of this populous part of London during the plague, observes ;—"The great streets within the city, such as Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, Cornhill, and even the Exchange itself, had grass growing in them in several places. Neither cart nor coach was seen in the streets from morning to evening, except some country-carts, to bring roots, beans, or pease, hay

and straw, to the market, and of those but very few, compared to what was usual: as for coaches they were scarce used, but to carry sick people to the pest-house, and to other hospitals; and some few to carry physicians to such places as they thought fit to venture to visit."

It was at the King's Head Tavern, No. 122, Leadenhall Street, now the King's Arms Inn, that the conspirators engaged in Sir John Fenwicke's plot, in the reign of William the Third, were accustomed to hold their meetings. The kitchen of the house, No. 153, is said to contain a curious English crypt.\*

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, on the site of what was once the cemetery of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, stands the interesting church of St. Catherine Cree; so called from its having been dedicated to St. Catherine, an Egyptian virgin; the word Cree, or Christ, having been added, in order to distinguish it from other churches in London dedicated to the same saint. The original structure, which was of great antiquity, was pulled down and rebuilt in 1107. With the exception of the tower, it was again rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1629,—according to some accounts, under the direction of the great architect, Inigo Jones. The interior of the church presents a singular appearance, from the strange mixture of Gothic and Corinthian architecture, certainly a very inappropriate union, but

\* Cunningham's "London." *Art. Leadenhall Street.*

nevertheless extremely picturesque in its general effect.

From a passage in Strype, there is reason for presuming that either in St. Catherine's Cree, or in the adjoining churchyard, rest the remains of the illustrious Holbein. One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry the Eighth, was his having appreciated the genius of, and befriended the great artist. Every one remembers his speech to a nobleman of his court, who came to prefer a complaint to him of presumed insolence on the part of Holbein. "Begone, and remember that I shall look upon any injury offered to the painter, as an insult to myself. I tell you, I can make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords." That the illustrious artist lies buried in St. Catherine's Cree certainly requires proof; but the unquestionable fact, of his having breathed his last under the adjoining roof of the Duke of Norfolk, adds weight to the supposition. According to Strype, it was the intention of the Duke's eldest son, Philip Earl of Arundel, to erect a monument over his grave, but from the length of time which had elapsed since his death, the Earl was unable to discover the exact spot where his remains rested.

In St. Catherine's Church also lies buried the eminent soldier, diplomatist, and statesman, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was involved in the daring project of the Duke of Suffolk to raise the Lady Jane Grey to the throne, and who only escaped

with his life by the admirable defence which he made at his trial at Guildhall. He commanded at Musselburgh-field, for which service he was knighted. He was held in great esteem by Queen Elizabeth, who employed him as her ambassador both in France and Scotland. According to Camden,—“Though a man of a large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence, yet he was never master of much wealth, nor rose higher than to those small dignities (though glorious in title), of Chief Cupbearer of England, and Chamberlain of the Exchequer; and this because he acted in favour of Leicester, against Cecil, whose greatness he envied. It was in Cecil’s house, as he was feeding heartily at supper upon a salad, that he was seized, as some say, with an inflammation of the lungs, as others, with a catarrh, not without suspicion of poison; and died very luckily for himself and family, his life and estate being in great danger, by reason of his turbulent spirit.” It appears that he expired before he could be removed from the table.\*

\* His monument represents his effigy in marble, lying at full length, on stone carved in imitation of matting, and bears the following inscription:—

“Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Throckmorton, Knight, the fourth son of George Throckmorton, Knight; which Sir Nicholas was Chief Butler of England, one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador-Leiger to the Queen’s Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. And after his return into England, he was sent Ambassador again into France, and twice into Scotland. He married Anne Carew, daughter to Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, and begat of her ten sons and three daughters. He died the 12th of February, 1570, Aged 57.”

The only other monument of any interest, in St. Catherine's church, is a bas-relief, by the elder Bacon, erected to the memory of Samuel Thorpe, in 1791.

This church is connected with a curious passage in the life of Archbishop Laud. Sincerely devout, and above all things regarding the honour and welfare of the Church of England, — of extensive learning, and unimpeachable in his private conduct, — it is needless to remark that these qualities were obscured by overbearing bigotry, and an intemperate zeal in all matters connected with church and state. His conscientious desire to elevate the Church of England to a higher standard in regard to authority and discipline, — moreover, his rigorous prosecutions of the Puritans in the Star-chamber, — his introduction of music, pictures, vestments, and other paraphernalia, at a time when such innovations were most unseasonable, — led to his views being mistaken, not only by the Puritanical party in England, but by the Pope himself. His enemies accused him of having been offered a cardinal's hat, — a fact which he himself establishes in an entry in his very curious Diary, — but it was an honour which he unhesitatingly declined. His great object, however, — for certainly his leaning towards Popery extended no further, — was the impracticable scheme of reconciling the religions of Rome and England by mutual concessions. The measures which he indirectly took towards the

accomplishment of his favourite project, added to his general reputation for bigotry and intolerance, rendered him, with the exception of Lord Strafford, the most unpopular man of his day; and it was at the time when the outcry against him was raised to its highest pitch, that he was called upon, on the 16th of January, 1630-1, to consecrate the new church of St. Catherine's Cree. The ceremony took place on the eve of that mighty political convulsion, which for a time swept away monarchy and prelacy, as in a whirlwind; and it was at this crisis, that the Archbishop, attended by all the pomp and circumstance of the Church of Rome, was bold enough to present himself at the entrance-porch of St. Catherine's church.

The offence which he gave on this occasion was never either forgiven or forgotten by the great Puritan party, who, beholding his triumph with bitterness, vowed to accomplish the ruin of their arch-enemy. At his approach, certain persons, who had been stationed near the door, called out in a loud voice, "Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in." Then followed the Archbishop, who, falling on his knees, and extending his arms, exclaimed, "This place is holy; the ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy." Having risen from his knees, he proceeded towards the chancel, bowing, and throwing dust in the air, as he passed along. The procession then made a circuit of the church;

the Archbishop repeating two psalms and a prayer, which were followed by his pronouncing anathemas against all those who might profane the place, and blessings on those who had assisted in its erection. At every sentence he made a profound bow.

The scene which succeeded to the delivery of the sermon is described by his arch-enemy, the acrimonious Prynne, in his "Canterbury's Doom," with pungent though almost profane humour. — "When the bishop approached near the Communion-table, he bowed with his nose very near the ground, some six or seven times. Then he came to one of the corners of the table, and there bowed himself three times; then to the second, third, and fourth corners, bowing at each corner three times; but when he came to the side of the table, where the bread and wine was, he bowed himself seven times. Then, after the reading many prayers by himself and his two fat chaplains (which were with him, and all this while were upon their knees by him, in their surplices, hoods, and tippets), he himself came near the bread, which was cut and laid in a fine napkin; and then he gently lifted up one of the corners of the said napkin, and peeped into it till he saw the bread (like a boy that peeps into a bird's-nest in a bush), and presently clapped it down again, and flew back a step or two; and then bowed very low three times towards it and the table. When he beheld the bread, then he came



near, and opened the napkin again, and bowed as before. Then he laid his hand upon the gilt cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon it. So soon as he had pulled the cup a little nearer to him, he let the cup go, flew back, and bowed again three times towards it; then he came near again, and lifting up the cover of the cup, peeped into it, and seeing the wine, he let fall the cover on it again, and flew nimbly back, and bowed as before. After these, and many other apish, antic gestures, he himself received, and then gave the sacrament to some principal men only, they devoutly kneeling near the table; after which more prayers being said, this scene and interlude ended."

That these, and similar satirical attacks on the part of Prynne, sank deeply into the heart of Laud, there can be no question. It was only the following year, that the Puritan, having been summoned before the Star Chamber for publishing his famous "*Histrion Mastix*," was sentenced to be expelled the University of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, to be degraded from his profession of the law, to stand twice in the pillory, to lose an ear each time, and to be incarcerated for life. The world attributed the extreme rigour of the sentence to the vindictiveness of Laud; and when we remember the provocation which the Archbishop had received, not only in his own person, but as the chief pillar of the Church of England, which Prynne so intensely hated and so boldly ridiculed, can we

doubt that he did his best to crush his enemy when he found him in his power? Prynne, however, lived to conduct the prosecution against Laud, and to bring him to the block. He survived, moreover, the loss of his ears nearly forty years, and after opposing the despotism of Cromwell and the bigotry of the Independents, with the same undaunted spirit with which he had combated the intolerance of Laud, and the aggressive domination of Strafford, he lived to be grateful for a livelihood, which he obtained as Keeper of the Records in the Tower, under the profligate rule of Charles the Second, and to forget the storms of the past in the literary seclusion of his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, at the east corner of St. Mary-Axe Street, stands the beautiful church of St. Andrew Undershaft, dedicated to St. Andrew the Apostle. It derives its second name from a shaft, or Maypole, which stood opposite to it, and which towered above the church itself.

As we have already mentioned, this May-pole, which was more celebrated even than that in the Strand, owed its downfall to the fanaticism of one Sir Stephen, Curate of St. Catherine's Cree, who, in a sermon which he preached at Paul's Cross, contrived to convince his ignorant audience that it was associated with idolatry, and so wrought upon their bigotry, that they severed it into pieces

and committed it piecemeal to the flames. It was a sad sacrilege, for the old May-pole had, from time immemorial, been associated with the innocent pastimes of the olden time.

Happy the age, and harmless were the days,  
For then true love and amity were found,  
When every village did a Maypole raise,  
And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound.

On the return of every first of May, the May-pole, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, was raised into the air with great ceremony by yokes of oxen, in front of the south door of the church; the horns of the oxen being tipped with nosegays of flowers. Bands of music; men, women, and children,—carrying boughs and branches, for which they had gone “a-maying” in the neighbouring meadows and lanes of Hampstead, Highgate, and Greenwich;—arbours, summer-halls, and bowers; the Queen of the May, with her blushing face and laughing eyes; the revelling and merriment, and harmless jokes; and, above all, the light forms circling the Maypole in the merry dance—such were the scenes which the first of May witnessed in England in the olden time:—ceremonies apparently introduced into this country by the graceful Romans, whose imaginations converted the sweet south wind into a god, and wedding him to the goddess of flowers, sent forth their virgins, on the anniversary of her festival, to de-

corate her statue with, and to offer up at her altar, the youngest flowers of the year. Such were the scenes, which in modern times have been displaced in England by densely crowded populations, and scenes of squalid wretchedness; by misery and machinery, Chartism, envy, and discontent!

But we must return to St. Andrew's church; still a most interesting relic of the past, with its ancient monuments, its rich specimens of Tudor architecture, its fresco paintings of the apostles between the windows; the nave, with its square panels painted blue, and its gilded ornaments of shields and flowers; and lastly its pulpit of carved oak, and its large painted window, at the east end of the nave, in which, in stained glass, are portraits of the sovereigns of England from Edward the Sixth to Charles the Second.

The first notice which we find of St. Andrew's Church is in 1362, when William of Chichester was the rector. The present building was erected between the years 1520 and 1532. Among the more curious and ancient monuments which it contains, may be mentioned a brass plate, with figures engraved on it, in memory of Simon Burton, citizen, who died in 1595; another to the memory of Thomas Levison, Sheriff, who died in 1534; a fine monument of Sir Thomas Offley, Knight and Alderman, who died in 1582; and a sumptuous tomb to the memory of Sir Hugh Hammersly and his wife, erected in 1637.

But by far the most interesting monument in the church, is that of the indefatigable and neglected antiquary, JOHN STOW. His monument, which is of considerable size, and fenced with an iron rail, represents him in effigy sitting at a desk, in a furred gown, in the attitude of study. It is said to be formed of *terra cotta*, or clay burned, but has all the appearance of being of alabaster or marble. Neglected and persecuted during his life-time, his remains, according to Maitland, were not even permitted to rest in peace after his death, having been removed, in 1732, to make room for the body of another.

In St. Andrew's Church lies buried Peter Anthony Motteux, once popular as a poet, and the translator of Don Quixote, and of Rabelais. He carried on a prosperous business as a vender of East India wares in Leadenhall Street, and died in a disreputable house in the Strand, in 1718.

St. Mary Axe, on the north side of Leadenhall Street, derives its name, according to Stow, from the sign of an Axe, which was a conspicuous object at the east end of it. Nearly on this spot, facing Leadenhall Street, stood, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, the London residence of the powerful family of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Here, in this reign, resided Richard the eleventh Earl, who fought by the side of his royal master during the wars in France, and who died in that country in 1417.

In Lime Street, on the south side of Leadenhall Street, stood the mansion and chapel of the accomplished Sir Simon de Burley, previously in the possession of Lord Neville. Lime Street is said to take its name from lime having been made or sold here. In this street the first Penny Post Office was established in the reign of Charles the Second.

CORNHILL, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE, &c.

CORNHILL FREQUENTED BY OLD CLOTHES SELLERS.—“POPE'S HEAD.”  
—FIRST LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE.—TEA-DRINKING.—ST. MICHAEL'S  
CHURCH.—THE STANDARD IN CORNHILL.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.  
—THE PAWN.—ROYAL EXCHANGE BAZAAR.—CHANGE ALLEY.—  
THREADNEEDLE STREET.—GORDON RIOTS.—MERCHANT TAYLORS'  
COMPANY.—SOUTH SEA HOUSE.—DRAPERS' COMPANY.—PLAGUE IN  
LOTHBURY.

LEADENHALL STREET leads us into Cornhill, which derives its name from the principal corn-market in London, which from time immemorial was held upon this spot. In the reign of Elizabeth, Cornhill appears to have been principally frequented by the venders of worn-out apparel, who, according to Stow, were not among the most honest classes of the community. “I have read of a countryman,” he says, “that, having lost his hood in Westminster Hall, found the same in Cornhill, hanged out to be sold, which he challenged, but was forced to buy or go without it.”

In Cornhill stood a large building called the Pope's Head, said to be one of the most ancient taverns in London, and which unquestionably existed in the early part of the reign of Edward the Fourth. Here, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, wine was

sold for one penny the pint; no charge being made for bread. According to Stow, the Pope's Head had not improbably been a royal palace. In his time, the ancient arms of England, consisting of three leopards, supported between two angels, were still to be seen engraved in stone on the walls. In this tavern, on the 14th of April, 1718, Bowen, a hot-headed Irish comedian, was killed in a duel of his own seeking, by his fellow-actor, Quin. The site of the Pope's Head, which was in existence as late as 1756, is pointed out by Pope's Head Alley, running from Cornhill into Lombard Street.

The house numbered 41, in Cornhill, stands on the site of the one in which, on the 26th December 1716, Gray, the poet, first saw the light.

On the south side of Cornhill is St. Michael's Alley, so called from St. Michael's Church, the tower of which is so conspicuous an ornament of this part of London. In this alley, opposite the church, stood, during the Commonwealth, the first coffee-house established in London. According to Aubrey, it was opened, about the year 1652, by one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, by whom Bowman was induced to undertake the speculation. The late Mr. D'Israeli, discovered the original hand-bill, which set forth,—“The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own



head." This Pasque Rosee, it would seem, was a Greek servant whom the merchant had brought to England with him. In a curious broadside entitled "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its Colours," 1663, the writer ridicules the new fashion as both a very effeminate innovation, and a very indifferent substitute for that "sublime Canary," which warmed the souls of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher:—

For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think  
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink !  
Pure English apes ! ye may, for aught I know,  
Were it the mode,—learn to eat spiders too.  
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear,  
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear  
The name of Coffee so much called upon,  
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon ;  
Would they not startle, think ye ? all agreed  
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed ! &c.

Among other numerous broadsides which were thundered forth against the new drink, may be mentioned, "The Womens' Petition against Coffee," 1674, where a complaint is preferred that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and, on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." \*

Close by, in Exchange Alley, on the south side of Cornhill, Tea also was first sold and retailed

\* See "Curiosities of Literature," p. 288. Ed. 1839.

for the cure of all disorders, by one Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffee-man, whose name is still preserved in the well-known Garraway's Coffee-house. The following hand-bill, as Mr. D'Israeli very justly observes, is more curious than any historical account which we possess of its introduction.

“Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf*, or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound.”

In St. Michael's Alley, as we have already mentioned, stands the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, dedicated to the Archangel Michael. A place of worship appears to have existed on the spot previous to the Norman Conquest, but we have no distinct notice of it till the commencement of the twelfth century. At this period (1133), we

find the Abbot of Covesham making a grant of it to one Sperling, a priest, on condition that he should pay an annual rent of one mark to the said Abbot, and also provide him with lodging, salt, water, and fire, during his occasional visits to London. The old church, with the exception of the tower, was destroyed by the great fire, and in 1672, the present building was erected after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. Half a century afterwards, the tower was also found to be in a ruinous state, and it was accordingly taken down, and rebuilt in 1721.

The interior of St. Michael's Church is in the Italian style of architecture, divided into a nave and aisles by Doric columns and arches. By a strange anomaly, the tower is Gothic, being of that florid, or perpendicular style which distinguished the latest period of pointed architecture in England. This noble tower,—faulty only in its occasional details, where the architect has mingled the Italian with the Gothic style,—is 130 feet in height, and is said to have been built in imitation of the beautiful chapel-tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, erected in the fifteenth century. In the old church were interred the remains of the well-known chronicler, Robert Fabian, a sheriff and alderman of London, who died in 1511. Here also lie the remains of Thomas Stow the father, and Thomas Stow the grandfather, of the celebrated antiquary. The former died in 1559, the latter in 1526. Stow himself was born in the parish of St. Michael's,

about the year 1525 ; and here his ancestors, for at least three generations, resided as citizens and tradesmen.\*

The Standard in Cornhill stood about the centre of the spot where Cornhill and Leadenhall Street are intersected by Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street. It consisted of a large conduit, from whence water spouted at four points, which was conveyed from the Thames by means of leaden pipes. It was completed in 1582, but though it continued for many years to be an ornament to the

\* The will of Stow's grandfather, who describes himself as Citizen and Tallow-chandler, has been preserved by Strype, and is in many respects curious. After bequeathing his soul "to Jesus Christ and our blessed Lady, St. Mary the Virgin," and directing that his body shall be buried "in the little green churchyard of the parish-church of St. Michael in Cornhill, between the cross and the church-wall," he proceeds, "I bequeath to the high altar of the aforesaid church, for my tithes forgotten, 12*d*. Item to Jesu's Brotherhood, 12*d*. I give to our Lady and St. — Brotherhood, 12*d*. I give to St. Christopher and St. George, 12*d*. Also I give to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven Sacraments, every year during three years, 20*d*. Item 5*s*. to have on every altar a watching-candle, burning from six of the clock until it be past seven, in worship of the seven Sacraments ; and this candle shall begin to burn, and to be set upon the altar from All Hallowsen-day till it be Candlemas-day following ; and it shall be a watching-candle, of eight in the pound. Also I give to the Brotherhood of Clerks to drink, 20*d*. Also, I give to them that shall bear me to Church, every man 4*d*. Also, I give to a poor man or woman every Sunday in one year, 1*d*. to say five Paternosters and Aves and a Creed for my soul. Also, I give to the reparations of Paul's 8*d*. Also, I will have six new torches, and two torches of St. Michael, and two of St. Anne, and two of St. Christopher, and two of Jesus, of the best torches."

city, it had ceased to be used as a conduit in the early part of the reign of James the First. From the Standard in Cornhill, as testified by many milestones in the suburbs of London, it was long the custom to measure distances into the country.

On the south side of Cornhill stands a church dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle, which, beyond its great antiquity, possesses no particular feature of interest. According to an inscription on a brass-plate, still preserved in the vestry-room, it was founded as early as the year 179.\* We find no written mention of it, however, till 1235, when it afforded a sanctuary to one Geoffrey Russel, who was accused of having been concerned in a murder which

\* The inscription is as follows :—“Bee it knowne to all men, that the yeere of our Lord God 179, Lucius, the first Christian king of this land, then called Britaine, founded the first church in London, that is to say, the church of St. Peter upon Cornehill. And hee founded there an archbishop's see, and made the church the metropolitaine and chief church of the kingdome: and so indured the space of 400 yeares unto the coming of St. Austin, the apostle of England, the which was sent into this land by St. Gregorie, the doctor of the church, in the time of King Ethelbert. And then was the archbishop's see and pall removed from the fore-said church of Saint Peter upon Cornehill, unto Dorobernica, that now is called Canterburie, and there it remaineth to this day. And Millet, a monke, which came into this land with S. Austin, hee was made the first bishop of London, and his see was made in Paul's church. And this Lucius, king, was the first founder of St. Peter's church upon Cornehill. And he reigned in this land after Brute, 1245 yeares. And in the yeare of our Lord God 124, Lucius was crowned king, and the yeares of his reigne were 77 yeares. And hee was buried (after some chronicles) at London; and after some chronicles, hee was buried at Glocester, in that place where the order of S. Francis standeth now.”

had been perpetrated in St. Paul's churchyard. The old church having been destroyed by the Fire of London, the present edifice was erected in the reign of Charles the Second, by Sir Christopher Wren. It reflects but little credit on the genius of that great artist. The only monument in the church, of any interest, is a small tablet which records the melancholy death by fire, on the 18th of January, 1782, of the seven children of James and Mary Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. We must not omit to record, however, one revered name, associated with this church. We allude to the learned and conscientious Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who was presented to the living in 1672.

The Royal Exchange, on the north side of Cornhill, was originally founded and built at the expense of the munificent Sir Thomas Gresham, on a spot of ground presented to him for the purpose by the City of London. He himself laid the first stone on the 7th of June 1566. Previous to its erection, we are told that the merchants of London were "more like pedlars than merchants, either walking and talking in an open narrow street, enduring all extremity of weather," or standing for shelter under gateways and doorways. The street here alluded to was Lombard Street, where the merchants of London were anciently accustomed to meet for the transaction of business. The new and magnificent edifice was completed in November, 1567, and styled by the foreign title of "the

Bourse." The upper part of the building was appropriated to shops, which for nearly two centuries continued to be among the most costly in the metropolis; the area and piazzas below being set apart for the use of the merchants.

On the 23rd of January 1570-1, we find Queen Elizabeth proceeding in great state from her palace at Somerset House to visit the new Bourse; the bells in every part of the city sending forth their merry peals. "The Queen's Majesty," says Stow, "attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Bourse, through Threeneedle Street, to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner, her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof, above the ground, especially the *Pawn*, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the same Bourse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange*, and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, while the Tower was yet a royal residence, and the houses of many of the nobility stood in the adjoining streets, the "Pawn,"\* or Bazaar, alluded to in the foregoing

\* This name is said to be derived from the German word *bahn*, in Dutch *baan*, signifying a path or walk.

extract, was the most fashionable lounging-place in London. It consisted of the upper part of the building, where rich and costly goods of every description were exposed for sale.

In the day-time, the favourite place of promenade and gossip was one of the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral, which from this circumstance was styled Paul's Walk, and its frequenters Paul Walkers. The Exchange, however, being open and lighted up till ten o'clock at night, the idlers of St. Paul's and the Temple Church (for the latter was also another favourite place of fashionable resort) usually found their way in the evening to the Pawn in the Royal Exchange. Here used to assemble a motley group, consisting of foreigners of every variety of language and costume, merchants, the wives of peers and citizens, courtiers, and adventurers of every class. It is related of the profligate Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that so reduced were his circumstances in early life, that he was often fain "to dine with Duke Humphrey;" those hours, in which others were enjoying the luxuries of the table, being passed by the hungry Earl in pacing Paul's Walk, or poring over the contents of the booksellers' stalls in St. Paul's churchyard. Such were the class of persons, who, from frequenting Paul's Walk in the day-time, were said to dine with Duke Humphrey; and from their lounging in the Exchange at night were said to sup with Sir Thomas Gresham. For instance, Hayman, in 1628, thus



addresses an epigram in his "Quodlibets" to Sir Pierce Pennilesse:—

Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,  
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;  
For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dine,  
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup.

Samuel Rolle, speaking of the temptations held out by the "Pawn," before its destruction by the great fire, observes:—"What artificial thing was there that could entertain the senses, or the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there, going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower, if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan, who never expects other than sensual delights, would gladly have availed himself of that place, and the treasures of it, for his heaven, and thought there were none like it."

In a little work by Daniel Lupton, entitled "London and the Country Carbonadoed" (1632), we find another curious reference to the temptations held out by the Pawn. "Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church-doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. There's many gentlewomen come hither, that, to help their faces and complexions break their husband's backs; who play foul in the

country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

Exactly a century after the laying of the first stone, the Royal Exchange perished in the great fire. In the words of an eye-witness of its destruction,—the Rev. T. Vincent,—“When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then, descending the stairs, encompassed the walks, giving forth flaming volleys and filling the courts with sheets of fire: by and by the statues of the Kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greatest part of the building after them, with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing, the Founder’s only remaining.” The singular fact of the statues of a long line of Kings having been destroyed by the fire, while that of the founder of the Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham, remained uninjured, is recorded by two other eye-witnesses of the conflagration, Evelyn and Pepys. It is still more remarkable that on the second destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire, in 1838, the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham should again have escaped uninjured.

It was not long after the destruction of the old Exchange, that a new and still more magnificent edifice was commenced, at the expense of the merchants of London, with a small addition from the Gresham Fund. Charles the Second, who took a considerable interest in its progress, presided at the ceremony of laying the first stone, on which occasion he partook of a collation, which was

prepared under a temporary building erected on the spot. Pepys inserts in his "Diary," on the 23rd of October, 1667:—"Sir W. Penn and I back into London, and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Penn to Captain Cockes, and thence again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the king being newly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid; that on the west side of the north entrance; and here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the King." The Exchange was finally completed, and opened for the purposes of business, on the 28th of September, 1669.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the bazaar in the Royal Exchange was still a tempting and fashionable lounging-place. Sir Richard Steele, in a paper in the "Spectator," (No. 454,) writes, "It was not the least of my satisfaction, in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females. To observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'only to look at you.'"

To the graceful pen of Addison we are indebted for a still more interesting notice of the Royal Exchange at this period. "There is no place in the town," he says, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-'change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different 'extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old

philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

"If," continues Addison, "we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns, and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advance towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of the sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-

beds; the Persians our silk-weavers; and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahomedans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen-zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominion, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals

of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury." \*

It was not long after Addison wrote, that the glory of the once fashionable "Pawn," or bazaar, in the Royal Exchange, began to fade, and before thirty years had elapsed, it had passed away for ever. Maitland, writing in 1739, speaks of it as having been "*of late* stored with the richest and choicest sorts of merchandize; but the same being now forsaken, it appears like a wilderness." The Exchange was again burnt down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838.†

The present Royal Exchange was built after designs of William Tite, and was opened by her present Majesty in person, 28th of October 1844. The pediment is the work of R. Westmacott, R. A. The cost of the edifice is said to have been 180,000*l*.

In 'Change Alley stood Jonathan's Coffee House, mentioned in the "Tatler," (No. 38), as "the general mart for stock jobbers," and where Mrs. Centlivre has laid a scene in her well-known comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." In Freeman's Court, at the east end of the Royal Exchange, Daniel Defoe carried on for many years the business of an hosefactor.

\* Spectator, No. 69.

† See Knight's "London," vol. ii. p. 281, to which valuable work the author is indebted for many particulars in the foregoing account of the old Exchange.

Cornhill leads us into Threadneedle, or, as Stow calls it, *Three-needle Street*. At a later period we find it called *Thridneedle Street*; at least, so the learned divine Samuel Clarke styles it, in writing from his study in Threadneedle Street. In this street the great Sir Thomas More was educated under a schoolmaster of high reputation, previous to his being removed into the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and subsequently to Christchurch College, Oxford.\* Here also resided the grandfather and father of Sir Philip Sydney.

On the south side of Threadneedle Street stood till recently the ancient church of St. Benedict, vulgarly called St. Benet's Fink. It was rebuilt by one Robert Finck, or Finch, from whom it derives its name, as does also Finch Lane, in which he resided. Having been destroyed by the great fire, the church was shortly afterwards rebuilt after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It continued standing till the year 1846, when it was demolished, in order to make room for the improvements connected with the erection of the New Royal Exchange. The materials were sold by auction, and

\* Sir Thomas More was educated at the Hospital or Free School of St. Anthony, Threadneedle Street. The hospital was suppressed in the reign of Edward the Sixth; but the school, though "sore decayed," still existed in the time of Stow. It stood on the site of the present Hall of Commerce. Archbishop Whitgift was also educated here. Stow, pp. 69 and 183.—Cunningham's "London," *Art. St. Anthony*.



the funeral monuments removed to the church of St. Peter-le-Poor, with which parish St. Benet Fink is now united. It appears by the parish register that the marriage of the celebrated Nonconformist, Richard Baxter, with Margaret Charlton, took place here on the 10th of September, 1662.\* Here also was interred, in 1723, Mrs. Mauley, well known from her remarkable personal history, and as the authoress of "The New Atlantis."

Another church in this neighbourhood, which was demolished under the same circumstances, was that of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, rebuilt in 1438, and again, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1679. Here were interred the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, who assisted Tyndale in the first English translation of the Bible. On the demolition of the church, his remains were removed to that of St. Magnus, London Bridge, of which he was for two years the rector.

In Threadneedle Street, nearly opposite to Finch Lane, stood the ancient Hospital, or Priory, of St. Anthony of Vienna, in the brethren of which, till 1474, the patronage of St. Bennet's Church was vested. In this street also stands the Bank of England, which was established on this spot in 1734, previous to which period the business was transacted in Grocers' Hall. To make room for part of the present buildings, the old church of St.

\* Cunningham's "London," *Art. St. Benet Fink.*

Christopher,—founded in 1462, and one of the few which escaped the fire of London,—was taken down in 1781. As it contained, however, no remarkable monuments, and could boast but little architectural merit, we have fortunately no great cause to lament its loss.

During the Gordon riots, in 1780, a bold attempt was made to sack the Bank; but, in the words of Pennant, it was “saved from the fury of an infamous mob by the virtue of the citizens, who formed suddenly a volunteer company, and overawed the miscreants; while the chief magistrate skulked trembling in his Mansion-house, and left his important charge to its fate.” Here, and on Blackfriars Bridge, the principal conflict and slaughter took place on the last day of the riots. “The carnage,” says Wraxall, “which took place at the Bank was great, though not of very long duration; and in order to conceal, as much as possible, the magnitude of the number, as well as the names of the persons who perished, similar precautions were taken on both sides. All the dead bodies being carried away during the night, were precipitated into the river. Even the impressions made by the musket-balls, on the houses opposite to the Bank, were as much as possible erased on the following morning, and the buildings whitewashed. Government and the rioters seem to have felt an equal disposition, by drawing a veil over the extent of the calamity, to bury it in profound darkness. To Colonel Holroyd, since deservedly raised to the

British Peerage as Lord Sheffield, and to his Regiment of Militia, the country was eminently indebted for repelling the fury of the mob at the Bank, where, during some moments, the conflict seemed doubtful, and the assailants had nearly forced an entrance. Lord Algernon Percy, since created Earl of Beverley, marched likewise at the head of the Northumberland Militia to the same spot: their arrival, together with the energy, promptitude, and decision which Colonel Holroyd manifested, principally conduced to ensure the safety of that great national establishment."

That Lord George Gordon deeply regretted the loss of life and property, of which he was the immediate cause, there can be no question; but unfortunately, having succeeded in exciting the passions of the people to an uncontrollable pitch, he found himself, as is too often the case with mob patriots, totally unable to regulate or control the machinery which he had put in motion. "I was told," says Wraxall, "by the late Lord Rodney, who was then an officer in the Guards, that having been sent on the night of the 7th of June, to the defence of the Bank of England, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, he there found Lord George Gordon, who appeared anxiously endeavouring, by expostulation, to induce the populace to retire. As soon as Lord George saw Captain Rodney, he strongly expressed his concern at the acts of violence committed; adding that he was ready to take his stand by Captain Rodney's side, and

to expose his person to the utmost risk, in order to resist such proceedings. Rodney, however, who distrusted his sincerity, and justly considered him as the original cause of all the calamities, declined any communication with him; only exhorting him, if he wished to stop the further effusion of blood, and to prevent the destruction of the Bank, to exert himself in dispersing the furious crowd; but, whatever might be his inclination, he was altogether destitute of the power."

At the east end of Threadneedle Street, on the south side, stands the hall of the Merchant Taylors. This wealthy company, though not the first in point of precedence, is said to number more royal and noble personages among its members than any other of the City Companies. From the occupation which they carried on here, Threadneedle Street derives its name. They were originally incorporated in 1466, with the designation of "Taylors and Linen-armourers." This name they retained till 1503, when Henry the Seventh, himself a member of the Company, re-incorporated them under their present title of "Merchant Taylors," of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist, in the City of London.

Although not actually formed into a corporate body till the reign of Edward the Fourth, we find a society of Merchant Taylors existing as far back as the time of Henry the Third, in which reign a violent feud existed between them and the Goldsmiths' Company. To such lengths did it proceed,

that they at last agreed to meet at night completely armed, to the number of five hundred men, and to settle their disputes with the sword. Accordingly an encounter took place in the dead of night, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides; nor did they separate till the sheriffs, with a large body of citizens, arrived on the spot and apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were subsequently condemned and executed. The present Merchant Taylors' Hall was rebuilt after the fire of London, and contains a few historical portraits of some merit.

Dependent on the Merchant Taylors' Company is the celebrated School which bears their name. It was founded by the Company in 1561, on a spot of ground on the east side of Suffolk Lane, Thames Street, formerly called the "Manor of the Rose," and the property of the Dukes of Buckingham. Several eminent men have received their education at this school, among whom may be mentioned James Shirley, the dramatic poet, Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the "Memorials of English Affairs," Edmund Calamy, the nonconformist, and the great Lord Clive.

In Threadneedle Street stands the South-Sea House, celebrated in the early part of the last century for one of the most iniquitous bubbles in the annals of roguery. The Company was established by Act of Parliament in 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain, trading to the South Seas, and other parts of Ame-

rica, and for encouraging the Fishery." Their ostensible object was the monopoly of the trade to the South Seas, and the supplying Spanish America with negroes,

From Threadneedle Street let us pass into Throgmorton Street, which not improbably derives its designation from the family name of the accomplished Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who, from the circumstance of his having been buried in the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, very possibly resided in this vicinity. On the north side of Throgmorton Street stood, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a magnificent mansion erected by the ill-fated Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex. In carrying out his favourite project of enlarging and beautifying his new domain, the great minister showed a disregard for the rights and comforts of his fellow-citizens, which is curiously illustrative of the arbitrary power of a royal favourite under the rule of the Tudors. "This house being finished," says Stow, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens, adjoining to the north part thereof, on a sudden to be taken down,—twenty-two feet to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground,—a line there to be drawn,—a trench to be cast,—a foundation laid,—and a high brick wall to be built. My father had a garden there, and a house standing close to his south pale: *this house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden*

twenty-two feet, ere my father heard thereof. No warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was six shillings and eight pence the year, for that half which was left. This much of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves."

After the fall of Cromwell, his mansion and gardens were purchased of the Crown by the Drapers' Company, whose Hall now occupies their site. The Drapers' Company have the honour of having had the first Lord Mayor of London, Henry Fitz-alwyn, elected from their society;\* they were not, however, incorporated till 1439, about seventy years after the art of weaving woollen cloth was introduced by the Dutch and Flemings into England. In the hall of the Drapers' Company is a large and interesting picture, ascribed to Zuchero, said to represent Mary Queen of Scots and her son, afterwards James the First. As the unfortunate Queen, however, never beheld her child after he was a twelvemonth old, the portrait, of course, could not have been drawn from the life.

Lothbury, a continuation of Throgmorton Street, was, according to Stow, anciently called Lathberie or Loadberie, probably from the name of some per-

\* Anno 1189.

son who kept a court or *berry* here. "This street," says Stow, "is possessed for the most part by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars, and such like copper or laton works, and do afterwards turn them with the foot, and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scrating (as some do term it), making a lothsome noise to the by-passers that have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Loth-berie."

This night I'll change  
All that is metal, in my house, to gold :  
And early in the morning will I send  
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,  
To buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury  
For all the copper.

BEN JONSON, *The Alchemist*.

This street, as well as the narrow and populous thoroughfares adjoining it, appear to have suffered dreadfully during the visitation of the great plague. Defoe writes, "In my walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber-windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse-yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried 'Oh death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole



street, neither did any other window open ; for people had no curiosity now in any case ; nor could any body help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window ; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted ; when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, ‘What is the matter?’ upon which, from the first window it was answered, ‘O Lord ! my old master has hanged himself.’ The other asked again, ‘Is he quite dead?’ and the first answered, ‘Ay, ay, quite dead and cold !’ This person was a merchant, and a deputy-alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c. ; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy ; some dying of mere grief, as a passion ; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all ; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy ; others into melancholy madness.”

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, we find a con-

duit erected in Lothbury, which was supplied with water from "the spring of Dame Anne's the Clear," at Hoxton, but no trace of it now exists.

Token House Yard, Lothbury, was built, in the reign of Charles the First, on the site of the princely mansion of Thomas twentieth Earl of Arundel, the collector of the famous Arundel marbles. He subsequently removed to a suburban mansion on the banks of the Thames, of which Arundel Street, in the Strand, points out the site.

## OLD JEWRY, ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON STONE, &c.

OLD JEWRY, THE ORIGINAL BURIAL PLACE OF THE JEWS.—EXPULSION OF THE JEWS.—DR. LAMBE AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH.—ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.—ST. THOMAS OF ACON.—GILBERT À BECKET.—MERCERS' COMPANY.—THE POULTRY.—MANSION HOUSE.—STOCKS MARKET.—SIR JOHN CUTLER.—BUCKLESBURY.—INDIAN HOUSES.—ST. STEPHEN'S WALBROOK.—LONDON STONE.—PRIOR OF TORTINGTON'S "INNE."

ON the south side of Lothbury is the Old Jewry, so intimately associated with the persecution of the Jews in England, during the reign of our Norman sovereigns. Previous to the reign of Henry the First, the only burial place which the bigotry of our ancestors permitted to the Jews in England was in London, whither, in the words of Holinshed, they were "constrained to bring all their dead corpses from all parts of the realm." It was not till the year 1117, that they "obtained from King Henry a grant to have a place assigned them, in every quarter where they dwelled, to bury their dead bodies."\* In the Old Jewry was their great synagogue, and in this quarter they continued to increase and multiply till 1283, when John Perham, Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded the Bishop of London to destroy all the Jews' syna-

\* Holinshed's "Chronicles," v. ii. p. 175.

gogues in the metropolis. Seven years afterwards, Edward the First, on his return from France, issued his famous edict, which drove the Jews from the kingdom. The number thus expelled is said to have been fifteen thousand and sixty. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, they were accused, not only of having practised usury to a ruinous extent, but also of having adulterated the coin of the realm. These charges, added to national prejudice, as well as to the deep-rooted antipathy which Edward the First appears to have conceived against them, led for a time to the total expulsion of the Jews from this country. Probably many of their most powerful persecutors were their creditors, who eagerly seized so favourable an opportunity of wiping off old scores. At all events, the ruin of the unfortunate Jews was decided upon. Suddenly their persons were seized in every part of England; their property was confiscated, and a moiety of it only bestowed on those who consented to embrace Christianity. To the honour of the Jews be it spoken, that, notwithstanding the temptation of retaining possession of their darling gold, only a few were to be found who consented to purchase their lives, and all that makes life palatable, at the expense of their conscience. Two hundred and eighty were hanged in London alone; and the remainder, after having been stripped of their possessions, were driven forth to seek asylums in other countries. It was not till the seventeenth century that the Jews again appeared in any numbers in England.

The "Jewerie," as it was styled, appears to have extended along both sides of what is now called Cateaton Street, from St. Lawrence Lane and the church of St. Lawrence, on the west, to Basinghall Street and the Old Jewry on the east; and southward between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane as far as Church Lane. The detestation in which, in the olden time, the Jews were held by the common people of England, led to more than one furious attack on their colony in the "Jewerie." In 1262, a quarrel having taken place in one of the neighbouring churches between a Christian and a Jew, in which the Christian was mortally wounded, the Jew fled for refuge to his own people, but, having been overtaken by the neighbours of the deceased, was summarily put to death. Not satisfied, however, with this act of revenge, the infuriated mob poured into the "Jewerie," and indiscriminately pillaged and slew every Jew whom they met. In 1264, a Jew having been convicted of exacting usurious interest from a Christian, another irruption took place into their colony, in which their synagogue and other valuable property were destroyed.

But the Old Jewry has other interesting associations besides its connection with the Jews. Here, in the fifteenth century, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth had a mansion, which he styled his "principal palace in the Old Jewry." It was a large stone building, commonly called the Old Wardrobe, and when Stow wrote, had only recently

been demolished, and some modern houses erected on its site.

Tradition informs us that at the corner of the Old Jewry and Cheapside stood the house in which Thomas à Becket first saw the light. Here too it was that the infamous Dr. Lambe was beaten and trampled to death by an exasperated mob. This aged and disreputable mountebank, who pretended to the gift of prophecy, had been guilty of a long catalogue of crimes. He united in his own person the professions of a physician, a caster of nativities, and a fortune-teller. In 1607, he had been found guilty of sorcery and witchcraft, practised on the body of Thomas Lord Windsor, and, agreeably with the terms of his sentence, was undergoing imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, when he committed a still more infamous offence, in which a little girl of eleven years of age was his victim. For this latter crime he was sentenced to death; but in consequence of his possessing some secret and powerful influence at court (which the world attributed to the great favourite, the Duke of Buckingham), he obtained a pardon. His death took place in the manner we have stated, on the 13th of June, 1628. Not that the mob troubled themselves much about his vices or his crimes: his sole offence in their eyes was his being the minion of the detested Buckingham. We are inclined to doubt, however, if Buckingham ever even set his eyes on the wretched mountebank, notwithstanding their intimacy was so confidently be-

lieved at the time, that Lambe obtained the name of the "Duke's Devil." Carte affirms that they never met, and his assertion is in a great degree borne out by a fact which has recently come to light, that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a conspiracy against the Duke's life.\* Doubtless it was the interest of the empirick, to induce the world to believe that he was consulted and protected by the great favourite. At all events he owed his fearful death to the current belief of his intimacy with Buckingham. At the last gasp, he was rescued by the authorities from the hands of the infuriated populace, and carried into the adjoining Compter in the Poultry; but he survived only till the following day. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence as referred to by Lord Clarendon, among other "predictions and prophecies," that Dr. Lambe should have correctly foretold the time of his own death, and that of Buckingham. It was another striking coincidence, that on the day on which Lambe was torn to pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture should have fallen down in the High Commission Chamber at Lambeth; an incident, which, in that superstitious age, was eagerly hailed as a prognostic of his fall.

On the west side of the Old Jewry is St. Olave's Church, another of Sir Christopher Wren's structures, erected shortly after the destruction of the old church by the Fire of London. Stow records the names of several persons who were buried in

\* See Bishop Goodman's "Memoirs," v. ii. p. 377.

this church between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and whose monuments probably perished in the great fire. Among these may be mentioned a monument to Giles Dewes, servant to Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, who died in 1535. His epitaph recorded that he was "clerk of their libraries, and schoolmaster for the French tongue," to Arthur Prince of Wales, and his sister Mary, afterwards Queen of France. Robert Large, mercer and citizen, the master of Caxton, was also buried in this church. The only monument of any interest, which is now to be seen in the church, is that of Alderman Boydell, the eminent engraver, and the meritorious encourager of historical painting in this country.

On the east side of the Old Jewry stood, in the reign of Charles the Second, the magnificent mansion of Sir Robert Clayton. Dr. James Foster, whose name has been immortalized by Pope, was for many years a preacher in the Old Jewry:—

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well.

Professor Porson died in the Old Jewry, in 1808, in the apartments which he occupied as Librarian of the London Institution.

Close to the Old Jewry, on the north side of Cateaton Street, is the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, dedicated to St. Lawrence, who is said to have suffered martyrdom during the persecution under the Emperor Dioclesian, by being extended on a



gridiron and burnt to death. This church, notwithstanding its simplicity of style, is allowed to be one of the chastest and most beautiful of Wren's structures. It appears to have been originally founded about the year 1293, shortly after the expulsion of the Jews from this district. The old church having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present building was erected in 1671. The façade, at the east end in King Street, has been greatly admired. The appearance of the interior, also, with its Corinthian columns, its decorated ceiling, and its finely ornamented doorways and pulpit of polished oak, is extremely rich and pleasing. The vestry is perhaps the handsomest in London. The ceiling,—containing a painting by Sir James Thornhill, representing St. Lawrence being received into Heaven after his martyrdom,—is richly stuccoed, and the walls are completely panelled with fine old oak.

In this church lies buried Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn. He survived her death, and that of his only son, George Lord Rochford, only two years. Here, too, according to Weever, was interred Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the great-grandfather of the unfortunate Queen, and the founder of the fortunes of the Boleyn family. He was a wealthy mercer of the city of London; filled the Lord Mayor's chair in 1458, and about the same time married Anne, daughter of Thomas Lord Hoo and Hastings.

The most interesting monument in the church is that to the memory of the amiable and distinguished

divine, Archbishop Tillotson, many of whose admirable sermons were delivered in this church. His epitaph is sufficiently brief.

P. M.

Reverendissimi et Sanctissimi præsulis, Johannis Tillotson, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, Concionatoris olim hæc in Ecclesiâ per annos 30 celeberrimi; qui obiit 10 Kal. Dec. 1694. Ætat. 64.

Hoc posuit Elizabetha conjux illius mœstissima.

Tillotson was both married and buried in this church: Bishop Burnet on the latter occasion preached his funeral sermon.

Another eminent prelate, Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, was buried in this church. He held the living of St. Lawrence, at the time when Tillotson was Tuesday Lecturer in the church. One other epitaph we will transcribe for the sake of its quaintness. It records the early death of William Bird, who died on the 2d of October 1698, in his fifth year.

One charming bird to Paradise is flown :

Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft,

Since one of this fair brood is still our own,

And still to cheer our drooping soul is left.

This stays with us, whilst that his flight doth take,

That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

The other *Bird* was his young sister, Mary, who survived to her fourteenth year, and to whose memory there is a monumental effigy of the size of life, with two Cupids hovering over her head, and two weeping at her feet.

Between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane, where now stands the Hall of the Mercers' Company, stood the ancient hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, founded in the reign of Henry the Second, by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles, and his wife Agnes, sister to Thomas à Becket, whom we have already mentioned as having been born on this spot. The hospital was built twenty years after his murder, and, without waiting for his canonization, was dedicated to him in conjunction with the blessed Virgin.

That Gilbert à Becket, the father of the haughty prelate, resided in this spot there can be no question; and, indeed, here occurred that romantic incident in his life which our old chroniclers have delighted to record. While in the Holy Land he had won the affections of Matilda, a fair Saracen, to whom he subsequently owed his release from captivity. He bade her farewell, and returned to his native land, whither the maiden determined on following him. With love only for her beacon, and with only two watchwords, "London and Gilbert," she succeeded in making her way from the far East, and threading the crowded streets of London, at length reached "the Mercery," where she had the satisfaction of being folded in the arms of her beloved Gilbert. He rewarded her constancy and devotion by making her his wife, and in due time she became the mother of the celebrated prelate and martyr, who was occasionally styled Thomas of

Acons, or Acre, from the presumed birth-place of his mother.

At the suppression of the monastic houses, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon came into the possession of the Mercers' Company. Their hall, as well as the "fair and beautiful chapel" of the old hospital, were burnt down by the great fire of 1666. Here were formerly several ancient monuments, among which was one to the memory of James Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Dame Joan, his wife, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

The front of Mercers' Hall faces Cheapside. Although this company was not incorporated till 1393, it appears that at a far earlier period the mercers congregated and exposed their goods for sale at this identical spot, from which circumstance it obtained the name of "The Mercery." In Lydgate's "London Lackpenny," we find,—

Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,  
Where much people I saw for to stand ;  
One offered me velvet, silke, and lawne,  
And another, he taketh me by the hand,  
" Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."

In the list of persons who have belonged to the Mercers' Company, occur many illustrious names; and it has been mentioned, as a proof of their opulence and high position as merchants, that not fewer than one hundred Lord Mayors have been elected from their society. "In the year 1536," says Stow, "on St. Peter's night, King Henry the

Eighth and Queen Jane his wife stood in this Mercers' Hall, then new built, and beheld the marching watch of this city, most bravely set out; Sir John Allen, Mercer, one of the king's council, being Mayor." On the 2d September 1660, Guy, the princely founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller "in the porch of Mercers' Chapel."

Coleman Street, a continuation of Old Jewry, contains nothing remarkable except its church, dedicated to St. Stephen, one of the most ancient foundations in London. The old building, however, was burnt down in 1666, shortly after which the present edifice, which is little more than a low room with a flat ceiling, was erected by Sir Christopher Wren on its site. The former church contained a variety of monuments; among which was one to the memory of the indefatigable old antiquary and dramatic writer, Anthony Munday, citizen and draper, who died in 1633, after having for thirty years contrived the scenic machinery, and arranged the City shows and pageants.

Coleman Street is said to derive its name from one Robert Coleman, who is supposed to have been either the owner of the property, or the builder of the street. In the reign of Charles the First, it appears to have been much frequented by the Puritan and Republican party. It was in this street that the "five members" took refuge on the memorable occasion of Charles proceeding to the House of Commons to seize their persons. Here too it

was, at a tavern called the "Star," that Oliver Cromwell and the heads of the republican party hatched their plots against the state. Here resided the Puritan preacher, John Goodwin, who proposed to Charles the First to pray with him on the eve of his execution;—from hence, immediately after the Restoration, the Millenarian Venner issued forth at the head of his fanatic followers, to excite the insurrection which bears his name: and in this street he was hanged. At No. 14, Great Bell Yard, Coleman Street, Bloomfield, the poet, carried on his trade of a shoemaker.

To the west of Coleman Street is Basinghall Street. In this street is the church of St. Michael's Bassishaw, which derives its name from the *haugh*, or hall, of the Basing family, which anciently stood upon this spot, and from whom the street is also named. The church was originally founded about the year 1140, but being burnt down in 1666, was re-built by Wren, in 1679. It appears to possess not the slightest claim either to architectural merit, or historical interest.

Retracing our steps down the Old Jewry, we arrive at the Poultry, so called from its having been anciently principally tenanted by poulterers. At the east end of the Poultry is the ponderous-looking Mansion-House: it was built after the designs of George Dance, the City Surveyor; the first stone having been laid on the 25th of October, 1739. The first Lord Mayor who inhabited it was Sir Crisp Gascoyne, who took up his abode there

in 1753. It was erected nearly in the centre of what was called Stocks Market, formerly one of the largest markets in London, and so called from a pair of stocks, in which, as early as 1281, offenders were exposed to punishment. The market was established by Henry Wallis, Lord Mayor, in 1282. In the middle of the market stood an equestrian statue, erected in honour of Charles the Second, by Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1675, the same functionary with whom the merry monarch spent a jovial evening, as recorded in the *Spectator*.\*

According to Granger and Walpole, the statue erected in honour of Charles was in fact that of John Sobieski, King of Poland, which it is said the Mayor had discovered and purchased at a foundry.

It would appear by the following lively verses, which appeared in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" at the period, that the corporation were divided on the question whether Stocks Market, or Leadenhall Market, offered the most eligible site for the proposed Mansion-house :

At Guildhall fierce debates arose,  
'Twixt Common Council, friends and foes,  
About a Lord Mayor's Mansion-house.  
Some were for having it erected,  
At Stocks Market, as first projected ;  
But others, nor their number small,  
Voted for market Leadenhall ;

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\* See ante, p. 162.

One of the places, all agreed,  
Should for that purpose be decreed.  
Whence springs this strife, we're in th' dark yet,  
Whether to keep or make a market ;  
And on th' affair, all can be said,  
They differ but as *stocks* and *lead*."

Stocks Market was removed to the site of the present Farringdon Street in 1737. The cost of the Mansion-house, including the price paid for the houses which it was found necessary to pull down, is said to have amounted to no less than 71,000*l.*; a great additional expense having been incurred by the number of springs that were discovered in laying the foundations, which rendered it necessary to drive a vast number of piles close together, upon which the building was raised, like the Stadthouse at Amsterdam.

On the north side of the Poultry is the hall of the Grocers' Company, which stands on the site of the London residence of the Barons Fitzwalter, from whom it was purchased by the Company in 1411. They were originally styled Pepperers, from their having dealt principally in pepper; but, in 1345, they were incorporated by Edward the Third, under the title of "the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of the Grocers of the City of London; their name being apparently derived from their selling articles in the gross.

Among other portraits in the hall of the Company is that of Sir John Cutler, whom Pope has



“damned to everlasting fame,” as one of the most miserable misers on record.

Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall,  
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.  
 His only daughter in a stranger’s power,  
 For very want ; he could not pay a dower.  
 A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned,  
 ’Twas very want that sold them for two pound.  
 What e’en denied a cordial at his end,  
 Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend ?  
 What but a want, that you perhaps think mad,  
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had !  
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,  
 Virtue and Wealth ! what are ye but a name ?

*Moral Essays, Epistle 3.*

It would be curious to discover the secret history of this virulent, though witty tirade. So far, indeed, from Sir John Cutler having been the wretched skin-flint, in which light Pope has transmitted his character to posterity ; the fact is, that the manner in which he disposed of his wealth reflects upon him the highest credit. He was a benefactor to the College of Physicians, who erected a statue to his memory ; the Mercers’ Company preserve his picture out of gratitude for his erecting, at his own cost, the great parlour and court-room of their Hall ; and, moreover, the church of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, near which he resided, is indebted to him for the north gallery, which he added at his own expense. That he was respected and beloved by his private friends, is proved by the large sums which they

expended on his funeral ; and yet such is the man, of whom Pope, whether from ignorance, wantonness, or design, has drawn so repulsive a picture. The following couplet,—

His only daughter in a stranger's power,  
For very want he could not pay a dower,

displays the same unaccountable ignorance in regard to Sir John Cutler and his domestic affairs. He was in fact the father, not of an only daughter, but of two daughters, one of whom married Charles Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, and the other Sir William Portman, baronet.

In Grocer's Alley, Dr. Hawkesworth—the friend of Dr. Johnson, and the translator of “*Telemachus*”—served his apprenticeship as an attorney's clerk. Strype speaks of Grocer's Alley as an ordinary lane, “generally inhabited by alehouse-keepers, called spunging-houses.” It was from one of these houses that the improvident poet, Samuel Boyse, addressed in 1742, those remarkable Latin verses and pathetic letter to Cave the publisher, which Sir John Hawkins has preserved in his “*Life of Dr. Johnson*.”

At No. 22 in the Poultry, at the table of the Messieurs Dilly, the booksellers, the well-known meeting took place between Dr. Johnson and Wilkes.\* Boswell tells us that, with the exception of the entertainments given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, there was not a table in London at which

\* See Croker's “*Boswell*,” vol. iii. p. 426, *et sequen.*

he was in the habit of meeting a greater number of eminent literary men than at that of the Messieurs Dilly. At No. 31, in the Poultry, the late Thomas Hood was born, in 1798.

The King's Head Tavern, No. 25 in the Poultry, existed with the same name in the reign of Charles the Second. It is related of the Merry Monarch, that he was one day passing through the street, when he was informed that the wife of the landlord, William King, was in labour, and that she had expressed a strong desire to see him. With his usual good-nature, Charles expressed his readiness to gratify her wishes, and accordingly entered the house and saluted her.

At the west end of a court—formerly called Scalding Alley, from its containing a scalding-house for the use of the poulterers—stands the church of St. Mildred, Poultry, dedicated to St. Mildred, a Saxon princess and saint. The old edifice, which was of great antiquity, having fallen into a dilapidated state, was taken down in 1456. The church which rose on its site, was burnt down in the fire of London, and in 1676, the present building was erected by Wren. The interior is little more than a plain misproportioned apartment, nor has the exterior any architectural merit. The only eminent person who appears to have been buried here, is the once-celebrated Thomas Tusser, author of the “Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,” who died in London about the year 1580. He led a wandering unsettled life, following at different times the

occupations of farmer, chorister, and singing-master. Fuller describes him as “successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet; more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation.” His epitaph in the old church was as follows:—

Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,  
That sometime made the “Points of Husbandrie;”  
By him then, learn thou may’st: here learn we must,  
When all is done, we sleep, and turn to dust;  
And yet through Christ to Heaven we hope to go;  
Who reads his books shall find his path was so.

Bishop Hoadly was for several years lecturer of St. Mildred’s.

Bucklersbury—a street which runs to the south of the Poultry and connects it with Walbrook Street—derives its name, according to Stow, from one Buckle, who had a manor-house, and kept his court or *berry* on the spot. Here stood an ancient tower, called the Cornet Tower, built in the reign of Edward the First, which having fallen into the possession of Buckle, he was in the act of demolishing it, when a large piece of masonry fell upon him, and crushed him to death. Here, too, Edward the Third had a mansion, adjoining a royal mint for coining silver; and here Sir Thomas More was residing at the time when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, was born.

From a very early period till the great fire of London, Bucklersbury was inhabited almost entirely by druggists, and venders of herbs and simples.

This local peculiarity is referred to by Decker, and also by Shakespeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."\* "Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in *simple time*." It is remarkable that during the great plague, in 1665, the houses of the druggists and herbalists in Bucklersbury entirely escaped the visitation which raged so fearfully around them.

After the fire of London, Bucklersbury appears to have been principally distinguished for those fashionable *Indian houses*, which were the favourite resort of persons of rank and wealth of both sexes; where they passed their idle hours in discussing the news and scandal of the day, on pretence of purchasing tea, china, japan, and the various products of the East. They afforded convenient facilities for amorous assignations, and, as appears from the following extract of a letter written by Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, were occasionally made use of to carry on political intrigues. Speaking of the Queen of William the Third, Lord Nottingham writes, shortly after her accession to the throne,— "She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the Hall, that sells fine ribands and head-dresses; from thence she went to the Jew's, that sells Indian things; to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vett's, Mrs. Harrison's, and other *Indian houses*, but not to

\* Act iii. scene iii.

Mrs. Potter's, though in her way, which caused Mrs. Potter to say, that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that *the whole design of bringing in the Queen and King was managed at her house, and the consultations held there*, so that she might as well have thrown away a little money in raffling there, as well as at other houses; but it seems that my Lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress: she has not much countenance of the Queen, her daughter still keeping the Indian house her mother had. These things," adds Lord Nottingham, "however innocent in themselves, have passed the censure of the town. And besides a private reprimand given, the King gave one in public, saying to the Queen, he heard she dined at a — house, and desired the next time she went he might go too: she said she had done nothing but what the late Queen had done."\*

That the *Indian houses* deserved the coarse name which King William bestowed upon them, there can be little question. Colley Cibber makes Lady Townley "take a flying jaunt to an Indian house," and Prior writes:—

To cheapen tea, or buy a screen,  
What else could so much virtue mean.

They appear to have continued fashionable for many years. Lord Chesterfield writes to Mrs. Howard, in August, 1728,—“If I can be of any

\* Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 79, Appendix.

use to you here, especially in an Indian house way, I hope you will command me." Perhaps the best notion that can be conveyed of an *Indian house*, is afforded by the following lines in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's town eclogue of "The Toilette:"—

Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range,  
Through Indian shops, to Motteux' or the 'Change ;  
Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,  
With antic shapes in China's azure dyed ;  
There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled ;  
Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold.  
But then, alas ! I must be forced to pay,  
And bring no penn'worts, not a fan away.

At the back of the Mansion House is the famous and beautiful church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, the work of Sir Christopher Wren. Its external appearance is mean and insignificant, and its interior is defaced by pews, galleries, and dirt. Still, though from its style of architecture it fails in awakening those feelings of devotional awe, by which we are inspired by the sublime Gothic structures erected by our ancestors, it is nevertheless deserving all the admiration which it has excited. In the words of a writer in the "Critical Review," as quoted by Pennant, "Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste and proportion : there is not a beauty, which the plan would admit of, that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection ; and foreigners very justly call our taste in question, for un-

derstanding its graces no better, and allowing it no higher degree of fame.”

When Richard, Earl of Burlington—celebrated for his architectural skill and taste—was in Italy, among the many beautiful churches which he visited in that country, was one which had been built on the model of St. Stephen’s Walbrook. On expressing himself loudly in its praise, his vanity as an architect must have been somewhat piqued, when he was informed that he had left the original behind him in his own country. On his return to England, his first step, on alighting from his carriage at Burlington House, is said to have been a pilgrimage to St. Stephen’s Walbrook, a church of which, previous to his foreign travel, he had probably never even heard the name.

Unquestionably, St. Stephen’s, with its exquisite harmony and proportion, its rich Corinthian columns, its fine dome divided into decorated compartments, its elegant lanthorn, and noble roof, is the most beautiful of the modern churches of London. In the words of Elmes, Sir Christopher Wren’s biographer, “On entering through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, and opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions, appear in magic mazes before you. The cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer, and the sweetly proportioned and embellished architrave



cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille." The only other striking feature in the church is West's picture of the death of St. Stephen, which occupies the space of, and thus entirely conceals, the central eastern window.

The old church of St. Stephen's Walbrook appears to have stood to the westward of the present edifice. There was a parish church here at least as early as 1135, when Eudo, Steward of the Household to King Henry the First, made it over to the monastery of St. John, at Colchester. This church would seem to have been destroyed about the commencement of the fifteenth century, for, in 1428, we find the executors of Sir William Stoddon, Lord Mayor of London, purchasing a spot of ground from the Grocers' Company, to the *eastward* of Walbrook, as a site for the new church, agreeably with the provisions of the will of the deceased. This church, which was completed in 1439, existed till its destruction by the fire of London, and between the years 1672 and 1679, the present edifice was erected on its site.

In the old church was interred Sir Thomas Pope, the celebrated statesman in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary, and the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Stow has preserved the inscription on his tomb, which was destroyed by the fire of London:—" *Hic jacet Thomas Pope, primus Thesau-*

*rarius Augmentationum, et Domina Margareta, uxor ejus, quæ quidem Margareta obiit, 16 Jan. 1538."*

In a vault under the present church lie the remains of the well-known dramatic writer and architect, Sir John Vanburgh, who was born in this parish in 1666.

In the wall of a house in Pancras Lane, Bucklersbury, is a stone bearing the following inscription :—  
"Before the dreadfull fire, anno 1666, here stood the parish church of St. Bennet, Sherehog." The old burial ground of the parish is still to be seen in Pancras Lane. Let us not omit to mention, that "in, or near, the parish of St. Mary Wool-church, where the Stocks Market now is," was born, according to Anthony Wood, the celebrated dramatic writer, James Shirley.

Shirley, the morning-child, the Muses bred,  
And sent him born with bays upon his head.

Walbrook derives its name from a fair stream of that name, which in ancient times entered the city through the old fortified wall between Bishops-gate and Moor-gate, and, after many meanderings, poured itself into the Thames on the site of the present Dowgate Wharf. The brook was passed by several bridges, and was sufficiently broad to admit of barges being towed up as far as Bucklersbury, a circumstance still preserved in the name of Barge Yard. More than two centuries have elapsed since this rivulet was vaulted over and

built upon, so that its subterranean course is now but little known.\*

Walbrook diverges at its southern extremity into Cannon Street. Here, at the south-west angle of St. Swithin's Lane, stands the parish church dedicated to St. Swithin. The old church, which existed on this spot at least as early as 1331, was burnt down in the fire of London, shortly after which period the present structure was built by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church Dryden was married, in 1663, to the Lady Elizabeth Howard.†

Attached to the exterior of St. Swithin's Church,—an object of interest and curiosity to every passer by,—is the famous "London Stone." At least a thousand years are known to have elapsed since it was first placed in this immediate neighbourhood. Some have supposed it to have been a Druidical altar,—others, that it was raised to commemorate some extraordinary event,—some, that public proclamations were delivered from it to the citizens,—while others, from its vicinity to Watling Street, the principal street, or Prætorian way, of the Romans, have imagined it to have been the centre from which that great people computed their distances to their several stations throughout England. These, however, are the mere conjectures of antiquaries, nothing certain being known of the history of this interesting relic but that it has been conse-

\* See ante, p. 41.

† Cunningham's "London," *Art. St. Swithin*.

erated by the veneration of ages, and that it was long regarded as the Palladium of the city. When, in 1450, the rebel Jack Cade passed from Southwark into London, it was hither that he led his victorious followers. Glancing sternly round at the citizens by whom he was surrounded, among whom were the Lord Mayor, Nicias Wyfforde, and the Aldermen, he struck the stone with his sword, and exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city!" \*

In the days of Stow, London Stone stood upright in the ground on the south side of Cannon Street. In December, 1742, it was removed to the north side of the street, and, in 1798, was placed in its present position, in order to preserve it from all chance of being injured.

In Oxford Court, St. Swithin's Lane, is the hall of the Salters' Company, built in 1827. On the site of this court stood the *Inn* of the Priors of Tortington, in Sussex. Overlooking the Priors' garden, now the garden of the Salters' Company, stood "two fair houses," which were severally the residences of Sir Richard Empson and Sir Edmund Dudley, celebrated as the instruments of Henry the Seventh in carrying out his oppressive exactions on

\* *Cade*. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here sitting upon this stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.—SHAKESPEARE, *Second Part of Henry VI.* act iv. scene 6.

his subjects, for which they both subsequently paid the penalty of death on Tower Hill. They were allowed access to the Priors' garden, "wherein," says Stow, "they met, and consulted of matters at their pleasures." The *Inn* of the Priors of Tortington subsequently gave place to the mansion of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, from whom Oxford Court derives its name.

## BISHOPSGATE STREET, CROSBY HALL.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD BISHOPSGATE. — CROSBY PLACE. — ITS PRESENT CONDITION. — WHEN BUILT. — CHARACTER OF ITS FOUNDER. — ITS TENANTS : — RICHARD THE THIRD, — READ, — EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, — REST, — SIR THOMAS MORE, — BOND, — SPENCER, — FIRST EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, — COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, — DUC DE SULLY, — SECOND EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, — SIR STEPHEN LANGHAM. — GRESHAM HOUSE. — SIR PAUL PINDAR.

BISHOPSGATE Street derives its name from one of the ancient City-gates, which spanned the street where the thoroughfare, called London Wall, now divides Bishopsgate *Within*, from Bishopsgate *Without* the walls. The gate in question is said to have been originally built about the year 680, by Erkenwald, Bishop of London. Shortly after the Conquest, it was repaired and beautified by William, one of the successors of Erkenwald in the metropolitan see ; and from these circumstances, and from its having been ornamented with the statues of the two Bishops, it derived its name of Bishopsgate. It was finally rebuilt in 1479, in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

The ancient houses, which not long since rendered the aspect of Bishopsgate Street so interesting to the antiquary, are fast disappearing. Fortunately, however, a few still remain ; enabling us

to form a tolerable notion of the appearance of an aristocratic street in London, in the days of Henry the Seventh.

Passing down Bishopsgate Street, a small gateway on the right leads us into Crosby Square, the site of that magnificent mansion, Crosby Place, the stately hall of which is still standing. The escape from the noise and bustle of the streets to this quiet spot is of itself a relief; but how delightful are our sensations, when we feel ourselves gazing on those time-honoured walls, within which the usurper Richard hatched his crooked counsels; where Sir Thomas More is said to have composed his great work, the *Utopia*, and where the great minister Sully lodged, when he arrived in England on that well-known embassy, of which his own pen has bequeathed us so interesting a description!

Had we no other means of computing the vast size of old Crosby Place, the immense extent of the vaults, which are spread beneath and around us, would afford sufficient evidence of its ancient magnificence. All that now remains to us, and rich indeed are we in their possession, are the council-chamber, the throne-room, and the old hall. The throne-room, with its oak-ceiling divided into compartments, and its graceful window extending from the ceiling to the floor, has been deservedly admired. But it is the magnificent old hall, and its host of historical associations, which make us feel that we are standing on classic

ground. We recal the days when it was the scene of the revel and the dance; when the wise, the witty, and the princely, feasted at its festive board; when its vaulted roof echoed back the merry sounds of music, and a thousand tapers flashed on the tapestried walls; when gentle dalliances took place in its oriel window; and where, not improbably, Richard the Third himself may have led off one of the stately dances of the period with the Lady Anne. Nearly four centuries have passed since its princely founder laid his hand to its foundation-stone; and yet it still remains, with its glorious roof, its fine proportions, and its beautiful oriel window, as perfect as when the architect gave his finishing touch to it in the days of the Plantagenets.

Crosby Place was built in the reign of Edward the Sixth, on some ground rented from Alice Ashfield, prioress of the adjoining convent of St. Helen's. The founder was the powerful citizen and soldier, Sir John Crosby, whose monument is still a conspicuous object in St. Helen's Church. He was sheriff of London in 1471, an Alderman, a warden of the Grocers' Company, and represented the City of London in parliament from 1461 to 1466. He lived in the days when the wealth and commerce of London were monopolized by the few, and when its merchants were indeed princes. In figuring to our imaginations a Lord Mayor, or an Alderman, of the time of the Plantagenets, we must not identify him with a Lord Mayor or an Alderman of our own time,



—one of that harmless and hospitable species who give bad dinners by contract, and who figure on the ninth of November in a gingerbread coach, followed by a train of beef-eaters, and rouged scene-shifters in tin armour. We might as well attempt to identify a corpulent peer of our own time, slumbering on the easy benches of the House of Lords, with the stalwart barons who combated on the field of Tewkesbury, or who bore off the palm on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sir John Crosby was the prototype of a class who were introduced at the Norman Conquest, and who expired with the Tudors and Plantagenets; a class of men who united the citizen with the warrior, and the merchant with the courtier, the diplomatist, and man of letters. Of such a calibre were Sir William Walworth, who dashed Wat Tyler to the earth at Smithfield; and Sir Thomas Sutton, the princely founder of the Charter House, whom we find at one time accumulating wealth in his quiet counting-house, at another, superintending the firing of the great guns at the siege of Edinburgh, and lastly, crowning a useful existence by founding the noble establishment to which we have just referred. Such a man also was Sir John Crosby. Vast apparently as was his wealth, and peaceful as were his daily occupations, he was, nevertheless, an active partizan in the struggles between the Houses of York and Lancaster. We find him welcoming Edward the Fourth on his landing at Ravenspur, and receiving knighthood for his reward: the fol-

lowing year he was sent, with Sir John Scott and others, on a secret mission to the Duke of Burgundy ; and not long afterwards we find him negotiating at the court of the Duke of Brittany, for the surrender of the persons of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, apparently only a short time after the completion of his stately mansion.

It was probably immediately after the death of its founder that Crosby Place became the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third ; though, according to Shakespeare, Richard was residing here as early as the time of Henry the Sixth's decease, in 1471. In the famous wooing scene between Richard and the Lady Anne, the former exclaims :—

That it may please you, leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place :  
Where—after I have solemnly interred,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble King,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient duty see you :  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.*—With all my heart, and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.\*

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\* “ Richard III,” act i. scene 2. Shakespeare again introduces Crosby Place in the Scene between Gloucester and the murderers, —

*Gloucester.*—Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

Whether Shakespeare is correct in fixing the residence of the Duke of Gloucester at Crosby Place at this particular period, admits of doubt; but that he was residing here twelve years afterwards, when Edward the Fourth breathed his last, there can be no question. Some of his retinue, it seems, were lodged in the neighbouring suburb of Cripplegate. Sir Thomas More mentions, in his "Pitiful Life of King Edward the Fifth," that on the same night that Edward the Fourth died at Westminster, one Mistelbrooke came stealthily to the house of Pottier, a retainer of the Duke of Gloucester, who lived in Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, and, "after hasty rapping, being quickly let in," informed him of the important tidings of the King's death. "By my troth, then" quoth Pottier, "will my master, the Duke of Gloucester, be King, and that I warrant thee." Even at this early period, it would seem, were the ambitious designs of Richard suspected by his friends and retainers.

In 1502, Crosby Place was purchased by Bartholomew Read, lord mayor of London, and the same year we find it set apart as the residence of the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, who filled it with a splendid retinue, consisting of a

*1st Murderer*.—We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

*Gloucester*.—Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

"Richard III," act i. scene 3.

Bishop, an Earl, and a large train of gentlemen. From the possession of Read, Crosby Place passed into the hands of Sir John Rest, Lord Mayor in 1516, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas More.

Were it from no other circumstance, than its having been the residence of that great man, Crosby Place would be sufficiently endeared to us. Here he passed that useful and cheerful existence, which his pen has so well described; and here he is supposed to have written his "Utopia" and his "Life of Richard the Third." Not improbably the idea of the latter work may have suggested itself to him, from his occupying the same apartments where the crook-backed Richard had hatched his dark projects and successful crimes.

In 1523, Sir Thomas More parted with Crosby Place to his dear friend, Antonio Bonvisi, a merchant of Lucca. When, a few years afterwards, More was a prisoner in the Tower,—deprived, by the cruelty of his persecutors, of the means of communicating with those who were near and dear to him,—it was to Bonvisi that he wrote with a piece of charcoal that well-known and interesting letter which breathes so eloquently of Christian piety and resignation.

From Bonvisi, Crosby Place passed, in 1547, into the hands of William Roper, the son-in-law, and William Rastell, the nephew, of Sir Thomas More. The days of religious persecution followed; the old mansion became forfeited; and shortly afterwards was conferred by Edward the Sixth on Sir

Thomas d'Arcy, a Knight of the Garter, created Baron d'Arcy of Chiche in 1551. Whether Lord d'Arcy ever resided here is doubtful, for shortly afterwards we find it the residence of a wealthy citizen, William Bond, whose history is thus briefly told on his monument in the neighbouring church of St. Helen's. "Here lyeth the body of William Bond, Alderman, and some time Sheriff of London ; a merchant-adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures, both by sea and land. Obiit 30 of May, 1576."

The next possessor of Crosby Place (1590) was Sir John Spencer, whose immense wealth rendered him one of the most conspicuous persons of his age, and obtained for him the title of "the Rich Spencer." Here he kept his mayoralty in 1594. At his death, in 1609, Crosby Place, together with the mass of his vast fortune, came into the possession of William Compton, first Earl of Northampton, who had married Elizabeth, the only daughter of "the Rich Spencer."

The circumstance of finding himself suddenly the possessor of untold wealth, had such an effect upon Lord Northampton, that, according to Winwood, it deprived him for some time of his senses. On the mind of his lady, however (at least if we may judge by the following very curious letter addressed by her to her Lord), it produced no other effect than a desire to spend freely, and to the best advantage, the wealth which Providence and her father's long life of industry had secured to her.

“MY SWEET LIFE,

“Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I supposed that that were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

“Also I would, besides that allowance for my apparel, have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid), for the performance of charitable works, and these things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

“Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

“Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other lett. Also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

“Also when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending. So for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

“Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and

I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and lined with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

“Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

“Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only carroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not posturing my things with my women’s, nor theirs with chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids.

“Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

“Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

“And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

“Also I would have to put in my purse, £2000 and £200; and so you to pay my debts.

“Also I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain.

“Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

“And I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair-hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

“Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands; and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain,\* which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden,† what entertainment he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House; but that

\* Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, the corrupt and rapacious minister of James the First. He died in Suffolk House, now Northumberland House, in the Strand, 28th of May 1626.

† Theophilus, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Suffolk, died 3rd of June, 1640.



to the least he wished me much harm ; you know him, God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

“ So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have, I pray, when you be an Earl, to allow me £1000 more than now desired, and double attendance.

“ Your loving Wife,

“ ELIZA COMPTON.\*

The next tenant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, wife of Henry second Earl of Pembroke, and mother of Earl William and Earl Philip. She was the beloved sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and the probability that he was frequently her guest at Crosby Place, lends an additional interest to the spot. The tastes and habits of the brother and sister were congenial : there existed in each the same high sense of honour, the same refinement of mind, the same amiable interest in the sufferings and wants of others. Sir Philip dedicated his “*Arcadia*” to his sister, the being who best loved the author, and who was the most competent to appreciate his genius. Dr. Donne said of her, that “she could converse well on all subjects, from predestination to sleeve-silk ;” and as she delighted in the society of learned persons, it is not improbable that at Crosby Place,

\* Bishop Goodman’s “*Memoirs of the Court of King James I.*” v. ii, p. 127.

assembled most of the illustrious men of the Augustan age of England. Ben Jonson wrote his famous epitaph on her death, and Spenser eulogizes her as—

The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day ;  
And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,  
Her brother dear ;—

Lady Pembroke lived to a very advanced age ; her later years having been unfortunately embittered by the cowardice and misconduct of her second son, Philip, the “memorable simpleton” of Horace Walpole.

The next occupant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Duc de Sully, who was lodged here, in great magnificence, on the occasion of his embassy to England, in the reign of James the First. On the night after his arrival, an unfortunate accident occurred, which very nearly led to Crosby Place becoming the scene of outrage and bloodshed. “I was accommodated with apartments,” says Sully in his *Memoirs*, “in a very handsome house, situated in a great square, near which all my retinue were also provided with the necessary lodgings. Some of them went to entertain themselves with women of the town. At the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to

threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence; for the number of the people assembled upon the occasion was presently encreased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I did not at first take notice of it; the evening advanced, and I was playing at *primero* with the Marquis d'Oraison, Saint Luc, and Blerancourt. But observing them come in at different times, by three and four together, and with great emotion, I at last imagined that something extraordinary had happened, and having questioned Terrail and Gandancourt, they informed me of the particulars. The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment I am persuaded my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and ordering all that were in the house (which was about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth."

The culprit, it seems, was a young man of good family, the only son of the Sieur de Combant, and

a relative of M. de Beaumont, the resident French ambassador in London. The latter happening to enter at the moment, earnestly advocated the cause of his kinsman, and entreated that his life might be spared. Sully, however, obdurately insisted on the necessity of waiving all private feelings in a matter of such vital importance; adding, that on no account whatever would he allow the interests of the King, his master, to suffer by the imprudence of a reckless stripling. "I told Beaumont," he says, "in plain words that Combant should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, Sir,' cried Beaumont, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of 200,000 crowns, an only son?—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I again replied in as positive a tone, 'I had no occasion for such company,' and, to be short, I ordered Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in my council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combant." It would seem that Sully, in his heart, had really no intention whatever of putting the young man to death. The crafty diplomatist, indeed, had conceived an idea, which, while it enabled him to save the offender's life, would at the same time have the effect, as he well knew, of rendering himself not a little popular with the citizens of London. Concealing his real intentions from those who surrounded him, and pretending extreme indignation at

the conduct of his retainer, he wrote to the Lord Mayor of London, desiring that on the following day he would send the officers of justice to Crosby Place, in order to conduct the criminal to execution. Disarmed by this apparent sincerity on the part of the Duc de Sully,—and, as the latter seems to hint, bribed by the friends of the criminal,—the Lord Mayor readily listened to the solicitations of M. de Beaumont on behalf of his kinsman, and in due time Combant was set at liberty. “This favour,” says Sully, “no one could impute to me; on the contrary, I perceived that both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combant; and the consequence to me was, with respect to the English and French, that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more.”

The last inhabitant of Crosby Place, to whose name any particular interest attaches, was the gallant cavalier, Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who, in 1612, accompanied Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, as his Master of the Robes, in his romantic Journey to Madrid to woo the Infanta of Spain. On the breaking out of the civil wars, he attached himself to the cause of his royal master; was present, at the head of two thousand retainers, at the famous raising of the standard at Nottingham; distinguished himself at the Battle of Edgehill; and, in several skirmishes, obtained a victory over the rebels. Like his friend, the great Lord

Falkland, he was destined to expiate his only crime, his loyalty, on the battle-field. In the famous fight on Hopton Heath, notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of the rebel forces, he determined on giving them battle. Dashing forward at the head of his gallant troopers, he completely cleared the field of the enemy's cavalry; captured their cannon and ammunition, and left between four and five hundred on the ground, either dead or disabled. But carried impetuously forward by the excitement of the moment, he suddenly found himself in the midst of the rebel infantry, and his helmet having been struck off by the butt-end of a musket, he was at once recognized. Quarter was offered to him, but it was indignantly rejected. "Think ye," he said, "that I will take quarter from such base rebels and rogues as ye are?" at the same time preparing to sell his life as dearly as possible. In a moment he was assailed on all sides; a blow on his face, and another from a halbert on the back part of his head, sent him staggering from his horse, and the hero of Hopton Heath fell to rise no more.

The mingling of the ancient blood of the Comptons, with that of the plebeian merchant, the "rich Spencer," appears in no degree to have contaminated the chivalry of their race. Of the great grand-children of the old usurer,—and their infancies were probably passed at Crosby Place,—there was not one who was not in heart, and by profession, a soldier. James, who succeeded as third

Earl of Northampton, and Sir Charles Compton, the second son, fought side by side with their gallant father at Edge-hill and Hopton Heath, and subsequently avenged his death on many a bloody field; Sir William, whatever may have been his faults, was the brave defender of Banbury; Sir Spencer fought in most of the battles of the time; and Sir Francis, after a long military career, died in 1716, at the age of eighty-seven, the oldest field-officer in Great Britain. The youngest brother was Henry, who, though Bishop of London, appears to have had at least as much of the soldier in his composition as the churchman. In his youth he too had held a commission in the Guards, nor was it till he had attained the age of thirty, that he entered into Holy Orders. When James the Second, in the plenitude of his power, was plotting against the religion and the liberties of his subjects, he happened one day to be conversing with the Bishop on the state of public affairs, when the latter boldly and conscientiously expressed himself opposed to the King's measures. "My Lord," said James, "you are talking more like a colonel than a bishop."—"Your Majesty does me honour," was the calm reply, "in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the Constitution; I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." The necessity indeed was near at hand. When the misgovernment and misconduct of James threw the country into a state of anarchy, it was Bishop Compton whom the Princess Anne selected to be

her personal protector. When, without attendants and without a change of linen, she stole, in the dead of night, down the back staircase at the cockpit at Whitehall, it was the gallant Bishop who was in readiness by appointment, in a hackney coach, to carry her in safety to her friends; and he it was, when the Princess made her public entry into Oxford, who rode before her at the head of a gallant troop of gentlemen, clad "in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn;"\* his cornet carrying a standard before him, on which were inscribed, in golden letters, the words "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*"

The remaining annals of Crosby Place may be related in a few words. The last tenant was Sir Stephen Langham, who was its occupant at the time of the Restoration of Charles the Second, and in whose life-time the greater part of the fine old mansion was destroyed by fire. In 1638, we find it in the possession of the East India Company, and in 1677, the present houses, known as Crosby Square, rose from its ruins. Fortunately, the magnificent hall escaped, and from 1672, till the middle of the last century, was used as a Presbyterian Meeting-house. The next purpose to which it was converted was a packer's warehouse, in which condition it remained till within the last sixteen years, when, public attention having been called to its dilapidated state, sufficient funds were raised by subscription to restore it, as we now view it, to its

\* Ellis' "Orig. Letters," v. iv., p. 177. Second Series.



pristine state of beauty and magnificence. The work of restoration commenced on the 27th of June, 1836.

Besides Crosby Place, Bishopsgate Street, in the olden time, could boast more than one magnificent mansion. On the west side stood Gresham House, the princely palace of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange and of Gresham College. His vast wealth, his munificent charities, the pleasure which Queen Elizabeth took in his society, and his being constantly employed in transacting the commercial affairs of the court, obtained for him the name of "the Royal Merchant." Not only was he the greatest merchant of his age; not only were his energies employed in extending our trade over the world, and in extricating the crown from its pecuniary trammels; but he has also the merit of having introduced into the kingdom the manufacture of small wares, such as pins, knives, hats, ribands, and other articles. Queen Elizabeth was frequently his guest, both at his country-seat, Osterly, near Brentford, and in Bishopsgate Street; and more than once we read, in the parish annals, of the "ringing of the bells," on the occasion of the Virgin Queen having been entertained under his hospitable roof.

By his will, dated in 1579, the year of his death, Sir Thomas Gresham bequeathed his house in Bishopsgate Street, to be converted into a college, comprising habitations and lecture-rooms for seven professors, who were required to lecture on divinity,

astronomy, music, geometry, civil law, physic, and rhetoric. Here in 1658, was founded the Royal Society, of which the great philosopher Robert Boyle, and Sir Christopher Wren, were among the original members. When Sir Kenelm Digby lost his beautiful wife, Venetia Stanley, it was in Gresham College that he excluded himself from the world, amusing himself with the study of chemistry, and with the conversation of the professors. Here this extraordinary man was daily to be seen pacing the secluded court of the College; his dress consisting of a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat; and his beard, which he had allowed to grow in testimony of his grief, flowing at full length on his breast. Let us not omit to mention, that at his apartments in Gresham College the celebrated mathematician and philosopher, Robert Hooke, breathed his last, in March 1702-3.

Another stately mansion, which stood in Bishopsgate Street, was that of the eminent merchant, Sir Paul Pindar. Like Sir Thomas Gresham, he was distinguished alike by his vast wealth, his splendid charities, and literary taste. He is said, at one period of his life, to have been worth no less a sum than £236,000, exclusive of bad debts; and, as an instance of his munificence, it may be mentioned that he gave £19,000, in one gift, towards the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral. He appears to have originally owed his rise to his knowledge of languages; an accomplishment which, two centuries ago, was certain to lead to preferment.

In the reign of James the First, he was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seignior, on which occasion he successfully exerted his talents and sound sense in extending British commerce in Turkey. At his return he brought with him a diamond valued at £30,000. The arrival of this costly bauble in England created an extraordinary sensation; and King James the First, eager to place it in the regal coronet, offered to purchase it on credit. This overture, from prudential motives, was rejected by its owner, though he allowed his sovereign the loan of it, and accordingly it was worn by him on more than one occasion of state and ceremony. It was afterwards purchased by Charles the First, and probably shared the fate of the other crown jewels, which Henrietta Maria carried with her to Holland, in 1642, for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition to enable her husband to carry on the war with his subjects. Probably no individual ever lent such vast sums to his sovereign as Sir Paul Pindar. Charles the First was his debtor to a vast amount, and involved Sir Paul in his own ruin. So great indeed is said to have been the revolution in his fortunes, that for a short time he was a prisoner for debt. When he died, so bewildered was his executor, William Toomes, at the confused state in which he found his friend's affairs, added to the multiplicity of his engagements and responsibilities, that it is said to have been the cause of his putting an end to his existence.

A part of the princely residence of Sir Paul

Pindar (No. 169), though strangely metamorphosed by time, stucco, and paint, may still be seen opposite to Widegate Street. Close by, in Half-Moon Street, running from Bishopsgate Street into Long Alley, may be traced a singular Gothic tenement, which, according to tradition, was the residence either of the gardener, or lodge-keeper, of Sir Paul Pindar. In the immediate neighbourhood is the church of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, in which may be seen the monument of the princely merchant. It is sufficiently simple, and bears the following inscription.

Sir Paul Pindar, Kt.,  
His Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor,  
Anno Domi. 1611, and 9 years resident.  
Faithful in negotiation, Foreign and Domestick,  
Eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence.  
An inhabitant 26 years, and bountiful Benefactor  
to this Parish.  
He died the 22nd of August 1650,  
Aged 84 years.

## CHURCH OF ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT.

ANTIQUITY OF ST. HELEN'S CHURCH.—PRIORY OF BENEDICTINE NUNS FOUNDED THERE.—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.—ITS STRIKING MONUMENTS:—SIR JULIUS CÆSAR'S, — MARTIN BOND'S, — SIR JOHN CROSBY'S, — SIR WILLIAM PICKERING'S,—SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S,—RICHARD BANCROFT'S.—HOUNSDITCH. — HAND ALLEY. — DEVONSHIRE COURT. — ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.—PERSIAN'S TOMB.—CURTAIN THEATRE. — SHOREDITCH. —HOXTON.—SPITALFIELDS.—BETHNAL GREEN.—OLD ARTILLERY GROUND.

To the East of Crosby Square is an insignificant thoroughfare, which leads us at once from the noise and turmoil of Bishopsgate Street into an area of considerable size, in which stands the ancient and interesting church of St Helen's the Great. Were it from no other circumstance than that it contains the mouldering remains and costly monuments of more than one princely possessor of Crosby Place, St. Helen's would be well worthy of a visit. But it has other and far more interesting associations.

It was probably not long after the conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity,—when that unlooked-for event burst the fetters of the primitive Christians, and drew them from their caves and hiding-places to adore their Redeemer in the

open face of day,—that a place of religious worship was raised on the site of the present St. Helen's Church. Everything around us, indeed, breathes of antiquity. Long before the days of Constantine, the ground on which we stand was the site of the princely palace, either of some Roman Emperor, or of one of his lordly delegates. In 1712, a tessellated pavement, composed of red, white, and grey *tesserae*, was discovered on the north side of Little St. Helen's gateway; and, as late as 1836, a similar pavement was found at the north-west angle of Crosby Square.

From the ruins of the ancient palaces and temples, which the Romans erected in England, not unfrequently arose the altars and churches of the early Christians. Among these, not improbably, was St. Helen's Church; although we have no certain information of its having been a place of Christian worship till 1010, in which year Alweyne, Bishop of Helmeham, removed hither from St. Edmondsbury the remains of King Edmund the Martyr, in order to prevent their being desecrated by the Danes. The very name of the saint, to whom the Church is dedicated, carries us into far antiquity. The patron saint was Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who is said to have been born at Colchester, in Essex. Her piety has immortalized her name. The inscriptions, which describe her as *Piissima*, and *Venerabilis Augusta*, show in what veneration she was held, not only by her contemporaries, but by succeeding ages.

When a pilgrimage over the sandy and hostile plains of Palestine was an undertaking from which even the boldest often shrank, the mother of the Emperor, despising alike danger and privation, journeyed to the Holy City. Persuaded by the psuedo-enthusiasts and antiquarians of the fourth century, that she had discovered not only the exact site of the Crucifixion, but the true Cross, she built a church over the presumed site of the Redeemer's interment, and by this, and other acts of piety, obtained for herself not only an extraordinary reputation for sanctity during her life-time, but canonization after death.

Putting tradition, however, out of the question, St. Helen's is undoubtedly one of the most interesting churches in London. Here, in 1210, a priory of Benedictine, or Black Nuns, was founded by William Fitz-William, a wealthy and pious goldsmith of London. The establishment appears to have been of considerable size, having its hall, hospital, dormitories, cloisters, and offices. The nuns sleep calmly beneath the green and level sward in front of St. Helen's Church, but, with the exception of the pile in which they offered up their devotions, no trace of the ancient nunnery remains. Their refectory was for many years used as the hall of the Leathersellers' Company, nor was it till 1799, that it was pulled down, in order to make room for the houses now known as St. Helen's Place. Together with the hall perished the ancient crypt beneath it, which was of great anti-

quity, and possessed no inconsiderable architectural merit.

The exterior of St. Helen's presents the singular aspect of a double church, or rather of two naves, running parallel with, and united to each other. This is accounted for from the circumstance of the one having been the original church, and the other, now forming the northern nave, having been the church attached to the nunnery. In the latter may still be seen the long range of carved seats, which were occupied by the nuns when at their devotions; but what is still more striking, is the beautiful niche, with its row of open arches beneath, known as the "Nun's Grating," through which, when suffering imprisonment for their misdemeanours in the crypt below, the nuns might view the high altar, and witness the performance of mass. The care which the Romish Church took of the spiritual welfare of those who offended against her precepts is exhibited, in a like manner, by a small and gloomy cell which still exists in the Temple Church, through an aperture in which the prisoner could listen to, and join in the services of the church. Probably in the gloomy crypt of St. Helens has languished many a fair girl, whom the feelings natural to youth may have tempted to steal from her convent walls, and to transgress the rules of her order. There is extant a curious lecture read to the nuns of St. Helen's by Kentwode, Dean of St. Paul's, on the occasion of his visitation to the convent in 1439. His hints about keeping within



the walls of the convent, lest "evil suspicion or slander might arise;"—his injunctions to close the cloister doors, and to entrust the keys to some "sad woman and discreet,"—excite strong suspicions that the nuns of St. Helen's were a pleasure-loving, if not a frail sisterhood.

The appearance of the interior of St. Helen's Church is more striking, and at the same time, far more picturesque, than that of the exterior. At the east end is a transept, and also a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, part of which has been converted into a vestry-room. The ceiling is formed by what are called tie-beams, resting on corbels, the spaces between them being divided into panels. Altogether, notwithstanding the violation of all artistical rules, the air of antiquity which pervades the building, added to the number of altar-tombs which meet the eye, and the general beauty of the architectural details, produce an effect at once solemn and impressive.

There is perhaps no church in London, of the same dimensions, which can boast so many striking monuments as St. Helen's the Great. On the south side of the church, near the east end, is a beautiful table-tomb, of black and white marble, to the memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, and Privy Councillor, in the reign of James the First, who was interred here near the communion table, on the 18th of April 1636. This tomb, which was erected by Sir Julius in his life-time, was the work of the famous sculptor, Nicholas

Stone. The most remarkable feature in it is the inscription, which is engraved on a piece of black marble, in the form of a parchment deed, with a seal appended to it. It purports to be a bond, or engagement, on the part of the deceased, duly signed and sealed, to deliver up his life to God whenever it may be demanded of him.

Another interesting monument, close by, is that of Sir John Spencer, the "rich Spencer," whom we have mentioned as the princely occupant of Crosby Place. The tomb, which is composed chiefly of black and white marble, represents Sir John Spencer and his wife, Alicia Bloomfield, lying side by side; a woman, in the attitude of prayer kneeling at their feet. The inscription, in Latin, enumerates the high civic honours held by Sir John; nor does it omit to mention that his only daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of William, Lord Compton.

Among other remarkable monuments may be mentioned that of Martin Bond, the father of Sir William Bond, whom we have mentioned as having been one of the proprietors of Crosby House.

He was one of Elizabeth's captains at Tilbury, at the time when the Spanish Armada was daily expected, and accordingly he is represented as sitting in his tent, two soldiers standing sentries outside, and an attendant in the act of bringing up his horse. The inscription is as follows:—

“*Memoriæ Sacrum.*”

“Near this place resteth the body of the worthy citizen and soldier, Martin Bond, Esq. son of William Bond, Sheriff and Alderman of London. He was Captain, in the year 1588, at the camp at Tilbury, and after remained Captain of the Trained Bands of this City until his death. He was a Merchant-Adventurer, and free of the Company of Haberdashers: he lived to the age of 85 years, and died in May 1643. His piety, prudence, courage, and charity, have left behind him a never-dying monument.”

But unquestionably the most interesting monument in St. Helen's Church, not only from its connexion with Crosby Place, but from its antiquity and costly workmanship, is that of Sir John Crosby, the founder of the old mansion, and the munificent renovator of the church in the days of Edward the Fourth. His monument, on the south side of the chancel, consists of an altar-tomb, on which are the recumbent figures of Sir John Crosby, in full armour, and of Agnes, his wife, lying side by side.

This monument is doubly valuable, as affording specimens both of the sculpture, and of the costume, of the fifteenth century.

Close by, beneath a canopy enriched with columns and arches, reclines the figure of the graceful and learned Sir William Pickering, represented in full armour. He is described as one of the finest

gentlemen of the age in which he lived; accomplished in polite literature, and in all the arts of war and peace; and as having acquired so great an influence over the mind of Queen Elizabeth, that he dared to aspire to her hand. There was formerly a long Latin inscription on his tomb, which has been effaced by time, but which has been preserved to us by former chroniclers of London. From this we learn that Sir William Pickering died on the 4th of January 1574, at the age of fifty-eight.

A conspicuous object in St. Helen's Church is the monument of Sir Thomas Gresham, whose charities, magnificence, and virtues, we have already recorded in our notice of his princely mansion in Bishopsgate Street. It consists of a large but simple altar-tomb, covered with a marble slab. No traces of letters are to be discovered on it, but it formerly contained an inscription, simple as the tomb itself:—

“Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15th, 1579.”

Another striking feature in the church, is a large unseemly mass of masonry, disfigured, rather than ornamented, by urns, beneath which lie the remains of one Richard Bancroft, who purchased the vault below, and erected the tomb over it in his life-time, in 1726. According to tradition, he amassed a large fortune by discreditable means, but becoming penitent at the close of life, he made atonement for his misdeeds by founding some alms houses at

Mile End, and by dispensing his wealth in other acts of charity. His last will was distinguished by a singular provision. Having directed that his body should be embalmed, and placed in a coffin without fastenings, he applied a fund for the annual preaching of a sermon in commemoration of his death, on which occasion it was enjoined that his body should be publicly exhibited to the almsmen, who were compelled to attend on the occasion. "He is embalmed," says Noorthouck, "in a chest made with a lid, having a pair of hinges, without any fastening, and a piece of square glass on the lid, just over his face." The interior of the tomb is still occasionally visited, but the custom of annually exposing the shrivelled remains has been for some years discontinued.

Before closing our notices of St. Helen's Church, let us point out, for the sake of the quaintness of the inscription, a small old marble monument on the north side of the altar, to the memory of a Lord Mayor of London of the olden time.

To Russia and Muscovy,  
 To Spain, Guinea, without fable,  
 Travelled he by land and sea ;  
 Bothe Mayre of London and Staple.  
 The commonwelthe he nourished  
 So worthelie in all his dayes,  
 That each state full well him loved,  
 To his perpetual praise.  
 Three wives he had ; one was Mary ;  
 Four sonnes, one mayde had he by her ;  
 Annys had none by him truly ;  
 By dame Margaret he had one daughter.

Thus, in the month of September,  
A thousand five hundred fifty  
And eight, died this worthy stapler,  
Worshiping his posterity.

It is impossible to ascertain to whom this tomb is dedicated. At least a century and a half ago, the name was entirely obliterated. In St. Helen's Church lies buried the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, Robert Hooke; but without any monument to his memory.

Returning from St. Helen's Place unto Bishopsgate Street, on the right hand side is Houndsditch, formerly a filthy ditch, into which dead dogs and cats were usually thrown, but which has long since been converted into a street of considerable importance. Into this ditch, after having been dragged by his heels from Baynard's Castle, and tormented with burning torches, were thrown the remains of the traitor, Edric, Duke of Mercia, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironsides.

Within a short distance of Houndsditch stood Hand Alley, which was built on the site of one of the principal receptacles for the dead, during the raging of the great plague, in 1665. "The upper end of Hand Alley, in Bishopsgate Street," says Defoe, "was then a green field and was taken in particularly for Bishopsgate parish, though many of the carts out of the city brought their dead thither also, particularly out of the parish of Allhallows-on-the-wall. This place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, as I remember, about two or

three years after the plague had ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground; it being reported that all those who had any right to it were carried off by the pestilence. Certain it is, the ground was let out to build upon, or built upon by his order. The first house built upon it was a large, fair house, still standing, which faces the street now called Hand Alley, which, though called an alley, is as wide as a street. The houses, in the same row with that house northward, are built on the very same ground where the poor people were buried, and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up; some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that the people began to exclaim loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion. After which the bones and bodies, as fast as they came at them, were carried to another part of the same ground, and thrown all together into a deep pit, dug on purpose, at the upper end of Rose Alley, just against the door of a meeting-house. There lie the bones and remains of near two thousand bodies, carried by the dead-carts to their graves in that one year."

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Devonshire Court, a small street leading into Devonshire Square, both of which derive their names from having been the site of the London residence of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire. Here

William, the second Earl,—the accomplished courtier of the reign of James the First,—breathed his last on the 20th of June 1628; and here Elizabeth Cecil, widow of William the third Earl, was residing as late as 1704. The mansion was originally built by one Jasper Fisher, a clerk in Chancery, who lavished such large sums on the adornment of the house and gardens, that it ended in his ruin, and obtained for the place the name of “Fisher’s Folly.” Stow speaks of it as “a large and beautiful house, with gardens of pleasure, bowling-alleys, and such like.” After passing through a succession of hands, it became the residence of that magnificent courtier, Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, Lord High Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, and preeminently conspicuous in the tournaments and stately pastimes of her reign, “He was of the highest rank,” says Mr. D’Israeli; “in great favour with the Queen, and in the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the ‘Mirror of Tuscanismo;’ and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after a seven years’ residence in Florence, returned highly ‘Italianated.’ The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is as follows. Haughty of his descent and alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England ere it could be forgotten. Once, making a



low obeisance to the Queen, before the whole court, this stately peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion. This accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to be a banished man, and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence, than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent, in three years, forty thousand pounds. On his return, he presented the Queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then, for the first time, introduced into England, as Stow has noticed. The Queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states, that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length, my Lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago.\* When Queen Elizabeth paid visits to the city, she was frequently entertained at Oxford House. From the De Veres, it passed directly into the possession of the Cavendishes.

Nearly opposite to Devonshire Court, on the west side of Bishopsgate Street, is St. Botolph's Church, erected between the years 1725 and 1728. On the north wall is to be seen the tomb of Sir Paul Pindar, to which we have already referred. Many instances of Sir Paul's munificence are to be traced in the parish books of St. Botolph's.

\* "Curiosities of Literature," p. 260. Ed. 1838.

Among these is recorded the gift of a gigantic pasty (probably an annual donation), of which the mere "flour, butter, pepper, eggs, making, and baking," cost no less than 19s. 7*d.*, no insignificant sum in the days of Charles the First. Among other entries, in the books of the parish, is one of 11*s.*, in 1578, "paid for frankincense and flowers, when the Chancellor sat with us."

Before quitting our notices of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate Street, we may point out a curious tomb in the church-yard, inscribed with Persian characters, to the memory of Hodges Shaughsware, secretary to the Persian ambassador, who came to England with his son, in the reign of James the First, and was buried on the 10th of August 1626. His son presided over the ceremonial of his interment, reading certain prayers, and using other ceremonies, according to the custom of their own country, morning and evening, for a whole month after the burial. The monument was set up at the charge of his son, who caused to be engraved on it certain Persian characters, of which the following is said to be a translation:—"This grave is made for Hodges Shaughsware, the chiefest servant to the King of Persia, for the space of twenty years, who came from the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian cometh out of that country, let him read this, and pray for him. The Lord receive his soul, for here lieth Maghmote Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy, in Persia."

There is something not a little affecting in the

grief of the son, who, compelled to leave the remains of his father to moulder in a foreign land, invokes the prayer and the tear of any pious Persian, who may hereafter chance to visit the spot. The funeral ceremony took place between eight and nine o'clock, in the morning; the body being followed to the grave by the ambassador, and the other Persians belonging to the embassy. At the north end of the grave sat the son, cross-legged, who alternately read or sang some plaintive strain; his reading and singing being intermixed with the weeping and lamentations of the other mourners. These ceremonies were continued twice a day: a certain number of the Persians repairing to the grave every morning, at six o'clock, and at the same hour in the evening, to bewail and offer up devotions for their deceased friend.

Bishopsgate Street leads us into Norton Folgate, from the west side of which street diverges Holywell Lane, the site of a nunnery of very ancient foundation, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In 1539, at the dissolution of the monastic houses, it surrendered to Henry the Eighth, and the "church thereof being pulled down, many houses were built for the lodgings of noblemen, of strangers born, and others." Close by, stood the Curtain playhouse, supposed to have been established about the year 1576, and suppressed in the reign of Charles the First. Stow, speaking of the old convent, observes: — "Near thereunto are builded two publique houses, for the acting and shew of comedies, tragedies,

and histories, for recreation. Whereof one is called the Curtain, the other, *the Theatre*; both standing on the south-west side, towards the field." The site of the Curtain theatre is still pointed out by Curtain Road, to the west of High Street, Shoreditch, formerly called Holywell Street. In the latter street, Richard Burbage, the fellow-actor and friend of Shakespeare, lived and died. The Theatre, which stood in Holywell Lane, is said to have been the oldest building erected for scenic exhibitions, in London.

Norton Folgate leads us into Shoreditch, anciently a retired village situated on the old Roman highway leading into London. It has been supposed to have derived its name from the husband of Jane Shore, the beautiful concubine of Edward the Fourth. This is not the case. There is far more reason to believe, that it owes its appellation to one of the ancestors of Sir John de Sordich, an eminent warrior, lawyer, and statesman in the reign of Edward the Third, whose family appear for centuries to have been in possession of the manor.

The parish church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, was rebuilt by Dance, the architect of the Mansion House, in 1740, and is interesting as containing the remains of many eminent actors, who "fretted their hour" in the neighbouring playhouses.\*

\* "The parish register (within a period of sixty years) records the interment of the following celebrated characters :—Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester (d. 1560); Richard Tarlton, the fa-

As late as the days of Henry the Eighth, Shoreditch stood in the open fields, and was famous for the expertness of its archers. Among these was one Barlo, who displayed such extraordinary skill in the presence of Henry the Eighth, during some sports in Windsor Park, that the King jocularly conferred on him the title of Duke of Shoreditch. This title was long afterwards assumed by the captain of the archers of London, at their festive meetings and trials of skill; his supporters also adopting such titles as Marquis of Islington, Hoxton, and other ludicrous appellations of honour. It may be mentioned, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the archers of London numbered no fewer than three thousand, of whom one thousand had gold chains. Their guard consisted of four thousand men, besides pages and henchmen; their meetings, which usually took place at Smithfield, being conducted with considerable magnificence.

During the raging of the great plague, in 1665,

mous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time (d. 1588); James Burbage (d. 1596), and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage (d. 1618-19); Gabriel Spenser the player, who fell, in 1598, in a duel with Ben Jonson; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sydney; Fortunatus Greene, the *unfortunate* offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player (d. 1593). Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar as a yearly benefactor of 6*l.* 10*s.* still distributed in bread every year to the poor of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed."—Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.*

there were few districts in London which suffered more severely than Shoreditch and its immediate vicinity. "The terror," says De Foe, "was so great at last, that the courage of the people, appointed to carry away the dead, began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered; and some of them dropped down when they have been carrying the bodies, even at the pit-side, and just ready to throw them in. One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken of the drivers, and being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown out here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit, in Finsbury Fields, the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it, and the horses running too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also: it was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it, and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies; but that, I suppose, could not be certain."

Close to Shoreditch is Hoxton, wherein still stands the mansion of Oliver third Lord St. John of Bletsoe, who died in 1618. It was in Hoxton Fields that Gabriel Spenser, the actor, was killed in a duel by Ben Jonson. The residence of Spenser was in Hog Lane, Norton Folgate.

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Spitalfields, which, in the reign of James the First, sprang

up on the site of some fair meadows and lanes, known as the Spital Fields, but which now comprise one of the most crowded districts in the metropolis. It derives its name from the priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, by one Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia, his wife. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the priory of St. Mary Spital shared the fate of the other religious houses. Thousands wept over its desolation; for its holy tenants had for centuries administered to the wants of the sick and needy; indeed, at its dissolution, it was found to contain no fewer than one hundred and eighty beds, which had been entirely appropriated to poor travellers, and to persons in sickness and distress.

The old priory appears to have stood on the site of the present White Lion Street and the adjacent streets. Close by, at the north-east corner of Spital Square, stood the famous Spital pulpit or cross, where, for nearly three centuries, sermons were preached three times during Easter, to the citizens of London, who assembled there in the open air. On these occasions, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen never failed to attend in their robes of state: indeed, in such repute were the "Spital Sermons" held by our ancestors, that we find them frequented in great state, both by Queen Elizabeth, and by her successor, James the First. On the occasion of the former sovereign visiting Spital Cross, in April 1559, her guard consisted of a thousand men in

complete armour, who marched to the sound of drum and trumpet ; her progress being enlivened by the grotesque antics of morris-dancers, and “ in a cart two white bears.” The Spital Cross was demolished during the civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First. After the Restoration, the Spital sermons were preached at St. Bride’s, Fleet Street, where the custom continued to prevail till within the last forty years, when it was transferred to Christ’s Church, Newgate Street. Here they are still attended by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and other dignitaries connected with the principal metropolitan charities.

The old Spital Fields are now formed into a number of streets, lanes, and alleys, which are principally inhabited by the artizans employed in those celebrated silk manufactures which have rendered the name of this district so famous. Not a few of the inhabitants are the descendants of the unfortunate Huguenots, who fled from France, in 1685, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, to avoid the cruel persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. To that proscription, as impolitic as it was barbarous, we owe the foundation and establishment of the silk manufacture in England.

Christchurch, Spitalfields, was built by Nicholas Hawksmore, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Here was the great burial-place of the Romans for those who died within the walls of the city. We



learn from Granger, that in Pelham Street, Spitalfields, Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Foster, kept a chandler's shop.

The celebrated statesman, Lord Bolingbroke, is said to have resided in a house on the north side of Spital Square. In the immediate neighbourhood, too, was born the great ecclesiastical historian, John Strype.

To the north-east of Spitalfields is Bethnal Green, anciently a retired hamlet, comprising, in Queen Elizabeth's days, a few scattered cottages and farm-houses, which surrounded the episcopal palace of the brutal Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, from whom Bonner's Fields derive their name. The church, dedicated to St. Matthew the Evangelist, was erected in 1740, at the north-east corner of Hare Street, Spitalfields. Three years afterwards, this district having been found to contain as many as eighteen hundred houses, with a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants, an Act of Parliament was passed for forming the *hamlet* of Bethnal Green, into a distinct parish.

Pepys writes, on the 26th June 1663;—"By coach to Bednall-Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden: the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it."

“ It was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,  
 He had a fair daughter of bewty most bright ;  
 And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,  
 For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favor most faire,  
 Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar’s heyre,  
 Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,  
 Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

\* \* \* \*

My father, shee said, is soone to be scene ;  
 The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene ;  
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,  
 He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are known very well ;  
 He always is led with a dog and a bell ;  
 A seely old man, God knoweth is hee,  
 Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.” \*

Before we take leave of this remote neighbourhood, we must not omit a brief mention of the *Old Artillery Ground*, which occupied the site of Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and other adjacent streets, in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields. It was originally known by the designation of Tassell’s Close, from having been anciently a spot of ground where the tassells or teazles, used in the manufacture of cloth, was cultivated. Subsequently, William, the last prior of St. Mary Spital, granted it for three times ninety-nine years to the fraternity of Artillery, or Gunners of the Tower. The ground was laid out expressly for the purpose of proving the artillery, for gunnery practice, and other

\* “ The Beggar’s Daughter of Bednall-Green.” Percy’s Reliques, v. ii. p. 162.

military purposes, and thus obtained the name of the Artillery Garden. Stow informs us that in his time, the gunners of the Tower used to repair hither every Thursday, to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth, which served as a butt. In 1622, the Artillery Company removed to an area on the west side of Finsbury Square, which thus obtained the name of the *new* Artillery Ground. It was not, however, till some years afterwards that the *old* Artillery Ground, as we learn from Strype, was entirely neglected. Pepys also thus alludes to it in his "Diary":—"April 20, 1669; in the afternoon we walked to the Old Artillery Ground, Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns." Artillery Lane and Fort Street still remain to point out the immediate site of the *old* Artillery Ground.

## LONDON WALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, &amp;c.

ORIGINAL EXTENT OF LONDON WALL.—ITS GATES.—THE CITY DITCH.  
—BROAD STREET.—AUSTIN FRIARS—MONUMENTS THERE.—WIN-  
CHESTER HOUSE.—FINSBURY AND MOORFIELDS.—BEDLAM.—MOOR-  
GATE STREET.—NEW ARTILLERY GROUND.—MILTON.—BUNHILL  
ROW.—BUNHILL FIELDS' BURIAL-GROUND.—CELEBRATED PERSONS  
BURIED THERE.—GRUB STREET.—HOOLE AND DR. JOHNSON.

LET us retrace our steps to Bishopsgate Street Within, and then turn down the long and narrow street, called London Wall, which anciently ran parallel with the north wall of the city. When the Romans, in the fifth century, found themselves compelled to abandon their conquests in Britain, they left London encircled by a wall twenty-two feet high, and measuring, in its circuit from the Tower to Blackfriars, two miles and a furlong in length. In addition to two principal fortresses, the wall was defended by thirteen towers, erected at advantageous distances, and supposed to have been about forty feet in height. There were originally but three entrances into the city; one at Aldgate on the east; another, near Aldersgate Street on the north; and Ludgate on the west. At later periods were added Newgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and the Postern on Tower Hill. The wall commenced at the Tower, then the principal

Roman fortress in London. From thence it ran in a straight line to Aldgate, where it commenced a semicircular route by the Minories, Houndsditch, and along London Wall Street to Cripplegate. Here the north wall terminated nearly in an angle, and taking a southerly direction, descended, by way of Aldersgate and Newgate to the Thames, where it united itself with another Tower, or *Arx Palatina*, which stood nearly on the spot where the Fleet Ditch now empties itself into the river.

Of the ancient wall erected by the Romans, several fragments existed within the last hundred years. Pennant, writing at the close of the last century, observes, "On the back of Bethlem Hospital is a long street, called London Wall, from being bounded on the north by a long extent of the wall, in which are here and there a few traces of the Roman masonry." The most perfect remains of the old London wall, which are now extant, may be seen in an unfrequented and gloomy spot, the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The only other remains are in the Old Bailey, in St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, and at the back of Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

Between the period of the erection of the City Walls by the Romans, and the addition of the City Ditch, no fewer than nine hundred years were allowed to elapse. Both were stupendous works. The one was commenced about the year 306, during the reign of Constantius; the other in

1211. The ditch had originally been made by the citizens of London, at their own expense and labour ; apparently to protect themselves against the tyranny and aggressions of King John. That their descendants took a deep interest in the work of their forefathers, is evident from the money and labour which they expended for nearly three centuries, in keeping the ditch cleansed, and available for military purposes. As late as the days of Stow, it was famous for the quantity of perch and carp with which it provided the tables of the wealthy citizens. The old antiquary, however, lived to bewail the destruction of this interesting relic of the feudal times. The last outlay of money which was expended on the City Ditch was in 1595, and, not many years afterwards, it was covered with buildings: not a trace of it, we believe, is now in existence.

Passing along London Wall, on the left is Broad Street, where, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, stood the London mansion of Gilbert, Earl of Salisbury. Here, in the following century, was an establishment for the manufacture of Venetian glass, of which James Howell, the author of the "Familiar Letters," was steward; and it was in this glass-house that General Monk quartered himself, immediately before he declared himself in favour of the Restoration. Whitelocke informs us that Monk was followed by a multitude of people, who "congratulated his coming into the city, making loud shouts and bonfires, and ringing the bells."

Broad Street leads us into Austin Friars. Here formerly stood a Priory of Mendicant, or Begging Friars, founded in 1253, by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and dedicated to St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo in Africa. At its dissolution, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the greater part of the ground on which it stood was granted by that monarch to William first Marquis of Winchester, Comptroller of the Household, and Lord High Treasurer. All that remains of the old Priory is the church, which was granted by Edward the Sixth to a congregation of Germans, and other foreigners, who had emigrated to England to escape from religious persecution. Succeeding monarchs confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it is still used as a place of worship, being usually known by the appellation of the Dutch Church.

Beautiful as are the remains of the old Church which have been preserved to us, there is no religious edifice in London which has suffered more cruelly from time and neglect. Its magnificent tombs, as well as its exquisite spire, considered the "beautifullest and rarest spectacle" in the metropolis, have entirely disappeared. Nevertheless, the number of the illustrious and ill-fated dead, who rest beneath our feet, will always render the church of St. Augustin a most interesting spot. Here lies the pious founder of the Priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward the First, and who afterwards fought against Henry

the Third with the leagued Barons at the Battle of Evesham. Here were interred the remains of the great Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the most powerful subject in Europe during the reigns of King John and Henry the Third, and no less celebrated for his chequered and romantic fortunes.\* Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent," and half-brother to Richard the Second. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Richard Fitzalan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed at Cheapside in 1397. And here also rest the mangled remains of the Barons who fell at the Battle of Barnet in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and, lastly, of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, "poor Edward Bohun," who having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1521.

To the memory of these ill-fated persons, as well as to many others conspicuous in their day for rank, beauty, or genius, St. Augustin's could formerly boast of monuments more numerous and sumptuous than those of any other church in London. To the cupidity of the second Marquis of Winchester, who converted the old church into a lumber warehouse, and sold the tombs to the highest bidder, we owe

\* For an account of this remarkable man, *see* First Series, vol. ii. p. 276.



this shameful desecration of the dead—the destruction of so much that was beautiful in art.

Behind the Dutch Church, close to London Wall, stood the “Papey,” founded in 1430, for a fraternity of poor infirm priests of the order of St. Charity and St. John the Evangelist. They were skilled in singing funeral dirges; their principal occupation consisting in attending the burials of the rich, from which circumstance they were styled *pleureurs*, weepers, or mourners, and in this capacity are frequently represented on the sides of ancient monuments. The house of the Papeys subsequently became the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham.

In 1621, when the great Earl of Strafford first obtained a seat in Parliament as representative for the county of York, it was in Austin Friars that he took up his residence with his young children, and with that fair wife whom he lost by death the following year, and to whom he so touchingly alluded as a “saint in Heaven,” at his famous trial-scene in Westminster Hall. In Austin Friars, also, died in July, 1776, in his seventieth year, James Heywood, who, more than sixty years before, had been one of the popular writers in the “Spectator.” He is said to have originally been a wholesale linen-draper on Fish Street Hill. The late James Smith, one of the authors of the “Rejected Addresses,” lived at No. 18, Austin Friars, previous to his removal to Craven Street, Strand, where he died.

Adjoining Austin Friars is Winchester Street, which, with its picturesque gable-ends, and its general appearance of antiquity, affords us a better notion of the aspect of a London street in the days of Queen Elizabeth, than, perhaps, any other street in the metropolis. Here, till within the last few years, stood the London residence of the Paulets, Marquises of Winchester. It was built by the first Marquis, who was also the founder of Basing House. This remarkable man died in 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, leaving at his death no fewer than one hundred and three persons who were immediately descended from him. He had lived under the reign of nine sovereigns, his birth having taken place in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and his death in that of Queen Elizabeth. Being asked by what means he had contrived to maintain himself in favour and power under so many reigns, and during so many political tempests, his significant reply was,—“By being a willow, and not an oak.”

Winchester House, at the period of its demolition in 1839, was one of the most interesting specimens of the dwelling-houses of the ancient nobility, which remained in London. It continued to be in the possession of the Paulets till the reign of James the First, when William, the fourth Marquis, became so impoverished by his magnificent style of living, as to be compelled to dispose of it for the payment of his debts. It appears to have then been purchased by John Swinnerton,

a rich merchant, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. When the author, shortly before their demolition, bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her stately courtiers, he found them the scene of busy trade, and was informed by their owner that the old house had been in the possession of his ancestors for about two centuries. Notwithstanding this long lapse of time, on many of the windows were still to be seen, in stained glass, the motto of the Paulets, "*Aimez Loyauté.*" This circumstance was rendered the more interesting, from the well-known incident of the gallant Marquis of Winchester, during his glorious defence of Basing House, having engraved the motto of his family with a diamond pencil on every window in the mansion. Probably it was from early recollection of this peculiar feature in the London residence of his forefathers (for forty years had elapsed since Winchester House had passed into the hands of strangers), which suggested to the heroic Marquis the idea of engraving his family motto on the windows of the besieged mansion. It was in her mother's apartments, in "Austin Friars House," that Anne Clifford (memorable for her haughty reply to the minister of Charles the Second) was married to her first husband on the 25th of February 1608-9.

Nearly at the end of Little Winchester Street is the church of Allhallows in the Wall. It escaped the ravages of the Great Fire, but having fallen into a ruinous state, it was taken down in 1764, and

the following year the present edifice was erected by the younger Dance, on its site. In the chancel may be seen a tablet to the memory of the Rev. William Beloe, the translator of "Herodotus," who died in 1817, having held the rectory of the parish for twenty years.

The ground to the north of London Wall, comprising Finsbury Circus, Little Moorfields, Finsbury Square, &c., consisted, as late as the reign of Charles the Second, of large fenny pastures, known as Moor Fields and Fensbury. The dog-house, in which were kept the hounds of the Lord Mayors of London, stood on the east side: on the west was to be seen the manor-house of Finsbury, and, to the north, three or four scattered windmills were the only objects which diversified the scene.

As far back as the twelfth century, Finsbury and Moorfields were favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London; while centuries afterwards, the cudgel-players and wrestling-matches in Moorfields are severally spoken of by Shadwell and Pepys. Heath tells us, in his "Chronicle," that from "time out of mind" it had been the scene of wrestling-matches, and throwing the bar; and to these sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, foot-ball, and every kind of manly recreation. It has generally been supposed that skating was first introduced into England by Charles the Second and his gay courtiers, who are said to have learned the art during their exile in the

Low Countries. There is a curious passage, however, in Fitzstephen,—the earliest historian of London,—which shows that the art of skating, or, at least, something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he says,—“Others there are who are more expert in these amusements ; they place certain bones, the leg bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow.” The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes, is spoken of by Fitzstephen as “the Great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side.”

It was in Finsbury Fields, on his return to London after his exploits in Scotland, that the great Protector, Duke of Somerset, was met and congratulated by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, as well as by a vast concourse of the citizens of the metropolis. “At the coming back of the Lord Protector from his journey in Scotland,” says Holinshed, “the citizens of London determined to have received him with great triumph : but he, hearing thereof, forbad them in any wise so to do ; for, said he, if anything hath been done to the honour of the nation, it was God’s doing ; and therefore

willed them to give Him the praise. Nevertheless, the Mayor and Aldermen, with certain of the Commons, in their liveries and their hoods, hearing of his approach to the city, the eighth of October (1548), met him in Finsbury Fields, where he took each of them by the hand, and thanked them for their good wills. The Lord Mayor did ride with him till they came to the pond in Smithfield, where his Grace left them, and rode to his house of Shene that night, and the next day to the King to Hampton Court.”\*

Finsbury, notwithstanding the marshy nature of the ground, appears to have contained some sunny and pleasant spots. “Morefield,” on the contrary, is mentioned as a “most noysome and offensive place, being a general laystall, a rotten morish ground, whereof it first took the name. This field,” continues Stow, “for many years was environed and crossed with deep stinking ditches, and noysome common sewers, and was of former times ever held impossible to be reformed, especially to be reduced to any part of that fair, sweet, and pleasant condition, as now it is.” Such was the wretched state of Morefields, in the days of Edward the Second, that travellers could only pass over it on causeways; and of so little value was the ground, that it was let, with a considerable part of the Fen, at a rent of only four marks a year. The draining and improvement of this “noisome and offensive place” was commenced in 1527. In the early part

\* Holinshed’s “Chronicles,” vol. iii. p. 889.

of the reign of James the First, we find it converted into “new and pleasant walks,” and, as it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the residences of many of the nobility and most wealthy citizens, it soon became the most fashionable promenade in the north-east of London. As late as the last century, the spot of ground in front of old Bethlehem Hospital,—divided by gravel-walks, and planted with elm-trees,—was so favourite a resort of the fashionable citizens, as to obtain for it the distinguishing appellation of the “City Mall.”

In Moorfields was dug another of those frightful plague-pits, which received the victims of the giant pestilence in 1665. Defoe, speaking of these numerous receptacles of the dead, observes,—“Besides these, there was a piece of ground in Moorfields, by the going into the street which is now called Old Bethlehem, which was enlarged much, though not wholly taken in on the same occasion.”

Another gigantic burial-place in this vicinity was dug nearly on the site of the present Windmill Street; no fewer than one thousand cart-loads of human bones having been removed hither, when the Duke of Somerset pulled down the charnel-house, and other buildings attached to St. Paul's Cathedral, in order to furnish materials for his new palace in the Strand. Three windmills, which may be traced in the old maps of London, long pointed out the site. Bedlam, or rather Bethlehem, dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem, was originally an hospital or priory, founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, Sheriff



of London, for the reception and cure of lunatics. It stood originally between the east side of Moorfields and Bishopsgate Street, and consisted of a prior, canons, brethren and sisters, who dressed in a black habit, and were distinguished by a star on their breasts. In the churchyard of the Hospital was interred Robert Greene, the celebrated wit and dramatic writer of the reign of Elizabeth. According to Anthony Wood, he died after a short life of riot and dissipation, of a surfeit brought on by too free an indulgence in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Here also was interred the stern republican John Lilburne, who died in 1657.

The old building having fallen into a ruinous state, in 1675 the Corporation of London granted a plot of ground on the south side of Moorfields, for the erection of a larger and more commodious hospital. Large sums were raised by public subscription, and in 1675, the new hospital was erected at an expense of 17,000*l*. It was built on the plan of the palace of the Tuilleries at Paris; a circumstance which so deeply offended Louis the Fourteenth, that he is said to have ordered a plan to be taken of St. James's Palace, with the intention of making it the model of a building to be adapted to the vilest purposes.

Bedlam, in the form in which it stood at the commencement of the present century, presented an imposing appearance, being five hundred feet long, and forty broad. Not the least striking objects



which distinguished its exterior, were the famous statues over the gates, of raving and melancholy madness, the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the comedian and poet laureat, Colley Cibber. It is needless to remark, that it is to these statues that Pope alludes in the *Dunciad*, when satirizing the son of the sculptor:

Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,  
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.\*

With reference to the large sums which were subscribed by charitable persons, for the erection of the new hospital in Moorfields, a curious anecdote is related by a M. Grosley, a Frenchman, who published a narrative of his tour in England. The Committee, who were appointed to canvass for subscriptions, happened to call upon a wealthy old gentleman, and while waiting for his appearance, distinctly overheard him scolding his maid-servant for her extravagance, in having thrown away a match which had been only half-consumed. This singular instance of penuriousness promised anything but a favourable result to the object they had in view.

\* These statues are preserved in the vestibule of the present Hospital in St. George's Fields. One of them, it is said, was intended to represent Oliver Cromwell's gigantic porter, who was long confined in Bedlam. It may be remarked, that they are not *brazen*, but of Portland stone. They were painted, in order to protect them from the weather, and were probably originally of a bronze colour, for which white has since been substituted. For an interesting account of that singular race of licensed mendicants, *the Tom o' Bedlams*, see D'Israeli's "*Curiosities of Literature*," ed. 1839, pp. 285, 286.

However, on entering the apartment, and having intimated to him the occasion of their visit, the old gentleman unlocked a closet, and taking from it a bag containing four hundred guineas, placed it in the hands of the Committee. So struck was one of them at this act of munificence, that he could not help expressing his surprise, at the same time intimating that he had overheard the conversation with the maid. "Gentlemen," was the reply of the eccentric old man, "I keep house, and save and spend money in my own way: the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to acts of charity and benevolence, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts."

In 1814,—partly on account of its dilapidated state, and partly from the site being required for some projected improvements in Moorfields,—Bethlem Hospital was taken down, and the establishment removed to St. George's Fields, near Lambeth.

On the north side of Moorfields, opposite to Bethlem, stood formerly the hospital of St. Luke. Having been found too small, however, for the purposes for which it was intended, it was taken down, and superseded by the present extensive building in Old Street Road, erected in 1784, at an expense of 55,000*l*.

Running out of London Wall, nearly opposite to Little Moorfields, is Moorgate Street, the site of

one of the old postern-gates in the City Wall. This gate was opened in 1415, by Thomas Falconer, Lord Mayor of London, for the convenience of the citizens. "The Lord Mayor," says Stow, "caused the wall of the city to be broken near unto Coleman Street, and built a postern, now called Moorgate, upon the Moor side, where was never gate before. This gate he made for the ease of the citizens, that way to pass upon causeways into the fields for their recreation." Close to Moorgate was born, on the 4th of February 1693, the well-known dramatic writer, George Lillo, the author of "George Barnwell," and of "The Fatal Curiosity."

Almost adjoining Finsbury Square is the New Artillery Ground, of which mention has already been made as the spot where the artillery was proved, and where the Train Bands of the city were exercised. Close by was a most interesting spot, Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, containing the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last, in November 1674. The site is pointed out by the present Artillery Place, Bunhill Row. Milton's nephew and biographer, Philips, informs us that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery Walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, in a coarse grey cloth cloak, to enjoy the fresh air, and that in this manner he received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came either to pay homage to him, or to enjoy

his conversation. A Dr. Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Philips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery Walk. He found him in a small apartment, on the first floor, hung with rusty green, where he was seated in an elbow-chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones; and he told Dr. Wright that were it not for the pain he endured, his blindness would be tolerable. It was in this house that he was visited by Dryden. Aubrey tells us: "John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureat, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to *tagge* his verses."

On the west side of the Artillery Ground is Bunhill Row, forming a part of the site of the old Bunhill Fields. Close by stood one of the principal pest-houses during the raging of the great plague. Defoe, who speaks of it as "the pest-house beyond Bunhill Fields, in the way to Islington," informs us that so small was the accommodation which it afforded, that it could contain only three or four hundred patients, and, even then, many of the miserable sufferers were compelled to sleep two in a bed. Here, too, was dug another of those frightful plague-pits, of which Defoe has given us so harrowing a description. "I have heard," he says, "that in a great pit in Finsbury,

in the parish of Cripplegate,—it lying open to the fields, for it was not then walled about,—many who were infected and near their end, and delirious also, ran, wrapped in blankets or rags, and threw themselves in and expired there, before any earth could be thrown upon them. When they came to bury others and found them, they were quite dead, though not cold.” The spot was shortly afterwards walled in, and became the principal burial-place of the dissenters in London. Anthony Wood speaks of it as the “fanatical burying-place, called by some, Tindals’ burying-place.” It is now known as the “Bunhill Fields Burial Ground.” Here was interred John Bunyan, author of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” who died in August 1688. Southey informs us, that such has been the veneration that has attached to Bunyan’s memory, that it is said “many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited.” Here also were interred Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the popular Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his death-bed, and who died in 1679; George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, who died in 1690; Charles Fleetwood, the celebrated Parliamentary General, and son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1692; Dr. Isaac Watts, the author of the Hymns, who died in 1748; Joseph Ritson, the collector of our early national poetry, who died in a mad-house at Hoxton, in 1803; and Thomas Stothard, the royal academician, who died in 1834.

Lastly, let us not omit to mention that here—close to the plague-pit, the horrors of which his pen has so vividly described—lies buried Daniel Defoe, the author of “Robinson Crusoe.” The spot was selected by him in his life-time, being close to the grave of his sister, who had died a few years previously.\*

In Old Street, “near London,” lived Samuel Daniel, the poet and historian. His residence consisted of a small house and garden, where he lived in comparative retirement, and where he composed most of his dramatic pieces. In this street also, in 1763, died the celebrated George Psalmanazar.

Within a short distance from Old Street, stood Grub Street, now Milton Street, the suppositious residence of needy authors, and so often the subject of ridicule and satire both in prose and verse, as almost to be rendered classic ground. †

A spot near Cripplegate extends,  
Grub Street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,  
Where (but that bards are never friends)  
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.

JAMES SMITH.

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\* For further particulars respecting this interesting burial-ground, see Cunningham's “London,” vol. i. p. 151.

† Grub Street, *n. s.*, originally the name of a street near Moorfields, in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*.—JOHNSON'S “*Dictionary*.”

Let Budgell charge low *Grub Street* with his quill.—POPE.  
I'd sooner ballads write, and *Grub Street* lays.—GAY.

In this street lived John Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs." Here also, according to Pennant, lived and died the "very remarkable Henry Welby, Esq., of Lincolnshire, who lived in his house, in this street, forty-four years, without ever being seen by any human being." He was a man possessed of large property, but his brother having made an attempt to kill him, it produced such an effect on his mind, that he determined to seclude himself entirely from the world. For nearly half a century all that was known of him was his extensive and munificent charities. He died on the 29th of October, 1636.\*

In Moorfields was born John Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Metastasio; and in Grub Street he received his education. Happening to mention the latter circumstance when in company with Dr. Johnson,—“Sir,” said Johnson, “you have been *regularly* educated.” Having inquired who was his instructor, and Hoole having answered, “My uncle, sir, who was a tailor;” Johnson, recollecting himself, said, “Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical tailor*. He was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others: but pray, sir, was he a *good tailor*?” Hoole having replied that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat.

\* For a more detailed account of this eccentric person, see the “Phoenix Britannicus,” p. 369.

“I am sorry for it,” said Johnson, “for I would have every man to be master of his own business.” Boswell informs us, that from this period Dr. Johnson used frequently to jest with Hoole on his literary connexion with Grub Street. “Sir,” he used often to say, “let you and I go together, and eat a beef-steak in Grub Street.”



## ST. GILES'S CRIPPLEGATE, BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL, FORTUNE THEATRE.

ANTIQUITY OF ST. GILES'S CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.—CELEBRATED MEN BURIED THERE: SPEED,—JOHN FOX,—ROBERT GLOVER,—SIR MARTIN FROBISHER,—WILLIAM BULLEYN,—MILTON,—MARGARET LUCY,—THOMAS BUSBY.—MONKWELL STREET.—BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.—SILVER STREET.—SION COLLEGE.—WOOD STREET.—ST. MARY, ALDERMANBURY.—JUDGE JEFFERYS.—THOMAS FARNABY.—JEWIN STREET.—ALDERSGATE STREET.—SHAFTESBURY, PETRE, AND LONSDALE HOUSES.—MILTON.—BARBICAN.—FORTUNE THEATRE.

LET us retrace our steps to London Wall, and stroll into the interesting and venerable church of St. Giles's Cripplegate. There are few religious edifices in London, through which the poet, the antiquary, or the historian will wander with greater pleasure, or quit with greater regret.

The church of St. Giles, “without Cripplegate,” was originally founded, about the year 1090, by Alfune, Bishop of London, and dedicated by him to St. Egidius, or St. Giles, a wealthy native saint of Athens, whose tenderness of heart is said to have been so great, that having expended his whole fortune in acts of charity, he gave the coat on his back to a sick beggar, whom he had no other means of relieving. In 1545, the old church was partially burnt, but was shortly afterwards repaired, and has since undergone but little change. The

name of Cripplegate was derived from the neighbouring postern, or Cripple-gate, so called, according to Stow, from the number of cripples who were in the daily habit of assembling there, for the purpose of begging alms from those who passed into, or out of the city.

St. Giles's church can boast but little architectural beauty, and that little is destroyed by its heavy pews, and its cumbrous and unsightly galleries. The great interest which it possesses is from its historical associations, from the many celebrated men who lie buried beneath its roof, and lastly, from the very interesting remains of the old fortified wall, which can only be seen by a visit to its gloomy church-yard.

On the south wall of the chancel is the monument of the celebrated antiquary, John Speed, who, as the Latin inscription on it informs us,\* died on the 28th of July 1629, and was buried within the church. His monument, of white marble, consists of a bust, which was once gilt and painted, in which the old antiquary is represented holding in one hand a book, and a skull in the other.

\* *Piæ Memorïæ clarissimorum Parentum, Johannis Speed, Civis Londinensis, Mercatorum Scissorum Fratris, Servi fidelissimi Regiarum Majestatum Elizabethæ, Jacobi, et Caroli nunc superstitis. Terrarum nostrarum Geographi accurati, et fidi Antiquitatis Britannicæ Historiographi, Genealogiæ Sacræ elegantissimi Delineatoris. Qui postquam annos 77 superaverat, non tam morbo confectus, quam mortalitatis tædio lassatus, corpore se levavit Julii 28, 1629, et jucundissimo Redemptoris sui desiderio sursum elatus carnem hic in custodiam posuit, denuo cum Christus venerit, recepturus, &c.*

Passing on, also on the south wall of the chancel, is a simple tablet to the memory of John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," who died in the neighbourhood in April 1587, and who lies buried beneath.\* It is well known, that, after he was reduced in circumstances, Fox lived for a considerable time in the house of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in Warwickshire, as tutor to his sons; it is, therefore, not a little interesting to find a child and grandchild of Sir Thomas buried beneath the same roof as the venerable tutor of the family, and mingling their dust with his. It seems probable that the London residence of the Lucys was in this immediate neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Lucy, above mentioned, was the knight whose park was the scene of Shakespeare's deer-stealing frolic, and whom he has immortalized as,—

A Parliament man, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scare-crow, in London an ass.

Over the tomb of the martyrologist is a striking-looking monument, representing a female figure in a shroud rising from a coffin. This has been supposed to commemorate the story of a lady, who,

\* "*Johanni Foxo, Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Martyrologo fidelissimo, Antiquitatis Historicæ Indagatori sagacissimo, Evangelicæ Veritatis Propugnatori acerrimo, Thaumaturgo admirabili; qui Martyres Marianos, tanquam Phœnices, ex cineribus redivivos præstitit; Patri suo omni pietatis officio imprimis colendo, Samuel Foxus, illius primogenitus, hoc Monumentum posuit, non sine lachrymis. "Obiit die 18 Mens. April. An. Dom. 1587, jam septuagenarius. Vita vitæ mortalis est, spes vitæ immortalis."* The inscription is now perfect only as far as the word "*hoc*."

having been buried while in a trance, was restored to life, and subsequently became the mother of several children; her resuscitation, it is said, having been brought about by the cupidity of a sexton, which induced him to open the coffin in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring which was on her finger. The story, however, is entirely fabulous. The monument in question is to the memory of Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who died at the age of seventeen; excelling, as her epitaph informs us, "in all noble qualities becoming a virgin of so sweet proportion of beauty, and harmony of parts."

Another monument in the south aisle, is a mural tablet in memory of Robert Glover, the well-known antiquary and herald, who died in 1588. The tablet contains a long Latin inscription, commemorative of his genius and indefatigable diligence, his blameless life and pious end.

It is to be regretted that there is no memorial to point out the resting-place of that gallant knight, Sir Martin Frobisher, whose name is so intimately connected with the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and the fortunes of Sir Walter Raleigh. It has generally been supposed that, after he received his death-wound near Brest, his body was conveyed to Plymouth and interred at that place. There can be no question, however, that he was buried in St. Giles's church; his name appearing in the

register of burials, under the date 14th of January 1594-5.

Another eminent person buried in this church, but to whose memory there is no monument, is William Bulleyn, physician to Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time. Dr. Bulleyn, who was the author of several medical works, died on the 7th of January 1576.

But the most illustrious person who lies buried in St. Giles's church, is the author of "Paradise Lost." Aubrey, writing in 1681, informs us, — "He lies buried in St. Giles's Cripplegate, upper end of the chancel, at the right hand: *Mem.*, his stone is now removed: about two years since the two steps to the Communion-table were raised. Speed and he lie together." In the parish register, among the entry of burials on the 12th of November 1674, are the words,—"John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel." In 1790, the grave of the poet was opened and his remains desecrated, which provoked some indignant verses from Cowper.

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones  
Where Milton's ashes lay,  
That trembled not to grasp his bones,  
And steal his dust away !

O, ill-requited bard ! neglect  
Thy living worth repaid,  
And blind idolatrous respect  
As much affronts thee dead !

The author was assured, when he visited the spot, that one of the fingers of the great poet had been purloined by one of the parishioners, and converted into a tobacco-stopper. For nearly one hundred and twenty years, the grave of the immortal poet remained without a memorial of his resting-place, till, in 1793, Mr. Whitbread erected a bust with an inscription over his remains. The bust is by the elder Bacon, and the inscription is as follows :—

JOHN MILTON,  
Author of *Paradise Lost*,  
Born Dec. 1608.  
Died Nov. 1674.

His father, John Milton, died March 1646.

They were both interred in this church.

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Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793.

Several other interesting monuments and curious inscriptions are to be seen in St. Giles's church, but we will content ourselves with transcribing two of the latter; the one for the sake of its touching simplicity, and the other on account of its quaintness. Within the rails, which surround the Communion-table, is a small monument of white marble, on which we read the following simple, but touching inscription :—

Here lyes Margaret Lucy, second daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlote in the county of Warwick, who departed this life on the 18th of November 1634, and about the 19th year of her age. For discretion and sweetness of conversation, not many excelled; and for piety and patience in her sickness and death, few excelled her; which is the comfort of her nearest friends, to every of whom

she was very dear; but especially to her old Grandmother, the Lady Constance Lucy, under whose government she died, who, having long expected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust, by faith and hope in the precious Blood of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after, and be partaker, together with her and others, of the unspeakable and everlasting joys in His blessed Kingdom; to whom be all honour, laud, and praise, now and ever, Amen.

The other monument to which we have referred, and which is of considerable pretensions, is to the memory of Thomas Busby, "Citizen and Cooper," who died on the 11th of July, 1575. The figure of the deceased is represented holding in one hand a skull, and in the other a pair of gloves, while beneath is the following inscription:—

This Busby, willing to relieve the poor,  
With fire and with bread,  
Did give the house wherein he dwelt,  
Then called the Queen's Head.

Four full loads of the best charcoal  
He would have bought each year;  
And forty dozen of wheaten bread,  
For poor Householders here.

To see these things distributed,  
This Busby put in trust  
The Vicar and Churchwardens,  
Thinking them to be just.

God grant that poor Householders here,  
May thankful be for such;  
So God will move the minds of more,  
To do for them as much.

And let this good example move  
Such men as God hath blessed,  
To do the like, before they go  
With Busby to their rest.

Within this chapel Busby's bones  
In dust awhile must stay ;  
Till He that made them raise them up,  
To live with Christ for aye.

It was at the altar of St. Giles's church, that Oliver Cromwell was married, on the 20th of August, 1620, to Elizabeth Bourchier, who became the mother of his numerous children, and the sharer of his greatness.

The ground which surrounds St. Giles's is scarcely less classical and interesting than the old church itself. Immediately adjoining it is Monkwell Street, which derives its name from a well which anciently existed on its site, and which supplied a small hermitage, or chapel, of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by the hermit and two monks belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon. In this street stands Barber-Surgeons' Hall ; one of those interesting memorials which vividly remind us of old customs and old times, when the art of surgery and of shaving went hand-in-hand in England, as is still the case in some remote parts of Europe. Over the gateway may still be seen the arms of the Company, in which three razors form not the least conspicuous objects in the shield.

The united Company of Barbers and Surgeons were first incorporated by Edward the Fourth, in 1461-2 ; and it would even seem that, of the two professions, that of barber was, at this period, considered the most respectable ; at least,



if we may judge from their adopting, and petitioning to be distinguished by, the style and title of the "Mystery of Barbers." The barber-surgeons, through whose immediate influence the charter was obtained from the King, were Thomas Monestede, Sheriff of London in 1436, and chirurgeon to Kings Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth;—Jaques Fries, physician to Edward the Fourth; and William Hobbs, "physician and chirurgeon for the same king's body."

Under what circumstances, or at what particular period, a part of the body of Barber-Surgeons withdrew themselves from the Company, and devoted themselves to the exclusive practice of chirurgery, is not known. It was not, however, till the fifth of Henry the Eighth that we find them legally recognized as a separate mystery or craft. The separation did not last long, for in the thirty-third year of the same reign (1541), we discover the barbers and surgeons again incorporated in one company, by the name of "the Master or Governors of the Mystery or Commonalty of Barbers and Chirurgeons of the City of London." Not many years afterwards, the two occupations of barber and surgeon became once more virtually distinct. The two crafts, however, continued to mingle amicably with each other, as members of the same corporate body; nor was it till 1745,—in consequence of the surgeons addressing a petition to Parliament,—that they were again and finally separated. They forthwith formed themselves into

two distinct companies; the barbers, as the more ancient body, being allowed to retain possession of the old hall in Monkwell Street.

The present Barber-Surgeons' Hall,—or rather such part of it as escaped the Great Fire of London,—was built by Inigo Jones, in 1636, on the site of a more ancient building belonging to the company. By far the most beautiful part of Inigo Jones' structure was the Theatre of Anatomy, which Walpole speaks of as one of "his best works," and which was pulled down by the barbers, on their separation from the surgeons, and sold for the value of its materials. Nevertheless, there is much that is interesting in the present building. Crossing a small court-yard, we enter at once into the hall of the company; an apartment simple in its style of architecture, and well-proportioned, but the cheerless aspect of which is rendered the more striking, from the gloomy-looking pictures on anatomical subjects which are suspended on its walls. The most curious feature in the hall is the semi-circular shape of the upper or west end. This part, in fact, consists of the interior of one of the bastions of the old Roman wall, which has been preserved entire, and which the architect has ingeniously contrived to incorporate with the building.

In this hall are preserved some very curious and ancient articles of plate, which have at different periods been presented to the company. Among these is a cup, silver-gilt, ornamented with small

pendent bells, presented to them by Henry the Eighth; another with acorns pendent from it, given by Charles the Second, who himself was no mean proficient in the knowledge of anatomy; and a large bowl, the gift of Queen Anne. The plate now in the possession of the Company, and which is displayed only at their annual dinners, and on other state occasions, appears to be only the small remains of a far more curious and valuable collection. After having been more than once in pawn during the seventeenth century, it was at last sold outright; and it seems to have been entirely owing to the munificence of different public-spirited individuals, that the more curious articles, now in the possession of the Company, were re-purchased and restored to them. Among these is the cup presented to them by Henry the Eighth, which was bought and given back to them by Alderman E. Arris, whose picture hangs in the Court-room. Not many years before they finally sold their plate, the Company had very nearly lost the whole of it through a successful robbery. The thieves were four men, of the names of Jones, Lyne, Sames, and Foster, of whom the former confessed his guilt, and, in consequence of information which he gave, the plate was recovered. In the books of the Company, for November 1616, is the following matter-of-fact entry, recording the fate of the culprits:—"Thomas Jones was taken, who, being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following,

Sames was taken and executed. In April, Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

The following extract from the Company's papers, under the date of the 13th of July 1587, is still more curious:—"It is agreed that if any body, which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the company, shall revive or come to life again, *as of late hath been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person, or persons, who shall so happen to bring home the body; and who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award." The last instance, it would appear, of resuscitation in a dissecting-room, occurred in the latter part of the last century. The case—as used to be related by the late celebrated anatomist, John Hunter—was that of a criminal, whose body had been cut down after execution at Newgate. The operators, it is said, having succeeded in restoring him to the full powers of animation, immediately sent a communication to the Sheriffs, who caused him to be reconveyed to Newgate, from whence he was afterwards removed to a foreign country.

Let us return to the old Hall of the Barber-Surgeons, taking leave of it with a notice of its most interesting feature, the Court Room. This beautiful little apartment, with its richly-decorated

ceiling, and its graceful octagonal lantern, is the work of Inigo Jones, and, in addition to its architectural beauty, contains the portraits of several eminent persons. But the principal feature of the apartment is Holbein's famous picture—the greatest work painted by that illustrious artist in England—representing Henry the Eighth granting the Charter of 1541 to the incorporated society of Barber-Surgeons. In the centre of this fine picture, Henry is seen seated on his throne, gorgeously arrayed in brocade, ermine, and jewels, while on each side of him are kneeling the members of the company, seventeen in number, one of whom, Thomas Vycary, the master, is in the act of receiving the Charter from the King's hands. Each figure is a portrait from the life; the most eminent persons being John Chambre, physician to Henry the Eighth, and dean of the Chapel Royal, Westminster; Thomas Vycary, the King's Sergeant-Surgeon; Dr. Butts, immortalized in Shakespeare's play of Henry the Eighth; and Sir John Ayliffe, Sheriff of London, whose story is so quaintly told in rhyme on his tomb in St. Michael's Church, Basinghall Street:—

In surgery brought up in youth,  
A Knight here lieth dead;  
A Knight, and eke a Surgeon, such  
As England seld hath bred.

For which so sovereign gift of God,  
Wherein he did excel,  
King Henry 8. called him to Court,  
Who loved him dearly well.

King Edward, for his service sake,  
Bade him rise up a Knight ;  
A man of praise, and ever since  
He Sir John Ayliffe hight.

The estimation in which this great work of Holbein was held by our ancestors, may be judged of by the following letter addressed by James the First to the corporation of Barber-Surgeons :—

“ JAMES R.

“ Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, wherein is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, together with diverse of your Company, *which being very like him, and well done*, we are desirous to have copied ; whereof our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant, Sir Lionel Cranfield, Knight, one of our Masters of Requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and see it with all expedition copied and redelivered safely ; and so we bid you farewell.

“ Given at our Court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January 1617.” \*

\* Respecting this picture Pepys has the following curious notice in his “ Diary,” under the date 28th of August 1668 :—“ At noon comes by appointment Harris to dine with me : and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeons’ Hall, where they are building it new,—very fine ; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein’s, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money : I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth

Second only in interest to the picture itself is Holbein's original study, or cartoon, containing sketches of the different portraits made by the great artist from the life. It is deeply to be regretted that these two interesting works of art, instead of being confined, as they now are, to a remote building, but little known and rarely visited, are not transferred to the National Gallery; and deeply indeed should we feel indebted to the Company, could they be prevailed upon to make them the property of the public.

We must not omit to point out one or two other portraits, which are preserved in the Court Room of Barber-Surgeons' Hall. Among these, the most remarkable is a portrait of Inigo Jones, by Vandyke, and another of Frances Duchess of Richmond—"la belle Stuart" of de Grammont—by Sir Peter Lely. There are also portraits of Charles the Second; of C. Barnard, Sergeant-Surgeon to Queen Anne, and of the celebrated Sir Charles Scarborough, physician to Charles the Second, who lectured here during nearly seventeen years. He it was who observed to the beautiful Duchess of Portsmouth, when she consulted him after having indulged for some time rather too freely in the luxuries of the table, "Madam, I will deal frankly with you; you must eat less, use more exercise, take physic, or be sick."

At the south end of Monkwell Street is Silver Street. Here, from the days of Richard the Second

£1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

to those of Henry the Sixth, stood "The Neville's Inn," the residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. In 1603, we find it the residence of Henry Lord Windsor, from whom it obtained the denomination of Windsor House. Not many years since, two courts in the immediate neighbourhood still retained the names of Westmoreland Court and Windsor Court.

To the north-east of Barber Surgeons' Hall is Sion College. It was originally founded as a hospital in 1329, on the site of a decayed nunnery, by William Elsing, mercer, for the support of an hundred blind men. Elsing subsequently changed it into a Priory, consisting of four canons regular to superintend the blind; he himself being the first prior. By the will of Dr. Thomas White, Vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, the ground was purchased, and in 1623 a College, governed by a President, two Deans, and four Assistants, was erected on the site. The College, which includes a fine library, is appropriated to the use of the London Clergy, who have under their charge alms-houses for ten poor men, and as many poor women.

Running parallel with Monkwell Street is Wood Street, in which the only objects of interest are the two churches dedicated to St. Michael and St. Alban.

St. Michael's, on the west side of Wood Street, appears to be a foundation of considerable antiquity, inasmuch as we find John de Eppewell mentioned as rector of it in 1328. The old church was



destroyed by the fire of 1666, and, in 1675, the present edifice was completed after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is said to have been flung, "among plebeian skulls," the head of the unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland, who perished on Flodden Field. "His body," says Pen-  
nant, "for a long time had remained embalmed at the monastery at Shene. After the Dissolution, it was cast among some rubbish, where some workmen wantonly cut off the head; which was taken by Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, who was struck with its sweetness, arising from the embalming materials. He kept it for some time at his house in Wood Street; but at last gave it to the sexton to bury among other bones in the charnel-house. Such is often the end of ambitious greatness!"

St. Alban's, Wood Street, one of the most ancient religious foundations in London, is said to have been founded by King Athelstan about the year 924, and to have been dedicated by him to St. Alban, the first martyr in England, whose bones, according to Weever and Fuller, having been interred at St. Alban's, were the occasion of the town being called by his name. That King Athelstan was the founder of St. Alban's Church, is rendered probable from the Saxon monarch having had a palace in the neighbourhood, which, it has been conjectured, gave the name to Adel Street, or King Adel Street, long since corrupted into Addle Street.\* Stow, however,

\* In Addle Street are the respective halls of the Brewers' and Plasterers' Companies.

admits that he was unable to fix the origin of the name.

In 1632, in consequence of its dilapidated state, the old church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, was taken down, and another edifice built on its site after a design by Inigo Jones. This church having been destroyed by the great Fire, the present building was shortly afterwards commenced by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed in 1685. The exterior can boast but little merit, and is moreover much disfigured by the bad taste of its unseemly door-way. The effect of the interior is more pleasing. It was probably rebuilt partly after the plan of the old church, and affords no indifferent specimen of the style which prevailed during the last period of the prevalence of pointed architecture.

It does not appear that St. Alban's Church contains the remains of any remarkable persons. Stow, indeed, has supplied us with a long list of monuments, the whole of which were probably destroyed by the great Fire; but in vain do we search for a name to which any interest attaches itself. One inscription, however, we will transcribe for the sake of its quaintness:—

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,  
Sine tomb, sine sheets, sine riches;  
Qui vixit sine gown,  
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.

In glancing round St. Alban's Church, we observe, in a curious brass frame attached to the pulpit, one of those quaint-looking hour-glasses which were

formerly used to remind the preacher "how the hour passeth away," and the amount of time which he had to spare for the edification of his hearers. The hour-glass in question curiously illustrates the following entries in an old churchwarden's book, belonging to St. Catherine's Cree, Aldgate. The date of the first entry is in 1564: "Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpit, when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away,—one shilling;" and again, among the bequests in 1616, "an hour-glass, with a frame to stand in."

Running parallel with Wood Street is Aldermanbury, so called from the Court of Aldermen having held here their BERRY, or Court, of which the ruins were still visible in the time of Stow. Here is the church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, erected by Wren, in 1677, after the destruction of the old church by the Fire of London. The spot awakens many interesting associations. Here, on the 12th of November, 1656, Milton was married to his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, who died the same year; from hence the celebrated nonconformist divine, Edmund Calamy, was ejected in 1662, after having held the living for twenty-three years, and here he lies buried; here also were interred Heminge and Condell, the fellow actors of Shakespeare, and the first editors of his immortal plays; and in a vault, on the north side of the communion table, rest the remains of the infamous Judge Jefferys, whose body was removed hither from the chapel

in the Tower, in 1698. Lord Campbell informs us, that when the church was repaired in 1810, the coffin was found still fresh, with the once dreaded words, "Lord Chancellor Jefferys" engraved on the lid.

On the opposite side of London Wall, are Whitecross Street and Redcross Street, two ancient streets, which derive their names, the one from a white, and the other from a red cross, which severally stood on the site of each. In the latter street was the London residence of the mitred Abbots of Ramsey, which afterwards falling into the hands of Sir Drue Drury, obtained the name of Drury-house. In Goldsmith's Rents, behind Redcross Street, "where were large gardens and handsome houses," lived the famous scholar and schoolmaster, Thomas Farnaby. The son of a carpenter in London, he commenced life by joining his fortunes to those of a Jesuit, whom he accompanied to Spain, but disliking the discipline of the Order of Jesus, he returned to England, shortly after which he sailed with Sir Francis Drake on the last voyage which he made to the West Indies. His next occupation was as a common soldier, in which capacity he served for some time in the Netherlands, but returning to England in great distress, he contrived to establish a school at Martock, in Somersetshire, under the name of Bainrafe, the anagram of Farnaby. From this place he subsequently removed to London, where the reputation of his school increased so rapidly that it speedily numbered three hundred

scholars. He was a staunch royalist, and, during the time that the Parliament was in the ascendant, an unguarded speech of his that "one King was better than five hundred," led to his committal to prison. It was even proposed to transport him to the Plantations, but powerful interest having been made by his friends, he escaped with an imprisonment in Ely House, Holborn. He regained his liberty in 1646, but enjoyed it only a short time; his death taking place on the 12th of June in the following year.

Wood Street and Whitecross Street are said to have been the last streets in London, in which the houses were distinguished by signs. They were removed about the year 1773.

Redcross Street leads us into Jewin Street, the site of which street was long a burying-place of the Jews, from which circumstance it took the name of Jewyn, or Jews' Garden, — "*Gardinum vocatum. Jewyn Garden.*" It was a large plot of ground, and is remarkable as having been the only place in England in which the Jews were permitted to bury their dead, till the year 1177, when ("after a long suit to the King and Parliament at Oxford") special burial-places were assigned them in the different quarters which they inhabited. "This plot of ground," says Stow, "remained to the said Jews till the time of their final banishment out of England, and is now turned into fair garden-plots, and summer-houses for pleasure."

In one of these "summer-houses for pleasure,"

in Jewin Street, lived John Milton. He took up his abode here shortly after the Restoration, and here he continued to reside till the breaking out of the great Plague, when he retired to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire. In Jewin Street, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and here he is said to have written a great part of his immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." In Jewyn Street Chapel is preserved John Bunyan's pulpit.

From Jewin Street let us pass into Aldersgate Street, which derives its name from one of the gates of the city, so called, according to Stow, from its antiquity, it having been one of the *older*, or original gates. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1617. The new gate was considerably injured by the Great Fire, but having been repaired and beautified, it remained till the year 1761, when it was demolished, and the materials sold for ninety-one pounds. After the Restoration of Charles the Second, many of the heads of the regicides were exposed on this gate.

Aldersgate Street, as late as the days of Queen Elizabeth, contained a greater number of the houses of the old nobility than, perhaps, any other street in the metropolis. Here, on the west side, stood another of the London residences of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and close by, where Bull-and-Mouth Street now stands, was the mansion of the Percies Earls of Northumberland. Westmoreland Buildings still point out the site of the residence of the Nevilles. Here, too, breathed her

last, in 1621, “at her house in Aldersgate Street,”  
Mary Countess of Pembroke :—

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.

On the east side of Aldersgate Street, now converted into a General Dispensary, still stands Shaftesbury House, built by Inigo Jones. It was originally the residence of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, from whom it passed into the hands of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the turbulent statesman of the reign of Charles the Second, and the “Achi-tophel” of Dryden's poem :—

For close designs, and crooked counsels fit ;  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,  
He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

After Lord Shaftesbury's final dismissal from office, it was at his house in Aldersgate Street that he took up his abode, for the purpose of fomenting discontent among the citizens of London, and inflaming them against the government. So popular was he at this period with the lower orders,—for the Court had recently made him a martyr by confining him in the Tower,—that it was his boast that he could raise a body of ten thousand men by merely holding up his finger. Charles the

Second once playfully observed to him:—"My Lord, I believe you are the wickedest man in my dominions."—"For a subject, Sir," was the Earl's witty reply, "I believe I am."

Almost opposite to Shaftesbury House stood Petre House, the residence of the Petre family in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; of Henry Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, in the days of the Commonwealth; and subsequently the episcopal residence of the Bishops of London, after the destruction of their palace in St. Paul's Churchyard by the Great Fire. During the Commonwealth Petre House was for some time used as a prison, and here the eminent engraver, William Faithorne, was confined, after he had been made a prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, at the surrender of Basing House. In 1688, when the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne, fled at night from her father's palace at Whitehall, she placed herself under the protection of Bishop Compton, who was expecting her in a hackney-coach in the neighbourhood, and was conducted by him to his house in Aldersgate Street, where she passed the night.

On the east side, at the north end of Aldersgate Street, stood Lauderdale House, the residence of John Duke of Lauderdale, who died in 1682. The site is still pointed out by Lauderdale Court. It is needless to remark, that this nobleman and his unprincipled friend, Lord Shaftesbury, formed two of the famous *Cabal* in the reign of Charles the Second.



In Aldersgate Street was another of the numerous London residences, — selected almost invariably in the immediate vicinity of the green fields,—of the author of “Paradise Lost.” He removed hither from St. Bride’s Churchyard, in 1643, to “a handsome garden-house,” and it was during his residence here that he was reconciled to his first wife, Mary Powell, and was prevailed upon to restore her to his affections and his hearth. The circumstances which led to their reconciliation are well known, but as they are associated with different localities in London, they will, perhaps, bear repetition. According to Philips,—the poet’s nephew and biographer,—Milton was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the house of one of his relations, of the name of Blackborough, in the lane of St. Martin’s-le-Grand. Aware of this fact, his wife,—with the consent of her relations, and with the friendly connivance of the master of the house,—concealed herself in a neighbouring apartment, on a day on which the poet was expected to pay his customary visit. Milton had scarcely seated himself, when she, whom he never expected to see again, suddenly rushed into the room, and throwing herself on her knees before him, passionately implored his forgiveness. For some time he remained obdurate, but their mutual friends interceding, he was at length prevailed upon, as a first step towards their final reconciliation, to place her in the house of one Widow Webber, in St. Clement’s Churchyard, from whence, after a short

interval, he took her back to his own home. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve, after their fall, Milton had evidently in his mind his own interview with his repentant wife :—

She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
His peace.

And again,—

Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress.

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate Street to a larger house in Barbican. Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's-inn Fields.

In Aldersgate Street was born, in 1633, Thomas Flatman, the lawyer, painter, and poet.

Aldersgate Street leads us into Barbican, a street which derives its name from the Barbican, or burgh-kenning, a watch-tower which was anciently an appendage of every fortified place. It stood a little to the north of this thoroughfare. The Barbican, here alluded to, rose on the site of the old Roman specula, or watch-tower. "Here," says Bagford, "the Romans kept cohorts of soldiers in continual service to watch in the night, that if any sudden fire should happen, they might be in readiness to extinguish it; as also to give notice if

an enemy were gathering or marching towards the city to surprise them. In short, it was a watch-tower by day, and at night they lighted some combustible matter on the top thereof, to give directions to the weary traveller repairing to the city, either with provision, or upon some other occasion. The same was intended by a lantern on the top of Bow steeple before the Fire of London (although seldom made use of), for burning of lights, to give direction to the travellers, and to the market people, that came from the northern parts of London."

In the reign of Edward the Third, we find the custody of the Barbican committed to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, in whose family it appears to have been made hereditary, in the female line, till the reign of Queen Mary. In this reign it was in the keeping of Katharine, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, in her own right, and widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Adjoining the Barbican was her residence, Willoughby House, of great size and splendour. Here she was residing with her second husband (Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Barons Willoughby d'Eresby and Dukes of Ancaster) when an unlucky act of imprudence drew down upon her the vengeance of the dreaded Bishop Gardiner. In her hatred of the Romish faith, she was induced to call her lap-dog by the name of the Bishop, and to dress it up in the episcopal rochet and surplice. This circumstance gave such offence to Gardiner, that in order to

avoid his fury, she hastened with her husband to the Continent, where they suffered great privations, till the King of Poland received them under his protection, and installed them in the Earldom of Crozan.

Another noble family who resided in Barbican were the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, whose mansion, Bridgewater House, was once famous for the productiveness of its orchards. It was burnt down in April, 1687, during the occupancy of John third Earl of Bridgewater; when his two infant heirs, Charles Viscount Brackley, and his second son, Thomas, perished in the flames. The site of the mansion and gardens is now covered by Bridgewater Square.

The learned antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, author of the "Archæological Glossary," died in Barbican in 1641.

On the south side of Beech Lane, Barbican, stood the residence of Prince Rupert, a portion of which was standing in the present century. In the parish-books of St. Giles's Cripplegate, is an entry of the payment of a guinea to the church ringers, for complimenting Charles the Second with a peal on the occasion of his visiting his kinsman in Barbican. Prince Rupert subsequently removed to a house in Spring Gardens, where he died. According to Stow, Beech Street derives its name from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Edward the Third.

In Golden, or Golding, Lane, Barbican, stood

the Fortune Theatre, one of the earliest places for theatrical entertainment in London. It was first opened in 1599, for Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn. The latter, it is needless to remark, was also sole proprietor of the Bear Garden in Bankside, Southwark, and founder of Dulwich College. Alleyn's theatre was burnt down in 1621, but was shortly afterwards replaced by another, which was destroyed by a party of fanatical soldiers during the Commonwealth. In the Register of burials at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, may be traced the names of several of the actors at the Fortune Theatre. Playhouse Yard, which connects Golden Lane with Whitecross Street, still points out the site of the old theatre.

In Golden Lane also stood the Nursery, a seminary for educating children for the profession of the stage, established in the reign of Charles the Second, under the auspices of Colonel William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to that monarch, and uncle to the first Lord Dartmouth. Dryden speaks of it in his "Mac Flecknoe :"—

Near these a Nursery erects its head,  
Where Queens are formed, and future heroes bred ;  
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,  
Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximins the gods defy :  
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,  
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear.

In Pepys's Diary are the following notices of the Nursery :—

"2 Aug. 1664. To the King's Playhouse, and

there I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery; that is, going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted."

"24 Feb. 1667-8. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called 'Jeronimo is mad again,' a tragedy."

## SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD CATTLE-MARKET IN FORMER TIMES THE PLACE FOR TOURNAMENTS, TRIALS BY DUELS, EXECUTIONS AND AUTOS DA FÈ.—TOURNAMENTS BEFORE EDWARD THE THIRD AND RICHARD THE SECOND.—TRIALS BY DUEL BETWEEN CATOUR AND DAVY, AND THE BASTARD OF BURGUNDY AND LORD SCALES.—REMARKABLE EXECUTIONS.—PERSONS WHO SUFFERED MARTYRDOM IN THE FLAMES AT SMITHFIELD.—INTERVIEW THERE BETWEEN WAT TYLER AND RICHARD THE SECOND.—SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

SMITHFIELD, corrupted from Smooth-Field, has been used for the purposes of a cattle-market for nearly seven centuries. Fitstephen, in his account of London, written before the twelfth century, describes it as a plain field, where, every Friday, a number of valuable horses were exposed for sale. "Thither," he says, "come to look, or buy, a great number of Earls, Barons, Knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts proudly prancing."

Shakespeare has an allusion to the sale of horses in Smithfield:—

*Falstaff*.—Where 's Bardolph?

*Page*.—He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Falstaff*.—I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Second Part of King Henry IV. act i. sc. 2.*

With the exception of the Tower, and of the Old Palace and Abbey of Westminster, there is no spot in London, the history of which is so chequered, or which has witnessed scenes of such deep and varied interest as Smithfield. Here, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, the citizens and apprentices contended in their manly exercises ; here were held those gorgeous tournaments, when the vast area was a scene of glittering armour, streaming pennons, and balconies covered with cloth of gold ; here was the Tyburn of London, where the most atrocious criminals expiated their crimes on the gibbet ; here perished the patriot Wallace, and the gentle Mortimer ; here were held the trials by duel so famous in history ; here, at the dawn of the Reformation, took place those terrible *autos da fê*, at which our forefathers earned their crowns of martyrdom ; and, lastly, from the days of Henry the Second to our own time, here were annually celebrated the orgies and humours of Bartholomew Fair, immortalized by the wit of Ben Jonson, and by the pencil of Hogarth.

Many remarkable tournaments are recorded as having taken place at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward the Third. Here that war-like monarch frequently entertained with feats of arms his illustrious captives, the Kings of France and Scotland ; and here, in 1374, towards the close of his long reign,—when the charms of Alice Pierce had infatuated the doting monarch,—he sought to gratify his beautiful mistress by rendering her the



“observed of all observers,” at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendent beauty, he conferred on her the title of “Lady of the Sun;” and taking her by the hand, in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, led her from the royal apartments in the Tower to a triumphal chariot, in which he took his place by her side. The procession which followed consisted of the rank and beauty of the land; each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback.

A still more magnificent tournament—for invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe—was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard the Second. The opening of the festivities, which lasted several days, is graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene he describes. “At three o’clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas day, the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys, one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population: there the Queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats;

while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced; many were unhorsed; many lost their helmets; but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hospitalities, and, at their conclusion, dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents.

We have already mentioned that appeals to arms, in cases of disputed guilt, or, as they were styled, trials by duel, were anciently accustomed to take place at Smithfield. The amusing combat between Horner and Peter, in the second part of *Henry the Sixth*,\* was founded by Shakespeare on a real fact, related both by Grafton and Holinshed. A master armourer, of the name of William Catour, having been accused of treason by his apprentice, John Davy, and the former strenuously denying his guilt, a day was appointed for them to bring the point to an issue by single combat, at Smithfield. The armourer, there is no doubt, was an innocent man; but, unfortunately for him, on the morning of the

\* Act ii., scene 3.

duel, his friends, to use the words of Grafton, plied him with so much "malmsey and aquavite," that he fell an easy prey to his accuser. The "false servant," however, did not long evade the hands of justice. "Being convicted of felony," says Holinshed, "in a court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so he was at Tyburn." It appears by some documents connected with this curious trial, which are still preserved in the Exchequer, that the barriers were brought to Smithfield from Westminster, that a quantity of sand and gravel was laid down on the occasion, and that the spot where the combatants fought was strewn with gravel. Among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, are also preserved the original warrants authorizing the combat, from which it appears that, previous to the encounter, the combatants were instructed in the use of arms, by persons nominated and paid by the Crown. The last single combat which we shall mention, as having taken place at Smithfield, was one famous in the annals of chivalry, which was fought in 1467, between the Bastard of Burgundy brother of Charles Duke of Burgundy, and Anthony Lord Scales, brother-in-law to King Edward the Fourth. The Bastard, it seems, having challenged Lord Scales "to fight with him both on horseback and foot," King Edward not only gave his consent to the encounter, but expressed his intention of being present. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the ladies of the court, escorted by the principal nobility of the realm, took their places in the mag-

nificent galleries appropriated for them, and shortly afterwards, the rival knights made their appearance in the lists. The duel was continued during three successive days. On the first day they fought on foot, with spears, and “parted with equal honour.” The next day they encountered each other on horseback. “The Lord Scales’s horse,” says Stow, “having on his *chafron* a long spear pike of steel, as the two champions coped together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrils of the Bastard’s horse, so that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master; and the Lord Scales rode about him with his sword drawn, till the King commanded the Marshal to help up the Bastard.” The Bastard, having regained his legs, entreated permission to renew the combat, but the King peremptorily refused his consent. The final encounter, however, was merely deferred till the following morning, when, surrounded by all the beauty and chivalry of the land, the rival knights again made their appearance in the lists armed with pole-axes, and on foot. The fight was continued valiantly on both sides for some time, till Lord Scales succeeded in forcing the point of his pole-axe into an aperture in the Bastard’s helmet, and, but for the interference of the King, who threw down his warder, would have forced his antagonist on his knees. The Bastard entreated to be allowed to renew the fight, but the referees, the Constable and the Earl Marshal, gave it as their

opinion that, in such case, Lord Scales, by the law of arms, was entitled to be placed in the same advantageous position which he had obtained over his antagonist at the moment when the King separated them. Under these circumstances, the Bastard consented to withdraw his challenge, and King Edward declared the combat to be at an end.

Many remarkable executions took place in ancient times at the Elms, in Smithfield, so-called, says Stow, "that there grew there many elm-trees." Among these we may mention the horrible end of one John Roose, who was boiled to death, in a cauldron, in 1530, for having poisoned seventeen persons belonging to the household of the Bishop of Rochester, two of whom died. Eleven years afterwards, a young woman, of the name of Mary Davie, suffered the same terrible fate for a similar crime.

Among the majority of persons, Smithfield derives its deepest interest from having been the ground on which so many holy persons here suffered martyrdom in the flames. To enumerate the numberless victims of Romish cruelty who perished on this spot,—to dwell on their frightful sufferings and unconquerable fortitude, — would be a task sufficiently interesting, but would be little in character with the present work. We may be allowed, however, to dwell a moment on the fate of one or two of those illustrious martyrs, whose faith

enabled them to obtain a victory over anguish and death, and whose sufferings have thrown an undying interest over the spot.

The first female martyr, who suffered death in England, was Joan Boughton, a lady of some quality in the reign of Henry the Seventh. She was more than eighty years of age; and so highly was she esteemed for her many virtues, that after her martyrdom, her ashes were carefully collected during the night, and preserved as relics for pious and affectionate remembrance. She left behind her a daughter, the Lady Young, who suffered with equal constancy the same cruel death, for the sake of the religion which she conscientiously believed to be the truth.

A still more interesting person, who suffered martyrdom in the succeeding reign, was the amiable and high-minded, Anne Askew. To such frightful tortures had she been previously subjected on the rack, in order to extort from her a recantation of her errors, that when she was led forth from the Tower to perish in the flames at Smithfield, her limbs were so mangled and disjointed, that it required the assistance of two sergeants to support her. She remained firm, however, and undaunted to the last. Strype informs us that one who visited her in the Tower, a few hours before her execution, was so struck with the sweet serenity of her countenance, that he compared it to the face of St. Stephen, "as it had been that of an angel." The noble-minded girl perished in the flames at Smith-

field, in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Chancellor, and others, on the 16th of July 1546. At the last moment, immediately before the torch was applied to the faggots, a paper was handed to her, containing the royal pardon, on condition that she would sign a recantation of her errors. She refused, however, not only to have the document read to her, but even to look at it. "Whereupon," says Ballard, "the Lord Mayor commanded it to be put in the fire, and cried with a loud voice, *Fiat Justitia*, and fire being put to the faggots, she surrendered up her pious soul to God, in the midst of the flames." This painful tragedy took place at night, in the front of St. Bartholomew's church; three other persons—a priest, a tailor, and one of the Lascelles family, a gentleman of the king's household,—suffering at the same time, and with the same undaunted courage. Having finally rejected the overtures which were made to induce them to purchase life at the expense of their consciences, the reeds were set on fire, and in a moment they were encompassed by the flames. "It was in the month of June," says Southey, "and at that moment, a few drops of rain fell, and a thunder-clap was heard, which those in the crowd, who sympathised with the martyrs, felt as if it were God's own voice, accepting their sacrifice, and receiving their spirits into His everlasting rest."

The first person who perished in the flames during the reign of Queen Mary was the Reverend John

Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's. This eminent person had formerly been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and while residing in that city had been a fellow labourer with Tindal and Coverdale in the great work of translating the Bible. Having married a German lady, by whom he had a large family, he was enabled, by means of his wife's connexions, to reside in peace and safety in Germany. Deeming it his duty, however, to repair to England, and there publicly profess and advocate his religious principles, even at the hazard of encountering the rack and the flames, he crossed the sea, and took his accustomed place in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. It was the last sermon which he was destined to preach. In the course of a fearless and animated delivery, he reminded the astonished bystanders of the pure and wholesome doctrine which had been preached to them from that pulpit in the days of Edward the Sixth, and solemnly warned them against the pestilent idolatry and superstition of the age in which they lived. His doom was, of course, fixed ; and after a tedious imprisonment, frequent examinations, and repeated attempts to convert him to the ancient faith, he was brought to trial. He listened calmly to the frightful sentence which was passed upon him, merely requesting that his poor wife, being a stranger in a foreign land, might be allowed to remain with him to the last. "She hath ten children," he said, "that are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her what were best for



her to do." This request was refused with inconceivable cruelty by Bishop Gardiner, on the ground that she was not his wife. The wish, however, to embrace, for the last time, the mother of his children remained unconquerable even in death, and before he was led to the flames, he made a last appeal to the unfeeling Bonner to be allowed to exchange only a few words with one whom he had loved so tenderly and so long. Even this was refused; and yet, painful as were the circumstances of their last interview, they were destined once more to meet. As the martyr passed on his way to Smithfield, his wife met him with her ten children, one of whom was hanging on the breast. They were not, indeed, permitted to converse with each other; but the last look of her beloved husband, rendered almost sublime by its expression of calmness and resignation, assured her that his end was a happy one, and that they should yet meet in a better world, where bigotry and persecution would have no power over the virtuous and the brave. Neither the affecting sight of his wife and children, the vast multitude of people which surrounded him, nor the terrible paraphernalia of death, had the least effect on the dying martyr. Pardon was offered him at the stake if he would consent to sign his recantation, but it was peremptorily rejected by him. Washing his hands in the flames as they blazed around him, he welcomed death with such calm serenity as even to excite the admiration of his tormentors; while those of his own faith blessed

God for the support which had been vouchsafed to him, and for the hope which it held out, that by his example they themselves might be fortified, if destined to bear similar witness to the truth.

It was through Smithfield that Bishop Latimer was led, in 1553, on his way to the Tower. Alluding to the fate of former martyrs, and to his own approaching and terrible death: "Ah!" he said, "Smithfield has long groaned for me!" Latimer could not have failed to remember, that it was at this very spot a few years before, that he himself had preached fortitude to Friar Forrest, when agonizing under the torture of a slow fire, for denying the supremacy of Henry the Eighth.

The horrors, of which Smithfield was the scene in the reign of Queen Mary, were even extended during the milder rule of her Protestant successors. During the reign of Elizabeth two Dutchmen were burned to death at Smithfield for professing the principles of the Anabaptists; and here, as late as the reign of James the First, we find one Bartholomew Legatt perishing at the stake for rejecting the Athanasian and Nicene creeds. He was the last person who suffered in the flames in England, on account of his religious principles.

It has been mentioned, to the credit of our English monarchs, that not one of them—not even Philip the Second of Spain, when he became the husband of Queen Mary—was ever known to attend in person those terrible *autos da fê* which

anciently took place in Smithfield. Whether, generally speaking, this merit is due to them or not, we will not decide; but we have unquestionably evidence that, at the burning of one Badby, a Lollard, in 1410, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, was a voluntary spectator. "He arrived," says Rapin, "to be present at the execution; and as the poor wretch gave sensible signs of the torture he endured, he ordered the fire to be removed, and promised him a pension for life provided he would recant; but Badby, recovering his spirits, refused to comply with the offer, and suffered death with heroic courage." As late as the year 1652, Evelyn mentions his seeing a woman, who had murdered her husband, being burned to death in Smithfield.\*

One of the most remarkable events which have taken place in Smithfield was the interview, on the 15th of June 1381, between Richard the Second, then in his fifteenth year, and the rebel

\* "In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the entrance to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the workmen laid open a mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes, and human bones charred and partially consumed. This I believe to have been the spot generally used for the Smithfield burnings; the face of the sufferer being turned to the east, and to the great gate of St. Bartholomew, the prior of which was generally present on such occasions. Many bones were carried away as relics. The spot should be marked by an appropriate monument."—Cunningham's "London," *Art. Smithfield*.

leader, Wat Tyler. The young king was attended only by a small band of devoted men, while the other appeared as the leader of thirty thousand lawless and infuriated followers. The metropolis had, for many days, been at the mercy of the rebels: neither life nor property were safe. The Temple; the Duke of Lancaster's palace in the Savoy; the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell; as well as the houses of the judges, and of the more powerful and obnoxious citizens, had recently been attacked and levelled with the ground. It was, in fact, a fearful struggle between poverty and wealth—between order and misrule. Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and terror reigned in every heart. The last daring acts of the rebels had been to force the gates of the Tower, to cut off the heads of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Treasurer, and even to pillage the royal apartments.

It was at this formidable crisis that the young king consented to an interview with the rebel chief at Smithfield. Tyler having ordered his companions to keep in the back-ground till he should give them a preconcerted signal, presented himself fearlessly on horseback among the royal retinue, and entered familiarly into conversation with the King and his advisers. Among other privileges which he demanded for the lower orders, he insisted that all the warrens, streams, parks, and woods should be

common to every one, and that the right of pursuing game should be equally free. More than once, during the interview, he drew his dagger in a threatening attitude, insolently throwing it into the air, and then catching it in its descent. At length he went so far as to seize hold of the bridle of the King's horse; when Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, unable any longer to repress his indignation, felled the rebel to the ground with his sword, on which he was immediately despatched by the king's attendants. The multitude no sooner saw their leader fall, than they prepared themselves for revenge; and, but for the extraordinary presence of mind which Richard displayed on the occasion, the King and his attendants must inevitably have perished. Advancing alone towards the rebels—"What means this clamour, my liege men?" he said; "what are ye doing?" Will ye kill your King! Be not angry that ye have lost your leader. I, your King, will be your captain. Follow me to the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The populace, overawed by the presence of majesty, and by the gallant bearing of the young King, followed him implicitly to St. George's Fields, where he was still holding a parley with them, when a body of men, which had been collected by the wealthier and more influential citizens, and who were joined by Sir Robert Knolles, with a force of well-armed veterans, suddenly made their appearance. At the sight of this unexpected force a

panic seized on the rebels, who, throwing down their arms, fled in all directions.

Stow has pointed out the exact spot in Smithfield on which Richard stood. "The King," he says "stood towards the east, near St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the commons towards the west, in front of battle."

## THE PRIORY AND CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIORY AND CHURCH—WHEN BUILT—ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE—REFECTORY, CRYPT, AND SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.—BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.—MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH.—STORY OF RAHERE, FOUNDER OF THE PRIORY.—FRACAS IN THE PRIORY.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.—CANONBURY.—CANONBURY TOWER.—GOLDSMITH'S RESIDENCE.—PRIOR BOLTON'S RESIDENCE.—BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

ON the south-eastern side of Smithfield stand the remains of the beautiful church, and of the once vast and wealthy Priory, of St. Bartholomew, founded by Rahere, the first Prior, in the reign of Henry the First.\*

At the time of the suppression of the religious houses, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, it was distinguished by its vast extent of building, its beautiful and shady gardens, its exquisite cloisters, its grand refectory, its fish-ponds, and by all the appurtenances of a great monastic establishment. Its mulberry-garden, planted by Prior Bolton, was famous; and it is only five or six years since, that the axe levelled to the ground the last and finest of these trees, which were co-eval with the old monks, who must often have enjoyed

\* The priory was founded about the year 1102, and was "again new built" in the year 1410.—Stow, 140.

their refreshing fruit, and meditated beneath their shady foliage.

Passing under a gateway, rich with carved roses and zig-zag ornaments, we enter the fine old church of St. Bartholomew. As we gaze on the solidity of its massive pillars, its graceful arches, and the beauty of its architectural details, we cannot fail to be impressed with that sense of grandeur and solemnity, which only such a scene can inspire. The remains of the old church are in the Norman style of architecture, and are apparently of the same date as the earlier portions of Winchester Cathedral. It may afford a tolerable notion of its former magnificence, to mention that the present church is merely the chancel of the ancient edifice; the only other remains being a small portion of the transepts and the nave, where they unite with each other, immediately beneath the spot where the tower formerly rose.

Surrounded by mean hovels, and by a population of the lowest description, the exterior of the ancient Priory, though degraded to strange purposes, is scarcely less interesting than the interior. Beauty and decay meet us at every step. In order to view the noble arches of the ancient cloisters, we must dive into a timber-yard; or, if we seek for arched ceilings and fretted cornices, they are to be met with in the apartments of an adjoining public-house; while the old refectory, formerly one of the noblest halls in London, has been converted into a tobacco manufactory. The fine oaken roof



of the latter still remains. The exterior of the building has been sadly modernized, and the interior has been subdivided by intermediate roofs and ceilings, but still sufficient remains to recal vividly to our imaginations the days when this noble apartment was the scene of ecclesiastical hospitality, and brilliant with all the splendid paraphernalia of the Church of Rome.

The refectory stands on the south side of the church, near the end of the south transept, and is immediately connected with the beautiful eastern cloister, which, with its clustered columns and carved bosses, is now the only one which remains. Beneath the refectory is the ancient crypt, which, notwithstanding the beauty of its architecture, and its rare state of preservation, is but seldom visited, and but little known. It is of great length, with a double row of finely-proportioned aisles. At the extremity of this gloomy and vaulted crypt, is a door, which, according to tradition, opens into a subterranean passage extending to Canonbury, formerly a rural appendage of the Priors of St. Bartholomew, at Islington. Similar idle stories are not unfrequently attached to old monastic ruins, as in the cases of Malmsbury, Netley, and Glastonbury. That the door in question, however, was formerly used as a means of escape in the hour of danger, there is reason to believe. Till very recently, it opened into a cellar which extended beneath a chapel, known as St. Bartholomew's Chapel, which was destroyed by fire in 1830. This

chapel is known to have been secretly used by the Reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the passage we have referred to having afforded them the ready means of escape, in the event of their being disturbed by the officers of the law.

Consequent on the accumulation of the dust of centuries, the ground which encompasses the Church of St. Bartholomew has gradually risen three or four feet, and consequently the foundations of the nave, and the entrances to the edifice, are now sunk considerably below the soil of the churchyard. As regards the eastern cloister also, to such an extent has the soil accumulated, that the spring of the arches is now level with the ground.

At the south side of the church was the great Close of the old priory,—the site of which is now occupied by modern buildings,—but which still bears the name of Great Bartholomew Close. The lesser Close, in which stood the Prior's stables, the kitchens, and offices, was situated at the east end of the church, and also still preserves its designation of Little Bartholomew Close. The former is especially interesting from its connexion with the fortunes of Milton. At the Restoration of Charles the Second, the prominent part which the great poet had acted during the civil troubles, as well as under the Protectorate, had rendered him a proscribed man; and, accordingly, we find him seeking a refuge in the house of a friend, in Bartholomew Close, where he remained concealed till he found himself included in the general amnesty.

Dr. Johnson thinks, and with some reason, that his escape was secretly favoured by the Government. That he was in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, at least for a short time, is proved by the following curious entries in the books of the House of Commons:—"Saturday, December 15th, 1660, ordered that Mr. Milton, now in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, attending this House, be forthwith released on paying his fees." And again, on Monday the 17th,—“A complaint made that the Sergeant-at-Arms had demanded excessive fees for the imprisonment of Mr. Milton: ordered that it be referred to the Committee for Privileges to examine this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Sergeant before them, and to determine what is fit to be given the Sergeant for his fees in this case.” After his liberation, Milton took up his abode in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields.

In Bartholomew Close resided that classical artist, Hubert Le Sœur, to whom we owe the beautiful statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross. He had a son, Isaac, who was buried on the 29th of November, 1630, in the neighbouring church of St. Bartholomew. Here, too, Benjamin Franklin carried on his vocation of a journeyman printer for nearly a year.

The most interesting monument in St. Bartholomew's Church is that of the founder of the Priory, Rahere. It is a fine specimen of the pointed style of architecture; representing the effigy of the founder, in his prior's dress, recum-

bent beneath a canopy, with an angel kneeling at his feet, and monks praying by his side. The monument is inscribed,—

Hic jacet Raherus,  
Primus Canonicus, et primus Prior hujus Ecclesiæ.

It bears no date, but from its style of architecture, it must have been erected many years after the death of the founder.

Another interesting monument in St. Bartholomew's Church is that of Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, who acted a prominent part as a courtier and a statesman, during the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth. He was one of the Commissioners who was sent to Fotheringay Castle, to conduct the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and it was to him, personally, that the unfortunate Queen addressed herself, when she pleaded her innocence of the crimes with which she was charged, and denied the right of Elizabeth to bring her to trial. The monument to Sir Henry is finely executed in marble, and is of great size; displaying a mixture of the Gothic and Classic styles of architecture, the union of which was then for the first time coming into vogue.

The circumstances which led to the foundation of the Priory of St. Bartholomew,—comprising the personal history of its founder, Rahere,—are full of interest. Rahere was a man of mean lineage; but nature had endowed him with those graceful qualities of mind and body, which make up for the

deficiencies of birth. Witty and lively in his disposition,—an accomplished libertine and a finished musician,—he was gifted with all those arts which render their possessor welcome to the tables of the great, and which, in the days when literature was almost entirely confined to the priesthood, were a certain pass-key to the bower of the lady and the revels of her lord. His sovereign, Henry the First, delighted in his society. Rahere charmed him by his songs, and fascinated him by his wit. According to an old monkish writer,—“he often haunted the King’s palace, and among the noisy press of that tumultuous court, conformed himself with polity and cardinal suavity, by the which he drew to himself the hearts of many a one. There, in spectacles, in meetings, in plays, and other courtly mockeries and trifles, he led the business of the day. This-wise to the king and great men : gentle and courteously known, familiar and fellowly he was.” \*

The story of Rahere, as regards the profligacy of his youth, and his subsequent repentance, not a little resembles that of Bouthillier de Rancé, the famous Abbot of La Trappe. De Rancé, a man of gallantry and pleasure, had formed a devoted attachment to the beautiful Duchess de Montbazou. His love was returned, and, to secure secrecy to their guilty meetings, the Duchess was in the

\* Cottonian MS. British Museum, quoted in Knight’s “London.” Stow styles him “a pleasant witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King’s minstrel.”—Stow’s “Survey,” p. 140.

habit of admitting him at all hours to her apartment by a private stair-case. His affairs having obliged De Rancé to absent himself from Paris for some weeks, he was anxious, on his return, to give his mistress a joyful surprise, and accordingly mounted the accustomed stair-case without having previously sent to announce himself. A private key admitted him to her apartment; but on opening the door, instead of the welcome he had anticipated, he witnessed a scene of horror which no language could exaggerate. During his absence, his beautiful mistress had died of the small-pox; her disfigured remains were lying before him; and in a dish on the table was her head, which the surgeons,—her coffin being too short,—had just severed from the body. Such an effect had this fearful sight upon the mind of De Rancé, that he became an altered man. He shut himself up in the convent of La Trappe during the remainder of his life, inuring himself to gloomy devotions and the most cruel penances.

It was not improbable that under somewhat similar circumstances, a like revolution was wrought in the mind of the worldly Rahere. He was still in the full vigour of life, and in the full enjoyment of its pleasures, when, on a sudden, he absented himself from his accustomed haunts, and “decreed himself to go to the court of Rome, coveting in so great a labour to do the works of penance.” He reached the holy city, but his contrition and repentance required yet another trial to render them com-

plete. "While he tarried there," says the same old monkish writer, "he began to be vexed with grievous sickness; and his dolours encreasing, he drew to the extreme of life: the which, dreading within himself that he had not yet satisfied God for his sins, he supposed that God took vengeance of him for them, amongst outlandish people, and deemed that the last hour of his death drew nigh. This remembering inwardly, he shed out, as water, his heart in the sight of God, and all brake out in tears. He avowed that if God would grant him health, that he might return to his own country, he would make an hospital for the recreation of poor men, that they being so there gathered, he might minister necessities to them after his power. And not long after, the benign and merciful Lord beheld this weeping man, restored him his health and approved his vow."

Not long afterwards, probably while under the influence of fever, a celestial vision, having the "majesty of a king, of great beauty and imperial authority," is said to have appeared to the repentant voluptuary. "I am Bartholomew," he said, "the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, and the common favour of the celestial court and council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt found a church. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit,



and hallow it, and glorify it. Wherefore doubt thee nought; only give thy diligence, and my part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build, and end this work."

Rahere's private fortune was apparently small. By his influence at court, however, he was enabled to obtain possession of the required site at Smithfield; and by working on the pious feelings of the rich; and taking every advantage which could suggest itself to a pious and enthusiastic mind, he was enabled to perfect his great work. The same engaging charm of manner which had rendered him the associate of courtiers and of kings, had its influence also over the ignorant and the poor, on whose better feelings he wrought so successfully, as to induce them to afford him their manual labour without the prospect of reward. When appealing to them individually, he fascinated them with the charm of his address: when he exhorted them collectively, we are told that his eloquence "compelled them unto sighing and weeping." Under such circumstances rose the magnificent Priory, as well as the neighbouring Hospital of St. Bartholomew. It is not a little remarkable, that a hospital, which was founded, nearly eight centuries ago, by a favourite of the son of William the Conqueror, should remain in existence in the nineteenth century.

The spot selected by Rahere, for the site of his great monastic establishment, was then a mere swamp; the only spot in the neighbourhood which



as yet had been recovered from the surrounding marshes, being the ground on which the gallows was erected. For centuries this was the ordinary place for executing criminals: the name being rendered familiar to us as the Elms at Smithfield. The church was completed in 1113. The sight of a magnificent Priory rising upon this unfavourable ground, where sometime stood the "horrible hanging of the thieves,"—founded, moreover, by a man who was neither a "product of gentle blood nor greatly endowed with literature, nor of divine kynage," procured for Rahere many enemies, who did not fail to accuse him of hypocrisy, and to seize every opportunity of throwing obloquy on his new establishment. Henry the First, however, stood his friend; and by extending to the new Priory extraordinary privileges and immunities, showed how satisfied he was of the pious sincerity of his former boon companion, and thus secured him from further annoyance. Rahere nominated himself the first prior of his own establishment, over which he presided for twenty-two years and six months, at the end of which period he "forsook the clay-house of this world, and entered the house everlasting." According to the monkish authority, from whom we have just quoted, numerous miracles were wrought in the monastery during the life-time of the founder, and, after his death, the sick who paid a pilgrimage to his tomb were restored to health, and the blind to sight.

About a century after the death of Rahere, we

find an extraordinary *fracas* taking place within the walls of the Priory, between Boniface Archbishop of Canterbury and his attendants, on the one side, and the superior and canons of the establishment, on the other. The Archbishop, it appears, in the course of one of his visitations had stopped with his suite at the Priory of St. Bartholomew, where he was received by the holy fathers with all due honours. At the same time, however, the sub-prior, respectfully intimated to him, that as the brotherhood had selected a learned bishop, whom he named, for their visitor, they could not, out of respect for him, submit to the control of any other. In this conference, which took place in the church, the Archbishop vainly expostulated with the sub-prior on his disobedience and that of his brethren; and at length became so enraged at the opposition which he met with, as to strike the sub-prior a blow on the face. In the words of Matthew Paris, as quoted by Stow, the Archbishop “rent in pieces the rich cope of the sub-prior, and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him.” The canons, seeing the danger to which their sub-prior was exposed, hurried to his rescue, and, in the disgraceful scuffle which ensued, the prelate was thrown on his back. The attendants of the Archbishop were, on their part, not wanting in zeal. Seeing their master on the ground, “being all strangers, and their master’s countrymen, born at Provence, they fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod

them under feet." The result was a general "uproar" through the city; the citizens naturally taking a part with their countrymen against the insolent foreigners. The Archbishop, to avoid being torn to pieces by the mob, fled in the first instance to Lambeth; nor did he feel himself in safety till he found himself in the presence, and under the protection of the King.\*

At the dissolution of the religious houses, the Priory of St. Bartholomew was granted by Henry the Eighth to Sir Richard Rich, in whose possession it remained till the accession of Queen Mary, who conferred it on the Black, or Preaching Friars. After her death, it again fell into the hands of the Rich family, who made it their residence. It was subsequently inhabited by Sir Walter Mildmay, whose remains are interred in the church.

We have already mentioned the magnificent foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital by Rahere. "Alfune," says Stow, "that had not long before built the parish church of St. Giles without Cripplegate, became the first hospitaller, or proctor, for the poor of this house, and went himself daily to the shambles and other markets, where he begged the charity of devout people for their relief." In 1352, the hospital was set apart by Edward the Third for the special relief of the poor and diseased. Four sisters were appointed to administer to their wants, and to attend them in their sickness; and the entire establishment was placed under

\* Stow, 140.

the government of a master and eight priests, or brethren. About the year 1423, the Hospital was repaired by the executors of the munificent Lord Mayor, Richard Whittington. At the suppression of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the interests of the poor were not forgotten, and the hospital was refounded for the relief of an hundred "sore and diseased" persons.

The staircase, painted by Hogarth at his own expense,\* represents the good Samaritan, and the pool of Bethesda; and in another part Rahere laying the foundation-stone, with a sick man carried on a bier attended by monks. In the court-room, which is a fine apartment, is a full-length portrait of Henry the Eighth; a portrait of Charles the Second, by John Baptist Gaspars; and another of Dr. Ratcliffe, founder of the Ratcliffe Library at Oxford, and a munificent benefactor of the Hospital. In the windows, Henry the Eighth is represented delivering the charter to the Lord Mayor. By the King's side are, Arthur Prince of Wales, and two noblemen bearing white rods.

The church of St. Bartholomew the Less, though it escaped the great fire, possesses but little interest. It was originally a chapel attached to the Priory, but, after the dissolution of the monasteries, was converted into a parish church for the convenience

\* It appears, by the parish register, that Hogarth was baptized in the neighbouring church of St. Bartholomew, on the 28th of November 1697.—Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Bartholomew the Great.*

of those who lived within the precincts of the Hospital. When Stow made his survey, it contained many ancient monuments and brasses, but they have been nearly all swept away. The original tower still remains, but the interior, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt by Dance in 1789, and again by the late Thomas Hardwicke in 1823. Inigo Jones was baptized in this church, and here James Heath, the author of the "Chronicle of the late War," was interred in 1664.

Intimately associated with the Priory of St. Bartholomew, is its rural appendage of Canonbury, near Islington, a favourite retreat of the old Priors. This interesting relic of antiquity was presented to the Priory by Ralph de Berners in the reign of Edward the First, and derives its name from having been the residence of the Canons or Priors,—*bury* signifying a court, or dwelling-house. The present tower was apparently built by Prior Bolton, the last Prior of St. Bartholomew's, about the year 1520; his rebus, or device,—a bolt, or arrow, and a tun,—appearing in many places on the tower and park wall. The same quaint device is also to be traced in St. Bartholomew's Church, and in some of the houses in the adjoining Close. Ben Jonson speaks of,—

Old Prior Bolton, with his bolt and tun;

and from the same source, the ancient and well-known Inn in Fleet Street apparently derives its name.

“Canonbury Tower,” says Hone, “is sixty feet high and seventy feet square. It is part of an old mansion, which appears to have been erected, or much altered, about the reign of Elizabeth. The more ancient edifice was erected by the Priors or the Canons of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and hence was called Canonbury, to whom it appertained until it was surrendered with the Priory to Henry the Eighth; and when the religious houses were dissolved, Henry gave the mansion to Thomas Lord Cromwell. It afterwards passed through other hands, till it was possessed by Sir John Spencer, an Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, known by the name of ‘rich Spencer.’ While he resided at Canonbury, a Dunkirk pirate came over in a shallop to Barking Creek, and hid himself with some armed men in Islington Fields, (near the path which Sir John usually took from his house in Crosby Place to this mansion), with the hope of making him prisoner; but as he remained in town that night, they were glad to make off, for fear of detection, and returned to France disappointed of their prey, and of the large ransom they calculated on for the release of his person. His sole daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, was carried off in a baker’s basket from Canonbury House, by William, the second Lord Compton, Lord President of Wales. He inherited Canonbury, with the rest of Sir John Spencer’s wealth, at his death, and was afterwards created Earl of Northampton: in this family the manor still remains.”—“I ranged

the old rooms," adds Hone, "and took, perhaps, a last view from the roof. The eye shrank from the wide havoc below. Where new buildings had not covered the sward, it was embowelling for bricks, and kilns emitted flickering fire and sulphurous stench."

Canonbury Tower is rendered especially interesting, from its having been frequently the hiding-place of Goldsmith, when threatened with arrest and the jail. Here tradition informs us that he composed his "Deserted Village," and a part of the "Vicar of Wakefield." That Goldsmith resided here during the whole of the year 1763, and a portion of 1764, there can be no question. The best authority, however, which we have for presuming the "Vicar of Wakefield" to have been composed in Canonbury Tower, is that of Sir John Hawkins; while Mr. Mitford, in his "Life of Goldsmith," intimates that Goldsmith composed this charming novel during his residence in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, between the years 1760 and 1762. "It is an ancient brick tower," writes Washington Irving, "hard by 'merry Islington,' the remains of a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country, when the neighbourhood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes, was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his 'Deserted Village.' I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle,

with panelled wainscot, and Gothic windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and its having been the residence of poor Goldy."

Goldsmith's apartment is said to have been an old oak room on the first floor, in which he slept in a large press-bedstead in the eastern corner. The old tower still stands, but the apartment inhabited by Goldsmith has been sadly metamorphosed since the days of the poet.

The account which Washington Irving gives of the miseries of his "Poor Devil Author" in Canonbury Tower, has probably as much truth in it as fiction. "Sunday came, and with it the whole city world, swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket ground; the late quiet road beneath my windows was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a 'show-house,' being shown to strangers at sixpence a-head. There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families, to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the city through a telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys."

It was probably not alone from Canonbury Tower having been the hiding-place of Goldsmith, that Washington Irving fixed upon it as the residence of his "Poor Devil Author." Here, at different times, resided the unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart;



Humphries, an indifferent poet, and author of "Ulysses," an opera; and Chambers, author of the "Cyclopædia."

Behind Canonbury Tower is a mansion, now used as a private residence, which, according to tradition, was the occasional rural retreat of Queen Elizabeth, and which bears internal evidence of having been anciently the habitation of royalty. Ascending the spacious staircase, we enter the old drawing-room,—now divided into three rooms,—which, with its fine stuccoed ceiling, its scroll-work ornaments, and its beautiful mantel-piece, must formerly have been a stately apartment. In the centre of the ceiling are the initials, E. R., affording circumstantial, if not positive evidence, that the mansion was once inhabited by the virgin queen. On the ground-floor is another fine apartment, known as the Stone Parlour. This apartment has also a fine decorated mantel-piece, on which are represented the Cardinal Virtues; and also a stuccoed ceiling, embossed and ornamented with pendants.

Adjoining this house,—standing on a rather elevated lawn,—is the ancient residence of Prior Bolton. The lawn is terminated by a raised and embowered terrace, which must formerly have commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. At each end of the wall is an octagonal garden-house, erected by Prior Bolton, in one of which is still to be traced the Prior's rebus. The long lapse of three centuries has scarcely altered

the character of this interesting spot. The mulberry-trees,—probably transplanted from the mulberry-gardens of the old Priory,—the aged fig-trees which supplied the dainty tables of the Priors,—their shady walks,—their very piscatorium,—still remain.

The interior of the mansion also is well deserving of a visit. Among other relics, which remind us of the past, it contains a carved mantel-piece of the reign of Elizabeth, and a stone passage, or corridor, in which is a Tudor doorway of considerable beauty and elegance, ornamented by the rebus of Prior Bolton.\*

We must not conclude our notices of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, without a brief mention of the celebrated fair, which derived its name from its connection with that great religious house. The privilege of holding a fair at Smithfield, during St. Bartholomew Tide, was originally granted to the Priory by Henry the Second. It lasted for three days, and was principally frequented by the drapers of London, as well as by clothiers who flocked hither with their goods from all parts of England. These persons were allowed to place

\* The author is indebted to Knight's "London" for many interesting particulars connected with the priory of St. Bartholomew, and its founder Rahere.—See Knight's "London," vol. ii. p. 33, *et sequent*, and p. 49, *et sequent*. The public are no longer admitted to view Canonbury Tower. Those who may be desirous to obtain admission to its interior, are forewarned that, as recently happened to the author, they will only expose themselves to disappointment and incivility.

their booths and standings within the walls of the church-yard, the gates of which were carefully locked at night.\*

But in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Bartholomew Fair had ceased to be the great cloth mart of England, and in its place sprung up those humours and saturnalia, for which it continued to be celebrated even in our own time. The ancient custom of the Lord Mayor opening the fair in person is still adhered to; but he no longer stops his horse at Newgate in his way, to receive from the hands of the keeper of the prison a "cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." In 1688, this custom proved fatal to Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor, grandfather of the beautiful Catherine Shorter, the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. While holding the tankard, the lid suddenly fell, when his horse, frightened at the noise, plunged and threw his rider. The injuries which he received were so severe, that he died on the following day.

Bartholomew Fair was long celebrated for its theatrical entertainments. Pepys writes on the 30th of August 1667. "I to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down; and there, among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play, and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her. But they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great re-

\* Stow, p. 141.

spect to take coach, and she away without any trouble at all." It was at Bartholomew Fair that Rich is said to have first met with Walker, the original Macheath, performing in a booth, when, being struck with his talents, he engaged him for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn. The unfortunate poet, Elkanah Settle, was once so reduced in circumstances, as to be compelled to accept an engagement from a Mrs. Mynn and her daughter, to write pantomimes and contrive machinery for a Smithfield booth. Here, at the close of life,—in one of his own wretched theatrical exhibitions, called "St. George and the Dragon,"—he was reduced to personate the dragon, enclosed in a case of green leather. It is to this circumstance that Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," alludes in his Epistle to Pope :—

Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,  
For bread in Smithfield-dragons hissed at last ;  
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,  
And found his manners suited to his shape.  
Such is the fate of talents misapplied, &c.

We have the authority of Mrs. Piozzi, that Dr. Johnson's uncle, Andrew Johnson, "for a whole year kept the *ring* at Smithfield—where they wrestled and boxed—and never was thrown or conquered."\*

\* Croker's "Boswell," p. 178. Ed. 1848.

## THE CHARTER HOUSE.

CHARTER HOUSE ORIGINALLY A BURIAL-GROUND.—SIR WALTER DE MANNY FOUNDS A CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY THERE.—DREADFUL PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED ON THE CARTHUSIANS BY HENRY THE EIGHTH.—CHARTER HOUSE PURCHASED BY DUKE OF NORFOLK.—GIVEN TO EARL OF SUFFOLK.—HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS SUTTON, FOUNDER OF PRESENT CHARTER HOUSE. — SCHOLARS AND PENSIONERS.—OLD COURT ROOM.—CHARTER HOUSE SQUARE.

THERE is, perhaps, no spot in London which has witnessed so much dreary horror as the ground occupied by the Charter House. Beneath and around us lie the remains of no fewer than one hundred thousand human beings, who fell victims to the frightful plague which devastated the metropolis in the reign of Edward the Third;\* when, according to Stow, “scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive.” “No Man’s Land,” as it was styled by our ancestors, bore a frightful reputation. Long after the earth had closed over the vast plague-pit, it was the custom to inter there all who had either perished on the gibbet or by their own hands. Their mutilated corpses, according to Stow, were conveyed hither with terrifying ceremony, “usually

\* “It is to be noted, that above one hundred thousand bodies of Christian people had in that churchyard been buried; for the said knight (Sir Walter de Manny) had purchased that place for the burial of poor people, travellers, and other that were deceased, to remain for ever.”—Stow, p. 161.

in a close cart, bailed over and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting; and at the fore-end a St. John's cross without; and, within, a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary cart, which belonged to St. John's, and had the privilege of sanctuary."

At the time of the great plague, in the reign of Edward the Third, the ground on which the Charter House now stands consisted of open fields; and it was in consequence of the ordinary London churchyards having been filled to overflowing by the victims of the pestilence, that, in 1348, the ground was purchased, from philanthropic motives, by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, who surrounded it with a wall of brick, and built a chapel for the performance of the burial service over the dead. This immediate spot was known by the name of Pardon Churchyard, a name which it continued to retain in the days of Stow. The chapel stood on the ground between the present north wall of the Charter House and Sutton Street.

There existed another beneficent philanthropist at that fearful period, to whom, in fact, we indirectly owe the present magnificent establishment, the Charter House, namely, Sir Walter de Manny, a native of Hainault, and a Knight of the Garter, whose virtues not only endeared him to his contemporaries, but whose personal gallantry shone pre-eminent in every battle and tournament of that chivalrous age. As compassionate as he was brave,

during the raging of the pestilence, in 1348, he added thirteen acres to the ground already purchased by Bishop Stratford ; and, at the close of his life perfected his pious work by founding and endowing on the spot a religious establishment, which continued to exist till the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The order founded by Sir Walter, in which work he was assisted by the advice and experience of Simon Sudbury, Bishop of London, consisted of twenty-four Carthusian monks, who were formed into a branch of the Benedictines, originally established at Chartreux, in France, about the year 1080. From hence the modern word, Charter House, is corrupted. The order was principally distinguished by its austerity and self-denial. Their under-garment was white, over which they wore a black cloak ; the only other covering permitted them, even in winter, being a single blanket. With the exception of the prior and the proctor, they were confined entirely to the walls of the monastery. In the middle of the night they were compelled to attend divine service, even in the most inclement weather. Once a week they fasted on bread, salt, and water ; and on no occasion were they allowed to eat meat, nor even fish, unless it were a free gift. When Shakespeare, in his play of Henry the Eighth, speaks of "a monk o' the Chartreux," he alludes to one of the fraternity of the ancient Charter House.

Sir Walter de Manny breathed his last in 1372, a year after the foundation of the order, and proba-

bly long before the completion of the buildings. It would seem, in making the Church his heir, that he entertained some compunctions of conscience in regard to the numerous victims whom his stalwart arm had hurried into eternity; his charter, which is still preserved in the present establishment, especially providing that prayers shall be offered up for the eternal welfare of those who had fallen by his hands. This great and good man died deeply and deservedly lamented. Froissart tells us that "all the barons and knights of England were much affected at his death, on account of the loyalty and prudence they had always found in him." He was buried with great pomp in the chapel of the monastery of the Carthusians; his funeral being attended by the King in person, and by the principal nobles and prelates of the realm; the King and his barons being desirous of paying honour to his valour, and the churchmen to his piety. By his own wish, a tomb of alabaster was placed over his remains in the choir of the chapel.

From the time of its foundation till the extinction of their order, the Carthusians continued to be respected for their peaceful and exemplary lives; living entirely secluded from the vanities and temptations of the busy world around them, practising self-denial, and dispensing alms to the poor. Their virtues, however, availed them nothing against the grasping avarice of Henry the Eighth; and accordingly, at the dissolution of the religious houses, they received a visit from the King's



commissioners, by whom they were formally required to withdraw their spiritual allegiance from the Pope, and to acknowledge the King's supremacy in the Church. In case of their submission, the prospect of honours and rewards were liberally held out to them ; while, in case of obduracy, they were threatened with the gibbet and the rack.

These devoted men, however, steadfastly refused to sacrifice their principles to their interests, on which the prior Houghton, and the proctor Middlemore, were dragged to the Tower ; three persons being, in the mean time, appointed to reside in the monastery, and to have the custody of the unoffending monks. On the 5th of May 1535, the venerable prior was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn ; one of his quarters being actually placed over the gate of his own monastery, a ghastly spectacle to its surviving inmates, and a terrible forewarning of the fate which awaited them. Undismayed, however, by this terrible example, they continued to turn a deaf ear alike to the threats and the promises of the King's inquisitors. Enraged at their obstinacy, their enemies took the preliminary step of immuring them within the walls of the cloisters ; from whence, about a month after the death of their leader, many of them were dragged forth to the gibbet. Their bodies having been cut down while they were still alive, their bowels were taken out, and their heads and quarters affixed to different parts of the city. Six monks only of the whole number, either terrified into submission, or convinced by the arguments of

the inquisitors, recanted their errors and took the oath of supremacy. There now remained only ten of the unfortunate Carthusians, and their fate was even more pitiable than that of their deceased brethren. Such was the miserable state to which they were reduced by hunger, filth, and close confinement, that nine of them actually wasted away and died in their miserable cells. The remaining one, the last of the simple-minded and devoted Carthusians, was led forth, a few years later, to the gibbet.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the Charter House was granted by Henry the Eighth, in 1542, for their joint lives, to John Brydges and Thomas Hall, the former Yeoman, and the latter Groom, of the King's nets and tents. Henry subsequently conferred it upon Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, who sold it, in 1545, to the eminent statesman and lawyer, Sir Edward North, afterwards Lord North, who metamorphosed the old monastery into a magnificent mansion. He subsequently disposed of it to the turbulent and ambitious John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder and execution, in August 1553, it was again conferred on Lord North by the Crown.

In 1565 the Charter House was purchased of Roger the second Lord North, by Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, whose romantic attachment to Mary Queen of Scots led him to the block. It was the favourite resort of this unfortunate nobleman ; at one time the scene of his revels ; at another, of his desperate intrigues ; and, lastly, of

his imprisonment. The greater part of the edifice was rebuilt by this nobleman as it now stands. In the great hall may be still seen his heraldic bearings with the date, 1571, the year previous to his execution; while the pediment of the outer gate in Charter House Square is still supported by two lions with scrolls, his armorial badge. It may be mentioned, that the principal evidence against the ill-fated Duke was the discovery, under the roofing-tiles of the Charter House, of the key to the cypher of his letters. His guilt having been thus substantiated;—notwithstanding his many virtues, his great popularity, and their long friendship, Queen Elizabeth, either with real or feigned reluctance, signed the warrant for his execution; and, on the 2nd of June 1572, he perished in the prime of life on Tower Hill.

The Howards were the kinsfolks of Queen Elizabeth, and consequently she was induced to divide among them the property of the late Duke, which had been forfeited by his attainder; the Charter House falling to the share of his second son, Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk. This nobleman was residing here in 1603, when James the First ascended the throne; and as it was the policy of the Scottish monarch to make amends for the want of feeling which he had displayed towards his ill-fated mother in her life time, by heaping favours on those who had suffered in her cause, he selected Lord Thomas Howard to be his host previous to his solemn entry into London, and

under his roof he passed the four days which preceded that event. Hither he was conducted by a magnificent procession, which met him at Stamford Hill, and here he was splendidly entertained by his obsequious host. Here, too, it was that he shewed his affection for his new subjects by dubbing no fewer than eighty knights; and here, at his departure, he displayed his gratitude to his host by creating him Earl of Suffolk, and appointing him to the high honours of Lord Treasurer of England, Lord Chamberlain of his household, and a Knight of the Garter.

Within a very short time, how many revolutions of fortune had passed over this interesting ground! Scarcely seventy years had elapsed since its walls had been peopled by the ill-fated Carthusians, who had performed here their daily routine of quiet duties, unsuspecting of the mighty revolution which was threatening their Church, and of their own impending fate. Within a few years every trace of them had passed away, as if their Order had never been in existence; their peaceful monastery had been transformed into a princely mansion; silken pages lounged in the cloisters which had witnessed their frightful sufferings; and in the refectory, where they had partaken of their simple repasts, sat the haughty Elizabeth surrounded by all the magnificent paraphernalia of a court. Again a change took place. The old monastery passed from the possession of the courtly lawyer, Lord North, into the hands of the princely Norfolk, and became the

scene of his daring conspiracy and romantic dreams ; and, lastly, on its becoming the property of his more cautious and fortunate son, we find another sovereign,—the effeminate successor of the lion-hearted Queen, —honoured and feasted within its walls. Within a few more years it was destined to undergo another change, and, fortunately, to be converted to a far nobler purpose than being a sanctuary for monks, or a banqueting-house for kings.

With the exception of Guy's Hospital, the foundation and endowment of the Charter House by Sir Thomas Sutton, may be regarded as the most princely charity, for which we are indebted to the munificence of any single individual. The personal history of the founder possesses in itself no slight interest ; but, even were it otherwise, the name of so eminent a benefactor to his fellow creatures could not be permitted to be passed over in entire silence. A native of Knaith, in Lincolnshire, he was born in 1531 ; received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and subsequently entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. In early life he had passed several years travelling in foreign countries, and on his return to England, in 1562, found himself, by the death of his father, in the possession of a considerable property. He now attached himself as one of the retainers of the Duke of Norfolk,—a circumstance to which we may, perhaps, attribute that affection for the Charter House and its localities, which, many years afterwards, induced him to

become its purchaser. The zeal with which he served the Duke of Norfolk induced that nobleman to introduce him to the Earl of Warwick, whose secretary he became, and by whose influence he obtained the appointment of Master-General of the Ordnance in the North. Within a few years from this period, in consequence of the successful result of several commercial speculations, and more especially by the purchase of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle, the coal mines of which yielded him immense profits, Sir Richard found himself one of the richest subjects in Europe. Wealth could scarcely have been lavished on a person more deserving of it. To him the scholar never applied for assistance in vain, nor were the poor and needy ever sent empty-handed from his door. Ever on the watch for opportunities of benefiting his fellow-creatures, he was in the habit, in years of scarcity, of filling store-houses with grain, which he afterwards disposed of at low prices to the poor. More than once, while meditating in his garden, he was overheard to use the expression, "Lord, thou has given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof." Not only was he constantly besieged with applications for relief from the scholar, the widow, and the orphan; but among his papers, which are still preserved at the Charter House, are numerous petitions for sums of money in the hand-writing of the noblest of the land, as well as piles of bonds which he appears never to have called upon them to cancel. Among

his debtors are to be traced no less illustrious names than those of the haughty Elizabeth, and her ill-fated favourite the Earl of Essex.

Notwithstanding his peaceful habits and gentle disposition, Sir Robert was far from being the mere merchant or philanthropist. When Master-General of the Ordnance in the North he had acquired a military reputation, and is especially mentioned as having commanded in person one of the batteries raised for the reduction of Edinburgh Castle in 1573.

On the 9th of May 1611, Sir Thomas, having completed the purchase of the Charter House from the Earl of Suffolk, for the sum of 13,000*l.*, immediately commenced preparations for establishing his new institution on its present footing. He had proposed to nominate himself its first governor; but his arrangements had scarcely been completed, when he was seized by a fatal illness, which carried him off on the 12th of December, 1611, at the age of seventy-nine. His death took place at Hackney, exactly six weeks after he had signed the important deeds which conveyed his vast landed estates to the Charter House. His body, having been embalmed, was brought from Hackney to the house of Dr. Law, in Paternoster Row, from whence it was conveyed to its temporary resting-place in Christ Church, Newgate, followed by six thousand persons. In March 1616, it was removed to the spot where it now reposes in the chapel of his own princely foundation.

The establishment of the Charter House, which is under the rule of sixteen governors, consists of a Master, Preacher, head Schoolmaster, second Master, Registrar, House Steward, or Manciple, besides inferior officers and servants. The pensioners on its establishment are eighty "decayed gentlemen," and forty-four scholars.

The scholars are admitted between the ages of ten and fourteen, and, provided they attain a certain proficiency in learning, are transplanted in due time to the University, where, according to the will of the founder, twenty-nine exhibitions of the value of 80*l.* a-year, are provided for those who have been educated on his foundation. The school has long borne a creditable reputation; but compared with Eton, Westminster, or even Harrow, appears to have produced but few individuals of extraordinary celebrity. The principal exceptions appear to be Richard Crashaw, the poet, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and Sir William Blackstone, the lawyer and poet. Wesley, who survived till the almost patriarchal age of eighty-seven, used to attribute the health which he enjoyed through so long a life, to his having kept a promise which he made to his father, that he would never miss a day without running a certain number of times round the Charter House playing-ground. Another scholar at the Charter House was the late Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord Ellenborough, whose strong attachment to the scenes of his



boyish days may be presumed from the wish which he expressed to be buried within its walls. A prominent object, on the south wall of the Charter House play-ground, is a painted *crown*, which is said to have been originally drawn in chalk by the great lawyer in his boyhood, and which has ever since been religiously renewed and preserved in durable colours. In the chapel of the Charter House is a monument to the memory of Lord Ellenborough.

The pensioners, or “decayed gentlemen,” live entirely apart from the scholars: they have each their separate apartment, and receive an allowance of 25*l.* a-year each, besides a table being kept for them. No person is admitted who has not been a housekeeper, nor who is under the age of fifty, unless he has been maimed in war. Elkanah Settle, the poet, and John Bagford, the antiquary, were severally “poor brethren” of the Charter House.

In addition to its historical associations, there are many objects of interest in the Charter House which render it worthy of a visit. Although portions of the ancient walls of the monastery are unquestionably incorporated in the present building, the edifice as it now stands, exhibits but few traces of the original structure of Sir Walter de Manny. Perhaps the only exception is the basement of the chapel turret, which is supported on the exterior by an original buttress, anciently forming a part of the old tower of the Carthusian chapel. Of the monastery, however, as it existed at a later period,

the antiquary may trace some interesting remains. The chamber, where the pensioners now dine, was the Refectory of the old monks: the entrances to several of their cells may still be traced on the south side of the present play-ground; their ancient kitchen is still in use; and the cloisters, which witnessed the sufferings of the ill-fated Carthusians, still continue objects of unfading interest.

The other objects of note in the Charter House, are the Chapel, the Hall, the Old Court Room, and an ancient and beautiful apartment called the Evidence Room, in which the records of the establishment are preserved. The principal object in the chapel, though placed in a dark corner, is the large and gaudy monument of the founder, Sir Thomas Sutton, whose recumbent effigy, painted in imitation of life, is represented with grey hair and beard, in a black furred gown. On each side of it is an upright figure of a man in armour, and above it is a preacher addressing a full congregation. This monument was the work of the well-known mason and statuary, Nicholas Stone, who was employed as master-mason, under Inigo Jones, in building the Banqueting-House at Whitehall. His bill for Sutton's monument is still in existence, and amounts to 366*l.* 15*s.*

The hall is said to have been built by Sir Edward North, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and was afterwards used as a banqueting-room by the ill-fated Duke of Norfolk. The roof is fine and mas-

sive, and in the oriel windows are some remains of painted glass, with various armorial bearings. The mantel-piece, too, is curious. Above it are Sutton's arms, and on each side of them is represented a mounted piece of cannon, supposed to have reference to the military services performed by the peaceful founder in his youth, at the siege of Edinburgh.

The apartment, known as the Governors' Room, in the Master's House, is also well-worthy of a visit from its containing the portraits of several celebrated persons. In curious juxtaposition, we have likenesses of the grave founder and the gay and unprincipled George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; of the pious Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the profligate Charles the Second; of the hero, William Earl Craven, and the philosopher Burnet, author of the "Theory of the Earth;" of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; of the eminent philosopher, Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury, and of the celebrated statesman, Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury.

But the most interesting apartment in the Charter House is unquestionably the old Court Room, with its sombre tapestry, its lofty panelled mantel-piece, and its beautiful stuccoed and gilded ceiling. How vividly does it recall to our imaginations the golden days of Queen Elizabeth—those days when the virgin queen rode on horseback from the Tower to the Charter House, to spend four days

of recreation with her learned Chancellor, Sir Edward North; her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, carrying the sword of state before her; her ladies following close behind her on their ambling palfreys; and a magnificent procession bringing up the rear. Passing through the gate, which still bears the heraldic badge of the Duke of Norfolk, she was probably led to this, the principal apartment of the old mansion; and here, surrounded by her ladies, received the homage of the statesmen and warriors of that chivalrous age.

Girt with many a baron bold,  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
In bearded majesty appear.  
In the midst, a form divine!  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;  
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace;  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!

Charter House Square stands on the site of the burial-place of the ancient monastery. At the north-east corner stood the residence of the Rutland family, and when the old mansion was pulled down, on its site rose, in 1656, the well-known theatre of Sir William Davenant.

In Charter House Square died, on the 8th of December 1691, Richard Baxter, the eminent nonconformist divine.

Pardon Passage, in the immediate vicinity of Charter House Square, forms a curious link between

the days of Edward the Third and our own time. It is needless to remark that it derives its name from Pardon Churchyard, the designation originally given to the ground purchased by Bishop Stratford, in 1348, for the interment of the victims of the giant pestilence, whose ravages we have already recorded.

## ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL, &amp;c.

ST. JOHN'S GATE.—BECOMES THE RESIDENCE OF CAVE.—ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON AND CAVE.—ST. JOHN'S GATE NOW CONVERTED INTO A PUBLIC HOUSE.—HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.—THE ORDER SUPPRESSED.—ST. JAMES, CLERKENWELL.—MONUMENTS THERE.—DERIVATION OF NAME OF CLERKENWELL.—SIR THOMAS CHALONER.—NEWCASTLE HOUSE.—BAGNIGGE WELLS.—SADLER'S WELLS.—HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE.

TURNING from St. John's Street into St. John's Lane, we face the ancient gateway of the Hospital, or Priory, of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In the reign of James the First, this interesting gateway formed the residence of Sir Roger Wilbraham, to whom it was granted by that monarch. From this period little is known of its history, till the commencement of the last century, when it had become the private residence of the well-known Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," the first number of which issued from St. John's Gate.

Boswell mentions the feelings of "reverence," with which Dr. Johnson first gazed upon the old gateway, which he attributes to its association with the Gentleman's Magazine. "I suppose," he says, "that every young author has had the same

kind of feeling for the magazine or periodical publication which has first entertained him. I myself recollect such impressions from the ‘Scots’ Magazine.’” But when Dr. Johnson gazed with “reverence” on St. John’s Gateway, the “Gentleman’s Magazine” had, in all probability, but little place in his thoughts. Mr. Croker justly observes, “If, as Boswell supposes, Johnson looked at St. John’s Gate as the printing-office of Cave, surely a less emphatical term than *reverence* would have been more just. The ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ had been, at this time, but six years before the public, and its contents were, until Johnson himself contributed to improve it, entitled to anything rather than *reverence*; but it is more probable that Johnson’s reverence was excited by the recollections connected with the ancient gate itself, the last relic of the once extensive and magnificent Priory of the heroic Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, suppressed at the Dissolution, and destroyed by successive dilapidations.”

Malone relates a curious anecdote in connexion with Dr. Johnson and St. John’s Gate. Shortly after the publication of Johnson’s “Life of Savage,” Walter Harte, the author of the “Life of Gustavus Adolphus,” dined with Cave. A few days afterwards, Harte and Cave happened accidentally to meet, when the latter observed, “You made a man very happy the other day.”—“How could that be,” said Harte, “there was no one there but ourselves?” Cave then reminded him that during

dinner a plate of victuals had been sent behind a screen. They were for Johnson, he said, who was dressed so shabbily that he declined sitting down to table, but who had overheard the conversation, and was highly delighted with the encomiums on his work.

St. John's Gate, with all its interesting associations, has been long since converted into a public-house. When the author of these "Memorials" recently paid a visit to the spot, he was struck by observing a copy of MS. verses, framed and glazed, hanging up in the tap-room, purporting that in that apartment Dr. Johnson used to dance attendance on Cave, the bookseller. The principal apartment he found hung with tawdry banners and tinsel armour, and on enquiry, was told that it was used as a refectory by a modern Order of Knights of St. John, consisting of tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, who, entitling themselves Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, elect their Prior, or Grand Master, drink beer and smoke tobacco, and are not too proud to admit strangers to their social board, on payment of twopence a head.

The military Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was founded, about the year 1100, by Jordan Briset, a Norman Baron, and Muriel, his wife. The dress of the Order was originally a black upper garment, with a white cross in front.

The Knights were required to take an oath of chastity; to be rigid in the performance of their devotions; to yield implicit obedience to their su-



periors; to defend Christians against Pagans; to renounce all property independent of the common stock; to relieve the needy and to administer to the sick. They were especially enjoined, as the champions of the Cross, to fight for it to the last gasp of their lives. When a new Knight was admitted into the Order, the Principal thus solemnly adjured him; "We place this cross upon your breast, my brother, that you may love it with all your heart; and may your right hand ever fight in its defence, and for its preservation. Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of our faith, you should retreat, desert the standard of the Cross, and take to flight, you will be stript of this truly holy sign, according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken the vows you have just taken, and you will be cut off from our body as an unsound and corrupt member."

Like the Knights Templars, the Order of St. John, in the first years of its existence, was distinguished by the austerities, the chastity, and the self-denial practised by its members. "Receive the yoke of the Lord," were the words of the Principal to a proselyte Knight; "it is easy and light, and you shall find rest for your soul. We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit and of little worth." By degrees, however, as the reputation of their heroic exploits spread over Europe, nobles and princes enrolled themselves members of the Order, and threw their wealth into the common stock; luxury and pride crept in

among them; and of the virtues which had distinguished the Order at its foundation, little remained but their valour and their fame. Within little more than the space of a century, the Order is computed to have possessed no fewer than 19,000 manors, in different countries in Christendom.

To enumerate the heroic exploits performed by the Knights of St. John, would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject. Even when the cause for which they fought had become a desperate one,—when it was evident, even to the bravest and most sanguine, that they could no longer hope to retain possession of the Holy Land, which had been conquered at the expense of so much suffering and blood,—they still continued to defend the sacred territory, almost inch by inch, notwithstanding the immense masses of Infidels who were arrayed against them; displaying, in their famous defence of the fortress of Azotus, the same heroic gallantry which had distinguished them, in the early period of their history, at the sieges of Ascalon and Gaza. Of the ninety Knights who defended Azotus, when that fortress was at length taken by assault, not one was found alive. The dead body of the last served as a stepping-stone to the advancing Infidels. The capture of Nazareth, Cæsarea, Jaffa, Tyre, and Antioch, speedily followed; and though the arrival of the chivalrous Edward the First, with a large body of Knights, for a time checked the victorious career of the Mahometans, fresh reverses succeeded, till at last the Crusaders were compelled to shut them-

selves up in their last remaining stronghold, the fortress of St. Jean d'Acre. On the story of that famous siege, which took place in 1291, it is unnecessary to dwell.

The Knights Templars and Knights of St. John vied with each other in performing acts of heroic valour, and when at length the Crescent glittered on the citadel of Acre, there survived but a small remnant of that chivalrous band to recount the gallantry and mourn the fate of their brethren. In the last act of the drama, when the Mahomedans were rushing in vast masses to the breaches, the surviving Knights of St. John made a sudden sally from another part of the fortress, in hopes, by surprising and attacking their enemies in the rear, to turn the tide of victory. Unfortunately, however, their design had been anticipated by the Mahomedans, who were prepared to receive them. Moreover, disheartened by the death of their Grand Master, who had been killed in the first onset, they had no choice but to fight their way to the sea-beach, where a small boat received the survivors.

In 1310, after a long and bloody contest with its desperate piratical inhabitants, we find the Knights of St. John investing themselves with the sovereignty of the Island of Rhodes. Here they remained,—carrying on a continual warfare with the Mahomedans, and enriching themselves by commerce,—till 1522, when the Sultan, Solymán the Fourth, appeared before the island with an overwhelming armament. The details of the protracted

and bloody siege which followed,—in which the Knights fully sustained their ancient reputation for valour, and in which the Turks lost 100,000 men,—are well known. The last bulwark which was blown up was that of the English Knights, who, on four different occasions, drove back the Turks from the breach, and tore down the Mussulman flag which had been planted on the walls. The last who consented to capitulate was the Grand Master, the venerable L'Isle Adam. When the Sultan Solyman subsequently entered Rhodes as a conqueror, he paid a visit to the heroic old man, with whose misfortunes he is said to have deeply sympathized. “It is not without pain,” he said, “that I force this Christian, at his time of life, to leave his dwelling.” By the terms of the capitulation, the surviving Knights were allowed to quit Rhodes unmolested, and to retire whithersoever they chose. Accordingly, in 1530, they took possession of Malta, which had been conceded to them by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and where they continued till the extinction of their Order.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of the Knights of St. John, was the long and bitter rivalry which existed between them and the Knights Templars. So intense, indeed, was their mutual hatred, that, forgetful of the common cause which enjoined them to fight side by side against the Infidel, they more than once pointed the lance against each other, on the sandy plains of Palestine. The last and most sanguinary of these

combats took place in 1259, when the Knights of St. John obtained a complete victory over their rivals, leaving scarcely a Templar alive on the field of battle. Half a century afterwards, the Knights Templars had ceased to exist as an Order; the greater portion of their possessions being conferred by the Pope and the other European sovereigns, on the Knights of St. John. Among the property thus transferred to them was the Temple in Fleet Street, which subsequently, in the reign of Edward the Third, was leased by the Knights of St. John to the students of law. The Prior at this period ranked as first Baron of England.

As their riches increased, so also did luxury and licentiousness take root among this once ascetic and self-denying Order. To the lower classes, the notorious vices of many of the Knights, and their arrogant display of wealth, rendered them especially obnoxious. When, in the reign of Richard the Second, the celebrated riots broke out under the direction of Wat Tyler, the property of the Knights of St. John was among the first which fell a sacrifice to the fury of the rebels. On the morning after they reached London, the latter completely laid waste the manor of Highbury, about two miles from London, then in the possession of the Knights; they next proceeded to the Temple, where they destroyed the records and other documents, and pillaged and set fire to the buildings; but their most terrible act of vengeance was the destruction of the magnificent hospital of St. John, to which they set fire in several

places, having previously beheaded the Prior, Sir Robert Hales. "They burnt," says Stow, "all the houses belonging to St. John's ; and then burnt the fair Priory of the hospital of St. John, causing the same to burn the space of seven days after. At the time, the King being in a turret of the Tower, and seeing the manor of Savoy, the Priory of St. John's Hospital, and other houses on fire, he demanded of his council what was the best to do in that extremity ; but none of them could counsel in that case." It is little to be wondered at, that the King's counsellors should have been reluctant in advising the King in this emergency, when we remember the recent fate of Sir Robert Hales. A few days previously, when the assembled rebels at Blackheath had sent to demand a conference with their sovereign, it was the Prior of St. John's who had most strenuously advised his royal master to hold no converse with such "bare legged ribalds."

These events occurred in 1381 ; and within a quarter of a century a new priory arose from the ashes of the old, which it appears to have far surpassed in magnificence. It was not, however, till the end of the fifteenth century that the present gateway was built ; nor was the church completed till 1504.

The order of St. John of Jerusalem was suppressed by Henry the Eighth, in the thirty-second year of his reign. On the last Prior, Sir William Weston (who died, it is said, of a broken heart on the day his order was suppressed), the King conferred a

pension of a thousand a year, and on the knights smaller annuities. The remainder of their large possessions Henry seized for the "augmentation of his crown." "The priory, church, and house of St. John," says Stow, "were preserved from spoil or down-pulling so long as King Henry the Eighth reigned; and were employed as a store-house for the king's toils and tents for hunting, and for the wars. But in the third of King Edward the Sixth, the church, for the most part—to wit, the body and side-aisles—with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder. The stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house at the Strand."

In the succeeding reign of Queen Mary, an attempt was made to revive the order and to place it on its ancient footing. The choir of the church, and some of the side chapels, which still remained, were repaired by Cardinal Pole, and Sir Thomas Tresham, knight, was appointed Lord Prior. But the glory of the order of St. John had passed away, and on the accession of Queen Elizabeth it was for ever abolished in England.\* The priory, which was of great extent, stood on the ground now occupied by

\* For a fuller and very interesting account of the Hospital and Knights of St. John, see Knight's "London," vol. ii. p. 133, to which work the author is chiefly indebted for many of the foregoing particulars.

St. John's Square, on the south side of Clerkenwell Green.

On the opposite, or north side, of the Green stood the Benedictine Nunnery of St. Mary, founded about the year 1100, by one Jorden Brisset, as an establishment for Black Nuns of the order of St. Benedict. The first prioress was Christina; the last was Isabella Sackville, niece of Thomas first Earl of Dorset. This convent was dissolved in 1570, and shortly afterwards the church was made parochial, and dedicated to St. James. As late as the days when Pennant wrote, a part of the cloisters of the old convent and also of the nuns' refectory, still remained; but these interesting relics of the past have been since swept away.

The old conventual church contained many costly and interesting monuments, many of which were unfortunately destroyed during the progress of rebuilding the church. Among these may be mentioned the monuments of Sir William Weston, the last Lord Prior of the order of St. John, and of the last Prioress of St. Mary's, Isabella Sackville; of Elizabeth Drury, widow of William Cecil, Earl of Exeter; of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Maurice Berkeley, standard-bearer to Henry the Eighth and to Queen Elizabeth; and of the celebrated antiquary and collector of funeral inscriptions, John Weever, who died in 1634.\* The epitaph on Weever's tomb, composed

\* The tombs of Prior Weston and of Lady Berkeley are still preserved in the vaults of the church.



by himself, is as quaint as any of those which he delighted to collect. The inscription concludes:—

Lancashire gave me breath,  
And Cambridge, education ;  
Middlesex gave me death,  
And this church my humation ;  
And Christ to me hath given  
A place with him in Heaven.

*Ætatis suæ 56.*

The present church was erected between the years 1788 and 1792.

Another eminent person who lies buried in this church is the historian Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who died in St. John's Square on the 17th of March, 1714–15. John Langhorne, the poet, was for some time curate and lecturer of St. James's, Clerkenwell.

The neighbouring and uninteresting church of St. John, Clerkenwell, was consecrated on the 27th of December, 1723. The crypt formed a part of the choir of the ancient church of St. John's Priory. It was from the vaults of this church that the famous Cock Lane ghost was presumed to issue in the dead hour of the night.

Clerkenwell derives its name from being in the vicinity of one of those pure and sparkling springs, or wells, of which there were formerly several in the northern suburbs of the metropolis, and at which the parish clerks of London used anciently to perform their mysteries, or sacred dramas. For instance, in the old records we find the convent

church of St. Mary repeatedly styled, *Ecclesia Beatae Mariæ, de fonte Clericorum*. "There are about London," says Fitzstephen, "on the north of the suburbs choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble stones. In this number, Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well, are of most note, and frequented above the rest when scholars and the youth of the city take the air abroad in the summer evenings." This and other springs in the neighbourhood pursued their murmuring course till they flowed into the Fleet River, which was then a pure and limpid stream, and which, from this circumstance, obtained its name of the "River of Wells."

In the days when Fitzstephen wrote, the Clerk's Well bubbled in the midst of verdant meadows and shady lanes; the richly wooded uplands of Hampstead and Highgate rising behind them. Such was Clerkenwell when, in 1390, the Clerks performed here during three successive days in the presence of Richard the Second, his Queen, and the nobility; and again in 1409, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, when the Creation of the World formed the subject of their drama, and when, in the words of Stow, there flocked "to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England." Close to Ray Street, Clerkenwell, are some houses which still retain the rural denomination of Coppice Row. Here, also, may be seen a dilapidated-looking pump, on which an inscription informs us that

the water which it supplies flows from the "Clerk's Well."\*

As late as 1780, Clerkenwell, to the north of the upper end of St. John's Street, was bounded by fields, through which a solitary road led to Islington. It was, even at this recent period, so infested by highwaymen, that travellers usually preferred sleeping all night at the Angel Inn at Islington, to journeying by this dangerous thoroughfare after dark. Those whose business called them into the country at a late hour used to assemble at the upper end of St. John's Street, where there was an avenue of trees, called Wood's Close; here they waited till they were reinforced by other travellers, when they were escorted by an armed patrol to Islington.†

In the middle of the last century, when any extraordinary performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre was likely to tempt thither the nobility and gentry from the fashionable quarters of London, it was the custom to announce in the play-bills, that a horse patrol would be stationed, for that particular night, in the New Road, and also that the thorough-

\* The inscription is as follows:—"A.D. 1800, William Bound, Joseph Bird, churchwardens. For the better accommodation of the neighbourhood, this pump was removed to the spot where it now stands. The spring by which it is supplied is situated four feet eastward, and round it, as history informs us, the parish-clerks of London, in remote ages, commonly performed sacred plays. That custom caused it to be denominated Clerks'-well, and from whence this parish derived its name."

† See "History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell."—J. and H. S. Storer, and T. Cromwell.

fare leading to the city would be properly guarded.

In January, 1559, we find Sir Thomas Pope, the virtuous and high-minded minister of Henry the Eighth, breathing his last at his mansion at Clerkenwell. At a much later period, between the reigns of James the First and Charles the Second, Clerkenwell was still a fashionable district. We have already seen Sir Roger Wilbraham occupying the old gate way of St. John's in the reign of James the First; and, about the same time, Sir Thomas Chaloner, the younger, tutor to Henry Prince of Wales, and eminent as a poet, a scholar, and a statesman, erected a fine mansion in the Priory, over which Fuller informs us that he inscribed the following verses:—

*Casta fides superest, velatæ tecta sorores  
Ista relegatæ deseruere licèt ;  
Nam venerandus Hymen hic vota jugalia servat,  
Vestalemque forum mente fovere studet.*

Sir Thomas was the son of that fine old soldier, Sir Thomas Chaloner, who was knighted by the Duke of Somerset for his heroic gallantry at Musselburgh: he attended Charles the Fifth in the wars, and, shortly after the unfortunate expedition to Algiers, was shipwrecked in a very dark night on the coast of Barbary. At the moment when he was exhausted with swimming, and when his arms were rendered entirely powerless, he suddenly came in contact with the cable of a ship. With great presence of mind he caught hold of it with his teeth,

and with the loss of several of them was drawn up into the vessel. His gifted son, Sir Thomas, the younger, by his knowledge of chemistry and natural history, was enabled, when at Rome, to distinguish the similarity of soil between that on his own estate at Gisborough, and the soil which was used in the alum works of the Pope. Having with great care made himself master of the process of manufacture, and having bribed several of the workmen to accompany him to England, for which he was afterwards solemnly anathematized by the Pope, he overcame every difficulty, and at a great expense established an alum manufactory in England. Suddenly, however, just as the result promised to be eminently successful, his lands were seized by the Crown, on pretence that he was interfering with the prerogative of the royal mines. As a recompense indeed for his loss, he received the appointment of Governor of the Prince of Wales; but, gratifying as was the compliment to himself individually, it offered but a slight compensation to his family for the loss of wealth which they had unquestionably sustained. Apparently this act of royal injustice was never forgiven by them; at least if we may judge from the striking fact of two of his sons, Thomas and James, having signed the warrant for the execution of Charles the First.

Compton Street and Northampton Square point out the site of what was formerly the London residence of the Comptons, Earls of Northampton; the

square having been built on the site of the garden and orchards, which were situated to the rear of the old mansion. Aylesbury Street, too, leading from Clerkenwell Green into St. John's Street, covers the site of the mansion and gardens of Aylesbury House; which, as late as the days of Charles the Second, was the town residence of the Bruces, Earls of Aylesbury.

In Clerkenwell Close, on the site of the mansion built by Sir Thomas Chaloner, stood Newcastle House, the residence of William Duke of Newcastle, the brave and devoted follower of Charles the First: the site is still pointed out by the buildings known as Newcastle Place. After the Restoration, we are told, the Duke "spent nearly the whole remainder of his life in the retirement afforded by his seat at Clerkenwell, where he took much pleasure in literary pursuits, and paid some necessary attention to repairing the injuries sustained by his fortune." Newcastle House was, at different periods, the residence of two of the most eccentric women of their day. The first was Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, the authoress of thirteen folio volumes, consisting of poetry, plays, and philosophy, in which perplexity of ideas and pomposity of expression are the principal characteristics. The other lady was the wealthy heiress of the Newcastle family, Lady Elizabeth Ogle, who married first, Christopher Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards Ralph first Duke of Montagu. In our account of old Montagu House, now the British

Museum, will be found a notice of this fantastic lady, who appears to have inherited the vanity and eccentricity of her grandmother, without any pretence to her claims for literary talent. After the death of the Duchess, Newcastle House became the property of her sister Margaret, who had married John Holles, subsequently created Duke of Newcastle. As late as the year 1683, it continued to be the London residence of that nobleman.

On the opposite side of Clerkenwell Close stood, within the last half century, a large house, which, according to tradition, was inhabited by Oliver Cromwell: the site which it occupied is pointed out by Cromwell Place. In 1631, John Weever, the antiquary, was residing in Clerkenwell Close.

At the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, is Red Bull Yard, formerly the arena of the Red Bull Theatre, where the persecuted players occasionally performed during the reign of the Puritans; and from whence they were not unfrequently dragged to prison. At the Cross Keys Inn, in this street, the unfortunate Richard Savage occasionally passed his social hours.

A part of the ground adjoining Clerkenwell, to the north, was formerly in the possession of a Miss Wilkes, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who subsequently became the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. She was the munificent foundress of a school, and some alms-houses, at Islington: in reference to which foundation a

singular anecdote is related by Stow. The young lady was one day walking in the fields with her maid, when she was seized with a fancy to take a lesson in milking a cow;—she was in the act of stooping down for this purpose, when an arrow, which was shot at random by a gentleman, who was practising archery in an adjoining field, pierced her high-crowned hat, and carried it away. Deeply impressed by her providential escape—(for the circumstance of her stooping at the moment saved her life,)—she expressed her determination, should it ever lie in her power, to raise some pious monument near the spot, in token of the gratitude which she owed to heaven. Many years afterwards, on becoming the wife of Sir Thomas Owen, she had the means of putting her purpose into execution, which she accordingly did by purchasing the ground which had been the scene of her almost miraculous escape. This, by her Will, dated in 1613, she bequeathed to the Brewers' Company, with sufficient funds to build on it and endow ten alms-houses and a free grammar-school. The authenticity of this story has been sometimes called in question; but the circumstance of Lady Owen leaving no fewer than twenty-two children and grandchildren, seems to lead us to the conclusion that there must have existed some extraordinary reason which induced her to prefer the interests of the poor to those of her own family. Altogether, Lady Owen, by her will, devoted no less than 2,300*l.* to acts of charity; a very considerable sum when we take into consideration the rela-



tive value of money between the days of James the First and our own time.

Coppice Row, which we have already referred to, leads us into Cobham Row, the site of the suburban residence of the ill-fated Sir Thomas Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, the chief of the Lollards, or disciples of Wickliffe, in the reign of Henry the Fifth. For professing their tenets, he was executed in St. Giles's in the Fields, in February, 1418. Having been suspended alive from a gibbet, by a chain fastened round his body, a fire was lighted underneath and he was slowly burnt to death. To the last, he is said to have expressed his conviction that he would rise again on the third day.

Close to Coppice Row are Cold Bath Fields, so named from a spring or well of cold water, which has long since been built over. Carey, the musical composer, and the author of that pleasing song "Sally in our Alley," was a resident in Dorrington Street, Cold Bath Fields; and in Warner Street, in the immediate neighbourhood, he perished by his own hand, on the 4th of October, 1743. In a sponging-house, in Eyre Street Hill, Cold Bath Fields, died, in 1806, the celebrated painter, George Morland.

Within a short distance from Clerkenwell, stood recently the well-known place of amusement, Bagnigge Wells, once famous for its medicinal spring. It was first opened as a place of public entertainment, in 1767. The old house, of which the author witnessed the demolition a few years since, was said to have been the residence of Nell

Gwynn. Among the persons buried in the neighbouring church of St. James, Clerkenwell, appears the name of Richard Gwynn, who died February 16th, 1691. Probably he was an occupant of the house in question, which may have given rise to the tradition that it was the residence of his frail name sake. Colman speaks of

— drinking tea, on summer afternoons,  
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons.

At Sadler's Wells, within no great distance of Bagnigge Wells, is another medicinal spring, which was formerly held in high repute, not only by the citizens in the neighbourhood, but by the wealthiest and noblest in the land. In the last century, Sadler's Wells were frequented every morning by five or six hundred persons; and not a hundred years have passed away, since the daughters of George the Second used to quit St. James's every day, to drink the waters.

The spring, from which Sadler's Wells derives its name, was discovered in the reign of Charles the Second, in the garden of one Sadler, who made a considerable sum of money by opening a place of entertainment near the spot, which was afterwards superseded by the present theatre. Noorthouck writes, in 1773 :—" Here, apprentices, journeymen, and clerks, dressed to ridiculous extremes, entertain their ladies on Sundays; and to the utmost of their power, if not beyond their proper power, affect the dissipated manners of their superiors. Bagnigge Wells and the White Conduit House, two

other receptacles of the same kind, with gardens laid out in miniature taste, are to be found within the compass of *two or three fields*; together with Sadler's Wells, a small theatre for the summer evening exhibition of tumbling, rope-dancing, and other drolls, in vulgar style." On the 15th of October 1807, Sadler's Wells theatre was the scene of a fearful catastrophe. A cry of "fire" having been raised, the terrified audience in the gallery made a simultaneous rush to the doors. The avenues becoming blocked up, several persons were crushed to death, while others, in a fit of desperation, flung themselves into the pit. No fewer than eighteen persons were killed, and several others were seriously injured.

At Sadler's Wells, in front of the Sir Hugh Myddleton Tavern, is laid the scene of Hogarth's "Evening." For many years the theatre was celebrated for its aquatic exhibitions, which were contrived by removing the boards from the stage, and introducing a flow of water from the New River. Here, also, for many years, the famous Grimaldi performed his inimitable antics. Under the auspices of, and by the refined taste of Mr. Phelps, Sadler's Wells theatre has been converted to worthier purposes, and is now deservedly popular with those who prefer the plays of Shakespeare and Massinger to a monster concert at Covent Garden, or an exhibition of horsemanship or wild beasts at Drury Lane.

Immortalized in the Spectator, and by Pope,

Gay, and Fielding, the once famous Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, would seem to require a passing notice. Little, however, need be said of it, but that, from the days of Charles the Second, nearly to our own time, it continued to be the favourite resort of those whose passion was bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and pugilistic encounters, not only between men, but between women; in fact, every vulgar diversion which tends to lower man to the nature of brutes.

## HOLBORN, ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, GRAY'S INN LANE, &c.

COCK LANE GHOST.—HOLBORN.—WILLIAM DOBSON.—DEATH OF JOHN BUNYAN. — SNOW HILL. — SHOE LANE. — GUNPOWDER ALLEY.—LOVELACE AND LILLY. — FETTER LANE. — RESIDENTS IN FETTER LANE.—HATTON GARDEN. — ELY HOUSE.—SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS. — ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. — BROOK STREET. — GRAY'S INN LANE. — CELEBRATED RESIDENTS THERE. — BLUE BOAR INN. — ANECDOTE OF CHARLES THE FIRST AND CROMWELL. — BIRTH OF SAVAGE.—KING STREET.—JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

DESCENDING from Smithfield towards Holborn, on the left hand is Cock Lane, the scene of the vagaries of the celebrated Cock Lane Ghost. The person, to whom the apparition was said to have presented itself, was a girl of twelve years of age, of the name of Parsons, the daughter of the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre, who resided in a wretched hovel, since demolished, about half way down Cock Lane, on the north side. The ghost was said to be that of a young lady, who had been poisoned by her husband, and who lay buried in the vaults of the church of St. John, Clerkenwell.

The extraordinary sensation created by this impudent imposition, and the credulity of persons of all ranks of society, almost exceed belief. Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu, on the 2d of

February 1762, "I went to hear the ghost, for it is not an *apparition*, but an audition. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents, yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered that it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets, to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches, in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and alehouses in the neighbourhood make fortunes." The affair of the ghost story ended in the detection and punishment of the persons concerned in it. Boswell mentions, that Dr. Johnson took great credit to himself for

the share which he had in exposing the imposition.\*

The somewhat steep descent of Snow Hill leads us into Holborn, which derives its name from the Saxon words, *old bourne*, or old river. The great painter, Vandyke, was one day passing down Snow Hill, when his attention was attracted by a picture which was exposed for sale in one of the shop-windows. Struck with its merits, he made enquiries respecting the artist, who, he was informed, was then employed at his easel, in a miserable apartment in the attics. Vandyke ascended the stairs; and thus took place his first introduction to William Dobson, then a young man unknown to fame, but whose celebrity as a portrait-painter was afterwards second only to that of Vandyke. The great artist generously released him from a condition so unworthy his merits, and subsequently introduced him to Charles the First, who, after the death of Vandyke, conferred on him the appointments of Sergeant-painter, and Groom of the Chamber. His prosperity, however, lasted but a short time. The decline of the royal cause, and his own addiction to a life of pleasure, occasioned his falling into difficulties, and to his being thrown into gaol. From hence, he was released by the generosity of a Mr. Vaughan, of the Exchequer; but he died shortly afterwards, at the early age of thirty-six.

At the sign of the "Star" on Snow Hill, then the residence of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer,

\* See Croker's "Boswell," p. 138, 585. Ed. 1840.

died John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had recently returned from the country, whither he had been summoned to effect a reconciliation between a father and son. Having happily accomplished his object, while on his road back he was overtaken by excessive rains, and arrived at his lodgings on Snow Hill wet through. The result was his being attacked by a fever, which put a period to his existence on the 31st of August 1688, in the sixty-first year of his age.

On Snow Hill anciently stood one of the city conduits, ornamented with Corinthian columns and surmounted by the figure of a lamb, a *rebus* on the name of one Lamb, from whom Lamb's Conduit Street derives its name. Anciently, on days of great rejoicing, the city conduits were made to run with red and white wine. The last occasion on which the conduit on Snow Hill thus flowed, was on the anniversary of the coronation of George the First, in 1727.

A little beyond Snow Hill is Shoe Lane, running from Holborn into Fleet Street. In the burial ground of Shoe Lane workhouse was interred the ill-fated poet, Thomas Chatterton. The ground in which he lies buried now forms a part of Farringdon Market, immediately adjoining Shoe Lane, but the exact site of his resting place is unfortunately not known. Running out of Shoe Lane is Gunpowder Alley, a miserable spot, but associated with the miseries of a poet scarcely less gifted or unfortunate, Richard Lovelace. According to



Anthony Wood, he was "accounted the most beautiful and amiable person that ever eye beheld; a person, also, of minute modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him, especially when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Having exhausted his fortune in the cause of Charles the First, and having twice suffered imprisonment as the penalty of his loyalty, he retired to the continent, where he raised a regiment for the French king. He was wounded at Dunkirk, and it was long believed in England that he had died of his wounds. It was under this false impression that Miss Lucy Sacheverel, a young and beautiful girl, the "Lucasta" of his poetry, gave her hand to another. Anthony Wood draws a painful picture of Lovelace's condition at the close of life. "Having consumed all his estate he grew very melancholy (which at length brought him into a consumption); became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants. He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, in 1658, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church."

Another remarkable person who lived in Gunpowder Alley was William Lilly, the astrologer. Here he served his apprenticeship in the occult

sciences under one Evans, a clergyman, who had been compelled to quit a curacy in Leicestershire, on account of some frauds he had committed on pretence of discovering and restoring stolen goods.

From the days of Lovelace, Shoe Lane and the wretched alleys and courts in its vicinity appear to have frequently afforded a refuge to the unhappy. In a newspaper of the 8th of November 1763, we find, "Two women were found dead in an empty house in Stonecutter Street, Shoe Lane. It appeared on the coroner's inquest by the deposition of two women and a girl, found in the house at the same time, that the deceased women being destitute of lodging got into the house, it being empty and open, and being sick, perished for want of necessaries and attendance. The poor wretches who gave this evidence were almost in the same condition. Soon after, another woman was found starved to death in another house in the same neighbourhood." Even at the present day there is scarcely a locality in London where misery and starvation are more rife than in the vicinity of Shoe Lane.

Fetter Lane, which runs from Holborn Hill into Fleet Street, parallel with Shoe Lane, has been supposed to derive its name from the *fetters* of criminals; Newgate prison being in the immediate vicinity. Such, however, is not the case. In the reign of Charles the First it was called Fewtor's Lane, a name which Stow derives from its having been the resort of Fewtors, as idle and disorderly

persons were then styled,—a corruption from “defaytors” or defaulters.

Fetter Lane is rendered especially interesting from having been for some time the residence of the immortal Dryden. No. 16 is said to have been the house which he occupied, but we believe that there exist but slender grounds in support of the supposition. In this street Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury was residing at the period when he published his celebrated “Leviathan;” and it was in Three Leg Alley, in the immediate neighbourhood, that Thomas Flatman, the poet, breathed his last. The name has since been dignified into Pemberton Row.

In Fetter Lane Dr. Robert Levet, the well-known friend of Dr. Johnson, formed his extraordinary marriage with a woman of the town; the circumstances connected with which, Dr. Johnson used to say, were more marvellous than anything to be found in the “Arabian Nights.” Levet, it appears, when nearly sixty years of age, had made the acquaintance of the female in question; and though her habitation was merely a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane, she had art enough to persuade him that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, who had defrauded her of her birth-right. Levet completely duped, made her his wife. They had scarcely, however, been married four months when a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and for some time he was compelled to keep himself in close concealment in order to

avoid the horrors of a gaol. Not long afterwards his wife ran away from him ; and having been taken into custody for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted. A separation now took place between Levet and his wife, when Dr. Johnson took Levet into his own home, where he afforded him an asylum during his life ; and, at his death, celebrated the virtues of his friend in those beautiful elegiac lines, which when once read are never forgotten :—

Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levet to the grave descend ;  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

Boswell informs us that Dr. Johnson himself lived at one time in Fetter Lane.

The celebrated Praise God Barebone was another resident in Fetter Lane. His turbulence and fanaticism could scarcely have impaired his fortune, for in some evidence which he gave at a trial, it was shown that he was in the habit of paying forty pounds a-year for house-rent,—no inconsiderable sum in the reign of Charles the Second. There are said to have been three brothers in the family, each of whom had a sentence for his name : “ Praise-God Barebone ; ”—“ Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone ; ”—and, “ If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone.” For the sake of brevity, either the friends or the enemies of the latter are said to have merely styled him “ Damned

Barebone," omitting the former part of the sentence.\*

Nearly opposite to Fetter Lane, on the north side of Holborn Hill, is Hatton Garden, which derives its name from being the site where the house and gardens of the Hatton family formerly stood. Hatton House was originally built by Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Keeper in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a man as much distinguished for his graceful person and fine dancing, as for all the qualities essential to constitute an orator and a statesman. Here the great Lord Keeper breathed his last on the 20th of September 1591, the victim it is said, of a broken heart, occasioned by a stern demand of Elizabeth for the amount of an old debt due to her, which it was not in his power to pay.

In Hatton Garden resided the beautiful Letitia, Countess of Drogheda, who, about the year 1680, conferred her hand on the witty and handsome dramatist, William Wycherley. He was originally introduced to Lady Drogheda under somewhat curious circumstances in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge Wells.† Satisfied that he had made an impression on her heart, he followed her on her return to London, visited her at her house in Hatton Garden, and in a short time obtained her consent to marry him. It is almost needless to remark, that their union was productive of happiness to neither party.

\* "Londinium Redivivum," iii. 453; "Granger," iii. 360.

† See *ante*, First Series, ii. 50.

In 1669, the celebrated physician, Dr. Bate, who attended Oliver Cromwell in his last moments, breathed his last in his house in Hatton Garden.

Close to Hatton House stood Ely House, the ancient town-residence of the Bishops of Ely, originally built by John de Kirkeby, who died Bishop of Ely in 1290. But we must reserve our account of this interesting spot for a separate notice.

On the south side of Holborn, between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, are Southampton Buildings, so called from their having been built on the site of Southampton House, the residence of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton. The old mansion was almost entirely destroyed in 1652, but small portions of it are said still to exist, and to form part of the adjoining houses.\* It was in Southampton Buildings that the celebrated republican general, Edmund Ludlow, lay concealed till he found means to effect his escape to Geneva.

Not far from Hatton Garden, on the south side of Holborn, is the church of St. Andrew. It was originally built in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and escaped the great Fire of London; but falling into a ruinous state, was re-built, with the exception of the tower, in 1686. The exterior of St. Andrews possesses but little merit; but the interior, displaying the magnificent taste of Sir Christopher Wren, has been much admired. Over the communion-table is a large painted window, by Joshua

\* See Cunningham's "London," *Art. Southampton House, Holborn.*

Price ; which, though of modern date (1718), is distinguished by the glowing richness of its colouring. In the lower part is represented the Last Supper, and in a compartment above, the Resurrection of our Saviour from the grave.

In St. Andrew's Church, of which he was for some years the parish clerk, lies buried John Webster, the author of "the White Devil," "the Duchess of Malfey," and other plays. The celebrated Dr. Sacheverel, and Joseph Strutt, the author of the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," were also interred in this church. The resting-place of Sacheverel is pointed out by an inscribed stone in the chancel.

Among the eminent persons who have held the Rectory of St. Andrew's, may be mentioned John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, who wrote the well-known Life of Lord Keeper Williams ; Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester ; and Dr. Sacheverel.

We must not omit to mention, that the parish register of St. Andrew's, under the date of 18th January 1696—7, records the christening of the unfortunate poet, Richard Savage, the suppositious child of the profligate Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, by Earl Rivers. According to Dr. Johnson the entry was made in the Register by Lord Rivers' own direction. The parish registers contain also the following interesting events :— The marriage, in 1598, of the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, sister of Lord Burleigh ;—

the marriage, in 1638, of Colonel Hutchinson, to Lucy Apsley, the authoress of the charming "Memoirs;"—the burial, in 1643, of Nathaniel Tomkins, who was executed for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the city; and lastly, the interment, on the 28th of August, 1770, of the unfortunate Thomas Chatterton.\*

Opposite to St. Andrew's Church is Brooke Street, which derives its name, as does Greville Street, which adjoins it, from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the accomplished poet and courtier of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Their intimacy is recorded on the tomb of the former at Warwick. Brooke House stood on the immediate site of Brooke Street, and Greville Street; and it was here, on the 1st of September, 1628, that its noble owner met with his tragical fate. He had been attended for many years by one Ralph Haywood, a gentleman by birth, who had expected that Lord Brooke would have rewarded his long services by bequeathing him a handsome legacy. For some cause, however, which has not been ascertained, Lord Brooke not only omitted Haywood's name in his will, but unfortunately allowed him to become cognizant of the fact. Irritated at this circumstance, and, moreover, having been sharply rebuked by his master for some real or imaginary offence, Haywood entered Lord Brooke's bed-chamber, and terminated a violent scene of asperity and recrimination by stabbing him

\* Cunningham's "London," *Art. St. Andrew's, Holborn.*



in the back. The assassin then retreated to his own apartment, in which, having locked himself in, he committed suicide by killing himself with the same weapon with which he had stabbed his master. Lord Brooke survived for a few days; and having added a codicil to his will, in which he rewarded his domestics and medical attendants for their care of him, breathed his last in his seventy-fifth year.

Brooke Street is rendered especially interesting from the circumstance of Chatterton having met with his untimely end at No. 4, in this street. His kind-hearted landlady, Mrs. Angel, aware how long he had fasted, and that he was without a shilling in the world, offered him some dinner on the day preceding his death, which his pride, superior to his sufferings, induced him to decline. A few hours afterwards he swallowed poison; and the next day, the 25th of August, 1770, was found dead in his bed. He was only in his eighteenth year. The house in which Chatterton expired is no longer in existence, the site being now occupied by a furniture warehouse.

Philip Yorke, the first and celebrated Lord Hardwicke, was for some time articulated to an attorney of the name of Salkeld, in Brooke Street, previously to his removal to the Middle Temple.

Running parallel with Brooke Street is Gray's Inn Lane, in which we find many celebrated persons at different times fixing their residence.

The first whom we will mention is the celebrated dramatic poet, James Shirley. He was educated

at St. John's College, Oxford, where he obtained the friendship and affection of Archbishop Laud, then President of the College. Shirley was distinguished by a large mole upon his left cheek, and when he consulted Laud as to the propriety of his entering into holy orders, it is curious to find the future archbishop strongly dissuading him against taking this step, on the ground that the trifling deformity rendered him an unfit person to discharge the functions of the sacred profession. Shirley, however, turned a deaf ear to the arguments of his friend. He took holy orders, but his principles soon becoming unsettled, he changed the religion of the Church of England for that of Rome, and, throwing up a preferment which he held near St. Alban's, established himself as teacher of a grammar-school in that town. This employment proving too irksome for him, he repaired to London, and taking up his abode in Gray's Inn Lane, commenced those dramatic writings which have conferred such celebrity on his name. He was not long allowed to remain in obscurity. Charles the First appreciated his genius, and invited him to his court; and Henrietta Maria conferred on him an appointment in her household. If Charles, in the days of his prosperity, extended his smiles and his bounty to the poets, the latter at least, when the sky of royalty became overcast, displayed no want of gratitude or affection towards their unhappy sovereign. On the breaking out of the Civil troubles, Shirley bade adieu to his wife

and children, and enlisting himself beneath the banner of the Duke of Newcastle. On the downfall of the royal cause, he returned to London a ruined man. Plays had been prohibited by the government and denounced from the pulpit: those writings which had fascinated the graceful court of King Charles, were now regarded as a crime: the poet consequently found himself without the means of subsistence, and it was only by the kindness of Thomas Stanley, the author of the "History of Philosophy," that he was saved from becoming the inmate either of a workhouse or a gaol. In this revolution in his fortunes, Shirley reverted to his former profession of teacher, and opened a grammar-school in White Friars. The Restoration followed, and with it the revival of his plays on the stage. Shirley, however, did not long survive the event. In the great fire of 1666, his house in Fleet Street having been burnt to the ground, he was compelled to seek refuge in the neighbouring village of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The loss of his property, added, probably, to the awful sight of that terrible conflagration, gave such a shock to his constitution, that he survived the event scarcely twenty-four hours. His wife, affected probably by the same causes, and by witnessing the death of a beloved husband, expired the same day. They were interred together in the same grave, in the churchyard of St. Giles.

Another unfortunate poet, whose name is associated with Gray's Inn Lane, is John Ogilby,

now principally remembered by his translation of Homer, in which task he was assisted by his friend Shirley. Ogilby served his apprenticeship to a dancing-master, in Gray's Inn Lane. In this undignified profession he acquired so great a proficiency, that in a short time he was able to purchase his discharge from his apprenticeship, as well as to obtain the liberty of his father, who was a prisoner in the King's Bench. His talents as a dancer led to his introduction at court; but, unfortunately, while cutting a caper at a masque given by the Duke of Buckingham, he fell to the ground, and strained one of the sinews of his leg so severely, that he was ever afterwards lame. He now turned author by profession, and after suffering great vicissitudes, we find him, at the close of life, holding the appointments of Cosmographer and Geographic printer to Charles the Second, the emoluments derived from which offices probably enabled him to end his days, if not in affluence, at least not in actual want.

There remains to mention one more poet, the Reverend John Langhorne, whose name is connected with Gray's Inn Lane. He lived before the days of "clubs," when men of the learned professions, and even clergymen, were accustomed to assemble at particular taverns, where they could enjoy the society which best suited them, and the beverage which they most loved. The favourite haunt of Langhorne was the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane, famous in the last century for

its Burton ale ; to which he was so partial, that an over-indulgence in it is said to have hastened his end. The affliction which he felt at the loss of his beloved wife,—the “Constantia” of Cartwright’s verse, and whom he himself so pathetically and poetically lamented,—was probably the occasion of this moral infirmity.

About the year 1756, in the days of his penury and distress, Dr. Johnson was a resident in Gray’s Inn Lane.

In 1640, at the period when he was heading the great struggle in defence of the liberties of his country, the illustrious patriot, John Hampden, was residing in Gray’s Inn Lane ; and here, from a house almost adjoining that of his friend, Pym was to be seen sallying forth day after day, to conduct the impeachment and prosecution of his arch-enemy, Lord Strafford. In the immediate neighbourhood, too, in the days of his ignominy and disgrace, lived Lord Bacon. Although the loss of power and place had unquestionably reduced him to comparative poverty, the stories which are related of his having been at this time in a state of actual want, are no doubt considerably exaggerated. According to Arthur Wilson, he lived at his house in Gray’s Inn in the greatest obscurity, and was in want to the last. The same writer embellishes his narrative with the following anecdote. The *beer*, he informs us, in Lord Bacon’s house being of a very bad quality, he occasionally sent to his neighbour, Sir Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke) for a

bottle of his lordship's beer. The boon, it is said, was seldom granted without considerable grumbling, and at last the butler received orders to refuse it altogether. "So sordid," adds Wilson, "was the man who had advanced himself to be called the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and so friendless was the other after he had fallen from his high estate!" The name of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, still points out the spot where stood the last London residence of the fallen but still immortal Bacon.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

The Blue Boar Inn, in High Holborn, now No. 270, was the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles the First. There is said to have been a secret compact set on foot between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the King guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, 10,000*l.* a year, and the Earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power.\* His spirited consort Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, and anxiously waited for his reply. This also fell into the hands of Cromwell, and its contents

\* Hume, vii. 96 ; Kennet's "Complete History," iii. 170.

are said to have sealed the King's fate. So far, he said, was it from being his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with an hempen cord." The circumstances, under which this remarkable letter was intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, are stated to have been related as follows to Lord Orrery by Cromwell himself; the authority for the story being Lord Orrery's chaplain, Mr. Morrice. "The letter," said Cromwell, "was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits, to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock: the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all

that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover.”\* This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. That such a letter, however, in the hand-writing of Charles the First, was intercepted either by Cromwell or by his emissaries, there is reason to believe. Lord Oxford assured Lord Bolingbroke, that he had held it in his hand, and read it, and that he had offered for it no less a sum than 500*l*.†

Diverging from Gray's Inn Lane, on the east side, is Fox Court, in which wretched alley the profligate Countess of Macclesfield was delivered of her illegitimate child, Richard Savage. In “the Earl of Macclesfield's case” (which, in 1698 was presented to the House of Lords, in order to procure an Act of Divorce), will be found some curious particulars respecting the *accouchement* of the Countess, and the birth of the future poet. From this source it appears, that Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, under

\* Orrery's “State Letters,” i. 26.

† “Richardsoniana,” p. 132.



the name of Madam Smith, was delivered of a male child in Fox Court, Holborn, by Mrs. Wright, a midwife, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1697, at six o'clock in the morning; that the child was baptized on the Monday following, and registered by the name of Richard, son of John Smith, by Mr. Burbridge, assistant-curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn; that it was christened on Monday, the 18th of January, in Fox Court, and that, from the privacy maintained on the occasion, it was supposed by Mr. Burbridge to be a "by-blow." It further appears, that during her delivery Lady Macclesfield wore a mask. The entry of the birth in the parish register of St. Andrew's is as follows; from which it will be seen that Lord Rivers gave his son his own Christian name, prefixed to the assumed name of his mother:—"January 1696-7. Richard, son of John Smith and Mary, in Fox Court, in Gray's Inn Lane, baptized the 18th."

Adjacent to the entrance into Chancery Lane stood the old Temple,—founded by the Knights Templars in 1118,—which continued to be their habitation till their removal to the New Temple in Fleet Street, in 1184. Stow informs us, that about the year 1595, one Agaster Roper, who was employed in erecting buildings on the spot, discovered the ruins of the old church, which was built of Caen stone, and of a circular shape.

In 1597, the eminent botanist, John Gerard, had a house in Holborn, then a suburb of London, where he had a good garden behind his house, in

which he cultivated his curious exotics. Another remarkable person, who resided in Holborn, was the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby. "The fair houses in Holborn," says Aubrey, "between King Street and Southampton Street (which break off the continuance of them), were built anno 1633, by Sir Kenelm, where he lived before the Civil wars."

Running from Holborn into Southampton Row, is King Street, connected with the fate of an unfortunate poet, John Bampfylde, whose sonnets Mr. Dyce has thought worthy of being included in his selection of the choicest in the language. The particulars of his melancholy story were thus related by Mr. Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges, on the authority of Jackson, of Exeter:—"He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say; and you probably know that there is a disposition to insanity in the family. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude, and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm-house, near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up (though he was an early riser), with a pocket-full of music or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London! The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told the story.—'Poor fellow!' said he, 'there did not live a purer creature;

and if they would have let him alone he might have been alive now.' When he was in London, his feelings, having been forced out of their natural and proper channel, took a wrong direction, and he began soon to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his sonnets (afterwards Lady Inchiquin), was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or of the family disposition to insanity, I know not; but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house; upon this, in a fit of half anger and half derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour), sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady B., his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him—that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. 'Where?'—'In King Street, Holborn,' she believed, 'but she did not know the number of the house.' Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door, till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him, there was all the levity of madness in his manners: his shirt was ragged, and black as a coal-heaver's; and his beard of a two months' growth.

Jackson sent out for food, said he was come to breakfast with him, and turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance; and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write. But he never wrote. 'The next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and I never saw him more.' After twenty years' confinement," adds Southey, 'he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of a consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane Street (where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be), and go into his own country, saying, that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face, and answered, 'No, sir! they, who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.'"\*

It remains to mention one or two celebrated men who were residents in Holborn, but in what exact locality is not known.

Milton, at two different periods of his life, was a resident in Holborn, and on both occasions, as was his custom, he selected houses which looked upon the green fields. The first time that he resided here, was in 1647, in a house which "opened backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields," and here it was

\* See Sir Egerton Brydges' "Anglo-Genevan Journal, 1831;" Southey's "Specimens of the Later English Poets," and Dyce's "Specimens of English Sonnets."

that he principally employed himself in writing his virulent tirades against monarchy and Charles the First. The second occasion of his residing in Holborn was after the Restoration of Charles the Second, when his house looked into Red Lion Fields, the site of the present Red Lion Square. He had resided here only a short time, when he removed to Jewin Street, Aldersgate Street.

Boswell informs us that Dr. Johnson, during a part of the time he was employed in compiling his great work, the English Dictionary, was a resident in Holborn. Here, too, was born the once popular actor and poet, George Alexander Stevens; a man whose misfortunes were only equal to his misconduct; at one time the idol of a Bacchanalian club, and at another, the inmate of a goal; at one moment writing a drinking-song, and at another, a religious poem. Stevens is now, perhaps, best remembered from his "Lecture on Heads," a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other person but himself could have given the proper effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shuter, who entirely failed in the performance. Stevens, however, no sooner attempted the task himself, than it became instantly popular. His songs are now nearly forgotten; but some of them are not without merit, especially the one called the "Wine Vault," commencing:—

"Contented I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a lass that will sociably sit on my knee,  
And a cellar as sociably stored?

My brave boys.

“ My vault-door is open, descend and improve,  
That cask,—ay, that we will try ;  
’Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,  
My brave boys.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.









